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THE POETICAL WORKS OF
GAVIN DOUGLAS, BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

VOLUME II.



“Dunkeld, no more the heaven-directed chaunt
Within thy sainted walls may sound again,
But thou, as once the muse's favourite haunt,
Shalt live in Douglas' pure Virgilian strain,
While time devours the castle's crumbling wall,
And roofless abbeyes pine, low-tottering to their fall.”

G. Dyer's Poems, 1801, p. 89.

1

2

3

4

The prolong of the first line of exercise

And hence passing through infinite

to go and go under our feet

Most famous bridge of the world

One of the most and finest of the world

There is a great number of people

It is a great number of people

It is a great number of people

It is a great number of people

It is a great number of people

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THE POETICAL
WORKS OF GAVIN DOUGLAS,

BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

WITH MEMOIR, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

By JOHN SMALL, M.A., F.S.A.Scot.



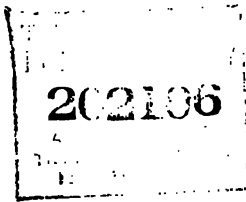
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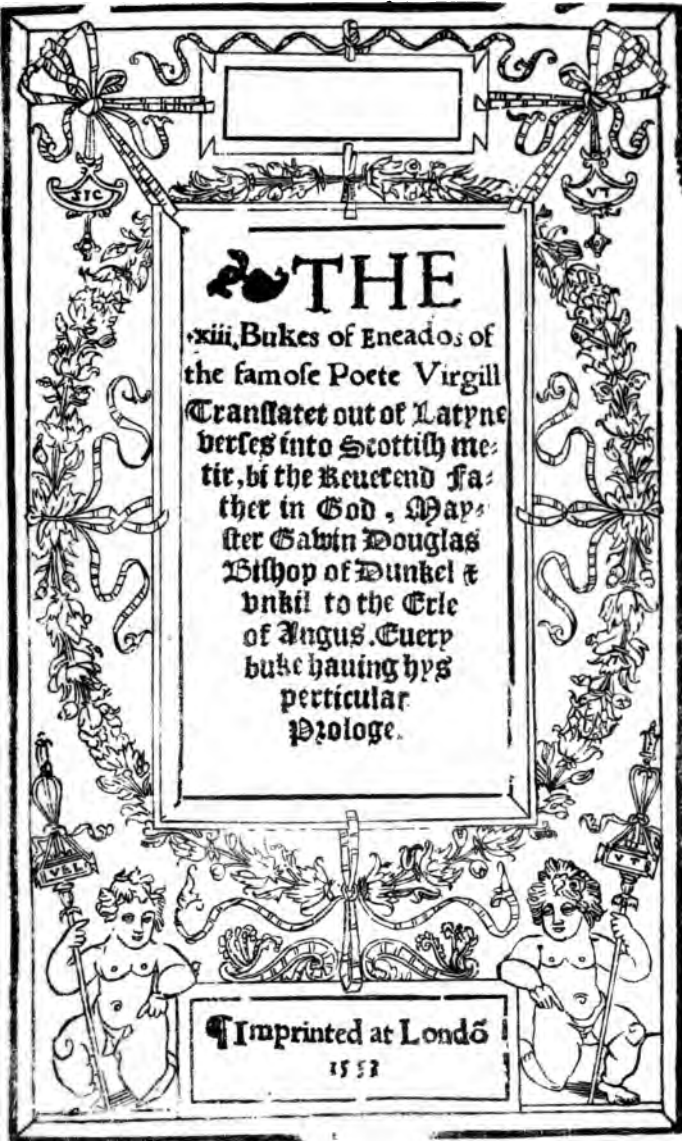


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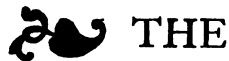


THE

xiii, Bukes of Eneados of
the famose Poete Virgill
Translatet out of Latyne
verses into Scottishe me-
tir, bi the Knechtend fa-
ther in God, May-
ster Gavin Douglas
Bishop of Dunkel &
ynkil to the Erle
of Angus. Euery
buke hauing hys
perticular
Prologe.

Printed at Londō

1552



XIII. Bukes of Eneados of the
Famose Poete Virgill Trans-
lated out of Latyne Verses into
Scottish Metir, bi the Reuerend
Father in God, Mayster Gawin
Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel, and
Unkil to the Erle of Angus.

Euery Buke hauing
hys perticular
Prologe.



THE PROLOG
OF THE FIRST BUIK OF ENEADOS.



AUDE, honor, prasingis, thankis infynite A Commendation of Virgill.
To the, and thi dulce ornate fresch
endite,

Mast reuerend Virgill, of Latyne poetis
prince,

Gemme of ingine and fluide of eloquence,
Thow peirles perle, patroun of poetrie,
Rois, register, palme, laurer and glory,
Chosin cherbukle, cheif flour and cedir tree,
Lanterne, leidsterne, mirrour, and *a per se*,
Master of masteris, sweit sours and springand well,
Wyde quhar our all ringis thi hevinle bell ;
I mene thi crafty werkis curious, 10
Sa quik, lusty, and mast sentencious,
Plesable, perfyte, and felable in all degre,
As quha the mater held to foir thar ee ;
In euery volume quhilk the list do write,
Surmonting fer all wther maneir endite,
Lyk as the rois in June with hir sueit smell
The marygulde or dasy doith excell.
Quhy suld I than, with dull forhede and wane,
With ruide engine and barrand emptive brane,

A comparison.

The Aucthoris humil-
lytie.

With bad harsk speche and lewit barbour tong,
Presume to write quhar thi sucit bell is rong,
Or contirfait sa precious wourdis deir ?
Na, na, nocht sua, bot knele quhen I thame heir.
For quhat compair betuix midday and nycht,
Or quhat compare betuix myrknes and lycht,
Or quhat compare is betuix blak and quhyte,
Far gretar diference betuix my blunt endyte
And thi scharp sugurat sang Virgiliane,
Sa wyslie wrocht with neur ane word in vane, 10
My waverand wit, my cunnyng feble at all,
My mynd mysty, thir ma nocht myss ane fall.
Stra for this ignorant blabring imperfyte
Beside thi polyte termis redemyte,
And no the les with support and correctioun,
For naturall luife and freindfull affectioun,
Quhilkis I beir to thi werkis and endyte,
Althocht, God wait, I knaw tharin full lyte,
And that thi facund sentence mycht be song
In our langage als weill as Latyne tong ; 20
Alswele, na, na, impossible war, per de,
3it with your leif, Virgill, to follow the,
I wald into my rurale wlgar gros,
Write sum savoring of thi Eneados.
Bot sair I drede for to distene the quyte,
Throu my corruptit cadens imperfyte ;
Distene the, na forsuith, that ma I nocht,
Weill ma I schaw my burell busteous thocht,
Bot thi work sall enduire in laude and glory,
But spot or falt, conding eterne memory. 30
Thocht I offend, onhermit is thine fame,
Thyne is the thank, and myne sal be the shame.

Quha ma thi versis follow in all degre,
 In bewtie, sentence, and in grauite?
 Nane is, nor was, nor zit sal be, trow I,
 Had, has, or sal have sic crafte in poetrie.
 Of Helicon so drank thou dry the fluid
 That of the copiose flowith or plenitud,
 All man purches drink at thi sugurat tone,
 So lamp of day thou art, and shynand mone,
 All wtheris on force mon their lycht beg or borow.
 Thou art Vesper, and the day sterne at morow; 10
 Thou Phebus lychnar of the planetis all,
 I not quhat dewlie I the clepe sall,
 For thou art al and sum, quhat nedis moir,
 Of Latyne poetis that sens wes or befoir.
 Of the writis Macrobius, sans fail,
 In his grete volume clepit Saturnail,
 Thi sawis in sic eloquence doith fleit,
 So inuentione of rhetorik flouris sueit
 Thou art, and hes sa hie profund sentence
 Therto perfyte, but ony indigence,
 That na lovingis ma do increas thi fame,
 Nor na reproche diminew thi guid name.
 But sen I am compellit the to translait,
 And nocht onlie of my curage, God wait,
 Durst interprise sic outrageous foli,
 Quhar I offend, the les repreif serf I;
 And at ye knaw at quhais instaunce I tuik
 For to translait this mast excellent buik,
 I mene Virgilis volume maist excellent,
 Set this my werk full feble be of rent,
 At the request of ane lorde of renowne,
 Of ancistrie noble and illuster barowne,

In Latyne
 toung
 Vyrgil ex-
 cellis all
 other
 Poetis both
 in sentence
 and elo-
 quence.

20

He is happye
 whose fame
 nother
 prayse, re-
 proufe, or
 enuye can
 distayne.

30

Fader of bukis, protectour to science and lare,
 My speciall gude lord Henry Lord Sanct Clair,
 Quhilk with grete instance diuers tymes seir,
 Prayit me translait Virgill or Omeir ;
 Quhais plesour suithlie as I wnderstuid,
 As neir coniunct to his lordschip in bluid,
 So that me thocht his requeist ane command,
 Half disparit this wark tuik on hand,
 Nocht fullie grantand, nor anis sayand 3e,
 Bot onelie to assay quhow it mycht be. 10
 Quha mycht ganesay a lord sa gentle and kynd,
 That euir hed ony curtasy in thair mynd,
 Quhilk beside his innative polecy,
 Humanite, curaige, fredome and chevalry,
 Bukis to recollect, to reid and se,
 Hes greit delite als euir hed Ptolome ?
 Quharfor to his nobilite and estaite,
 Quhat so it be, this buik I dedicaite,
 Writing in the language of Scottis natioun,
 And thus I mak my protestacioun. 20

A protesta-
 cion to the
 Reader.



First I protest, beaw Schiris, be 3our leif,
 Beis weill advisit my werk or 3e repreif,
 Considdir it warlie, reid oftair than anis,
 Weill at ane blenk slee poetry nocht tane ys ;
 And 3it, forsuith, I set my besy pane
 As that I suld, to mak it braid and plane,
 Kepand na sudroun bot our awin langage,
 And speikis as I lernit quhen I was page.
 Nor 3it sa clene all sudroun I refuse,
 Bot sum word I pronounce as nychtbour doise ; 30

Lyk as in Latyne bene Grew termes sum,
 So me behuivit quhilum, or than be dum,
 Sum bastard Latyne, Frensch, or Inglis oiss,
 Quhar scant war Scottis I had na wther choiss.
 Nocht for our toung is in the selfin scant,
 Bot for that I the foutht of langage want,
 Quhar as the colour of his propirte
 To keip the sentence thereto constrenit me,
 Or than to mak my sang schort sum tyme,
 Mair compendious, or to liklie my ryme. 10
 Therefore guid freindis, for ane iymp or a bourd,
 I pray 3ou note me nocht at euery wourd.
 The worthy clerk hecht Laurence of the Vail,
 Amang Latynis a greit patroun sans fail,
 Grantis quhen twelf 3eris he hed bene diligent
 To study Virgill, scant knew he quhat he ment;
 Than thou or I, my freind, quhen we best wene
 To haue Virgill red, understand, and sene,
 The richt sentence perchance is fer to seik;
 Thilk werk tuelf 3eris first was in making eik, 20
 And nocht correct quhen the poet can decess;
 Thus for small faltis my wyiss frend hald thi pece.

Adherand to my protestatioun,
 Thocht Williame Caxtoun, of Inglis natioun,
 In pross hes prent ane buik of Inglis gros,
 Clepand it Virgill in Eneados,
 Quhilk that he sais of Frensch he did translait,
 It hes na thing ado therewith, God wait,
 Nor na mair like than the devill and Sanct Austyne;
 Haue he na thank therfor, bot lost his pyne, 30
 So schamfully that storye did pervert;
 I red his werk with harmes at my hert,

Caxtouns
 fautes.

That sic ane buik, but sentence or engyne,
 Suld be intitillit efter the poet divyne ;
 His ornait goldin versis mair than gilt,
 I spittit for despyt to see sua spilt
 With sic a wycht, quhilk treulie be myne entent,
 Knew neuer thre wowrdis of all that Virgill ment.
 Sa fer he chowpis, I am constrenit to flyte.
 The thre first bukis he hes ourhippit quyte,
 Salfand ane litle twiching Polidorus,
 And the tempest sent furth be Eolus, 10
 And that full sympillie on his awin gyse,
 Virgill thame wrote al on ane wther wyse.
 For Caxtoun puttis in his buik out of tone,
 The storme furth sent be Eolus and Neptone ;
 But quha that redis Virgill suthtfastlie,
 Sall fynd Neptune salf Eneas navie.
 Me list nocht schaw how the story of Dido
 Be this Caxtoun is haill peruertit so,
 That bisyde quhair he fenis to follow Bowcas,
 He rynnys sa fer fra Virgill in mony place, 20
 On sa prolix and tedious fassoun,
 So that the feird buik of Eneadon,
 Tuiching the luif and deith of Dido quene,
 The twa part of his volume doith contene,
 That in the text of Virgill, traistis me,
 The twelft part scars conteins, as 3e ma se.
 The fyfte buik of the feistis funerale,
 The lusty gammys, and plais palustrale,
 That is ourhippit quyte and left behynd,
 Na thing therof 3e sall in Caxtoun fynd. 30
 The saxt buik eik, he grantis that wantis hail,
 And for therof he wnderstuid nocht the tail.

He callis it fenzeit, and nocht for to beleif,
 Sa is all Virgill perchance, for, by his leif,
 Juno nor Venus goddes neuer wer,
 Mercur, Neptune, Mars, nor Jupiter.
 Of Fortune eik, nor hir necessite,
 Sic thingis nocht attentik ar, wait we ;
 Nor 3it admittis that quent philosophy
 Haldis saulis hoppis fra body to body,
 And mony thingis quhilkis Virgill did rehers,
 Thocht I thame write furth followand his vers. 10
 Nor Caxtoun schrinkis nocht siclik things to tell,
 As nocht war fable, bot the passage to hell ;
 Bot traistis wele, quha that ilk saxt buik knew,
 Virgill therin a hie philosophour him shew,
 And, vnder the cluddes of dirk poetry
 Hid lyis thair mony notable history.
 For so the poetis be ther crafty curis,
 In similitudis, and vnder quent figuris,
 The suthfast mater to hyde and to constrene ;
 All is not fals, traste wele, in caice thai fene. 20
 Thar art is so to mak thair workis fair,
 As in the end of Virgill I sall declair.
 Was it nocht eik als possible Eneas,
 As Hercules or Theseus to hell to pas ?
 Quhilk is na gabbing suthlie, nor na lie,
 As Jhone Bocas in the genologie
 Of goddis declaris, and like as 3e ma reid
 In the recollis of Troy, quha list tak heid.
 Quha wait gif he in visioun hiddir went,
 By art magik, sorcery, or enchantment, 30
 And with his faderis saul did speik and meit,
 Or in the liknes with sum wthir spreit,

Vnder derk
 Poetrye is
 hid great
 wisdom and
 larning.

Lyke as the spreit of Samuell, I ges,
 Rasit to King Saul was by the Phitones ?
 I will nocht say all Virgill bene als trew,
 Bot at sic thingis ar possible this I schew ;
 Als in thai days war ma illusionis
 By deuillich werkis and coniurationis,
 Than now thair bene, so doith clerkis determe,
 For, blist be God, the faith is now mair ferme.
 Eneuch thairof, now will I na mair sayne,
 Bot on to Caxtoun thus I turne agayne, 10
 The namis of peple or citeis bene so bad
 Put by this Caxtoun, that, bot he had bene mad,
 The fluid of Touyr for Tibir he had nocht write ;
 All men ma knaw thair he forvait quite.
 Palenthe the cite of Euander king,
 As Virgill planlie makis rehersing,
 Stuide quhar in Rome now stant the chief palice ;
 This same buik eik in mair hepit malice,
 On the self rever of Touyr sais plainlie,
 Eneas did his ciete edifie. 20
 Thus ay for Tibir, Touyr puttis he,
 Quhilk mony hundreit mylis syndry be ;
 For sickierlie, les than wyse autouris lene,
 Enee saw neuir Touyr with his ene,
 For Touyr devides Grece from Hungarie,
 And Tiber is chief fluide of Italie :
 Touyr is kend ane grane of that rever
 In Latyne hecht Danubium or Hester ;
 Or gif it be Tanais he clepis sa,
 That fluid devidis Europe fra Asia. 30
 In likewise eik this Caxtoun all in vane
 Crispina clepis Sibilla Cumane,

That in the text of Virgill, traistis ws,
 Hait Deiphebe dochter of Glaucus,
 Quhilk was Eneas convoiar to hell.
 Quhat suld I langar on his errouris dwell?
 Thai bene sa plaine, and eik so mony fald,
 The hundreith part tharof I laif ontald.
 The last sax buikis of Virgill all in feris,
 Quhilk contenis strang batellis and weris,
 This ilk Caxtoun sa blaitlie lettis our slip,
 I hald my tounge, for schame bytand my lip. 10
 The greit efferis of ayther oist and array,
 The armour of Eneas fresch and gay,
 The quent and curious castis poetical,
 Perfyte similitudis and examplis all
 Quhairin Virgill beirs the palme of lawde,
 Caxtoun, for dreid thai suld his lippis scawde
 Durst neuer tuiche : thus schortlie for the nanis.
 A twenty devill mot fall his werk at anis,
 Quhilk is na mair lyke Virgill, dar I lay,
 Na the owle resemblis the papyngay. 20
 Quharfor, 3e gentle redaris I beseik,
 Traist on na wyse at this my work be sik,
 Quhilk did my best, as my wit mycht attene,
 Virgillis versis to follow, and nathing fene.
 Ye worthy nobillis reidis my werkis forthy,
 And cast this wther buik on syde fer by,
 Quhilk, ondir colour of sum Franch strang wicht,
 So frenschlie leis, oneth twa wourdis gais richt.
 I nald 3e trast I saide this for dispyte,
 For me list with na Inglis buikis flyte, 30
 Na with na bogil na browny to debait,
 Noder auld gaistis nor spretis deid of lait,

Exhortacion
 to the
 Reader.

Nor na man wil I lakkin or despyse,
 My werkis till authoreis be sic wyse.
 Bot tuiching Virgillis honor and reuerence,
 Quha euer contrarie, I mon stand at defence.
 And bot my buik be fundin worth sic thre,
 Quhen it is red, do warp it in the se,
 Thraw it in the fyir, or rent it every crum,
 Tuichand that part lo heir is all and sum.

Syne I defend and forbiddis every wicht,
 That can nocht spell thair Pater Noster richt, 10
 For till correct, or zit amend Virgyle,
 Or the translatar blame in his vulgar style.
 I knaw quhat payne is to follow him fute haite,
 Albeit thou think my sang intricaite.

Admonicion
 vnto vn-
 lerned
 people,
 whose rud-
 nes cannot
 onderstand
 Vyrgil.

Traist wele, to follow ane fixt sentence or mater,
 Is mair practik, difficill, and mair strater,
 Thocht thine engyne be eleuait and hie,
 Than for to write all ways at libertie.
 Gif I had nocht bene to ane boundis constrenit,
 Of my bad wit perchance I culd haue fenit 20
 In ryme ane ragmen twise als curious,
 Bot nocht be twenty part sa sentencious.
 Quha is attachit on till a staik, we se,
 Ma go no ferrar, bot wrele about that tre;
 Richt so am I to Virgillis text ybound,
 I ma nocht fle, les than ane falt be found,
 For thocht I wald transcend and go besyde,
 His werk remanis, my schame I can nocht hyde;
 And thus I am constrenit, als ner I may,
 To hald his vers and go no wther way, 30
 Les sum history, subtell wourd, or the ryme
 Causis me mak digressioun sum tyme.

So thocht in my translatione eloquence scant is,
 Na lusty cast of oratry Virgill wantis ;
 My studious brane to comprehende his sentence,
 Leit me neur taist his fluide of eloquence.

And thus forsuith, becaus I was not fre,
 My werk is mair obscure and gross, per de,
 Quharof, God wait, Virgill hes na wyte,
 Thocht myne be blunt, his text is maist perfyte ;
 And 3it persais I wele, be my consait,

The king of poetis ganis nocht for rurale estait,
 Nor his fressch memor for bumbardis ; he or scho
 Quha takis me nocht, go quhar thai haue ado ;
 The sonis licht is neuer the wers, trast me,
 Althocht the bak his brycht bemis doith fle.

Grene gentill engynis and breistis curagious,

Sic ar the peple at ganis best for ws.

Our werk desiris na lewit rebaldaill,

Full of nobilite is this story alhaill.

For euery vertu belangand a noble man,

This ornait poet bettir than ony can

Payntand descrivis in persoun of Eneas ;

Nocht for to say sic ane Eneas was,

3it than by him perfittlie blasonis he

All wirschep, manheid and nobilite,

He hated vice, abhorring craftineis,

He was a myrrour of verteu, and of grais,

Just in his promys euer, and stout in mynd,

To God faythfull, and to his frendys kynd,

Verteous, vyse, gentil, and liberall,

In feates of war, excelling vderis all,

Witht euery bountie belangand a gentle knyght,

Ane prince, ane conquerour, or a vailzeand wyght,

10
 Vyrgiliys
 workis ar
 mett for
 wise and
 lerned men,
 and not for
 the comon
 people.

20

30
 The soun of
 hole. Virgill
 quhilk settis
 furthe Eneas
 a prince full
 of all kind of
 verteus, to be
 exampill and
 myrrour to
 euery
 prince and
 nobyl man.

In luifis cuir aneuch heir sall 3e fynd ;
 And schortlie, Virgill left na thingis behynd,
 That mycht his volume illumyne or crafty mak ;
 Reid quhay him knawis, I dar this ondertak,
 Als oft as 3e him reid, full wele I wait,
 3e fynd ilk tyme sum merye new consait.

Chaucers
 commendation.

Thocht venerable Chaucer, principall poet but peir,
 Hevinlie trumpat, horleige and reguleir,
 In eloquence balmy, condit, and diall,
 Mylky fountane, cleir strand, and rose riall, 10
 Of fresch endite, throw Albion iland braid,
 In his legeand of notable ladyis, said
 That he culd follow word by word Virgill,
 Wisare than I mycht fail in lakar stile ;
 Sum tyme the text mon haue ane expositioun,
 Sum tyme the colour will caus a litle additioun,
 And sum tyme of ane word I mon mak thre,

Chaucers
 fault.

Virgil is so
 sententious
 that he can-
 not be trans-
 lated worde
 by worde.

In witnes of this terme *oppetere* ;
 Eik, wele I wait, certane expositouris seir
 Makis on ane text sentence diuers to heir, 20
 As thame apperis, according thair entent ;
 And for thair part schaw resounis euident.
 All this is ganand, I will wele it sua be,
 Bot ane sentence to follow ma suffice me,
 Sum tyme I follow the text als neir I may,
 Sum tyme I am constrenit ane wther way :
 Besyde Latyne our langage is imperfite,
 Quhilk in sum part is the caus and the wite,
 Quhy that of Virgillis vers the ornate bewtie
 Intill our toung may nocht obseruit be ; 30
 For thar bene Latyne wordis mony ane,
 That in our leid ganand translatioun hes nane,

Les than we menis thar sentence and grauite,
 And zit scant weill exponit; quha trowis nocht me
 Lat thame interpret *animal* and *homo*,
 Witht mony hundreith wther termes mo,
 Quhilkis in our langage southlie, as I wene,
 Few men can tell me cleirlye quhat thai mene.
 Betuix *genus*, *sexus*, and *species*,
 Diuersite to seik in our leid I ceis.
 For *obiectum* and *subiectum* alsua,
 He war expert culd fynd me termes tua, 10
 Quhilkis ar als rife amange clerkis in scule
 As euir fowlis plungit in laik or puile.
 Logitianis knawis heirin myne entent,
 Ondir quhais boundis lurkis mony strange went.
 Quharof the proces, as now, we mon let be.
 Bot zit tuichand our tongis penurite,
 I mene onto compair of fair Latyne,
 That knawin is mast perfyte langage fyne,
 I mycht also, percaice, cum lidder speid,
 For *arbor* or *lignum*, intill our leid 20
 To find different propir termes twane,
 And tharto put circumlocutioun nane.
 Rycht so, by about speche oft in tymes,
 And seuthable wordis we compile our rymes.
 God wait, in Virgill ar termes mony ane hundir
 For to expone maid me ane felloun blundir.
 To follow alanerlie Virgillis wordis, I wene,
 Thar suld few onderstand me quhat thai mene;
 The bewtie of his ornate eloquence
 May nocht all tyme be kepit with the sentence. 30
 Sanct Gregour eik forbiddis ws to translait
 Word eftir word, bot sentence follow algait;

Quha haldis, quod he, of wordis the propirteis,
 Full oft the verite of the sentence fleis.
 And to the samyng purpose we ma applie
 Horatius in his art of poetrie ;
 Preis nocht, sais he, thou traist interpreter,
 Word eftir word to translait thi matar.
 Lo he repreifis, and haldis missemyng,
 Ay word by word to reduce ony thing.
 I say nocht this of Chaucer for offence,
 Bot till excuse my lawit insuffitience. 10
 For as he standis beneth Virgill in degre,
 Ondir him als far I grant myself to be ;
 And nocht the les into sum place, quha kend it,
 My master Chaucer greitlie Virgile offendit.
 All thoct I be to bald hyme to repreif,
 He was far baldar, certes, by his leif,
 Saying he followit Virgillis lantern to forne,
 Quhen Eneas to Dido was forsworne.
 Was he forsworne ? than Eneas wer fals ;
 That he admittis, and callis hyme tratour als. 20
 Thus, wenyng allane Enee to have reprevit,
 He hes greitlie the prince of poets grevit.
 For, as said is, Virgill did diligence,
 But spot of cryme, reproche, or ony offence,
 Eneas for to loife and magnify ;
 And gif he grantis hyme mansworne foulely,
 Than all his cuir and crafty ingyne gais quyte,
 His twelf 3eris labouris war nocht worth a myte.
 Certes, Virgill schawis Enee did na thing,
 Frome Dido of Cartage at his departing, 30
 Bot quhilk the goddess commandit him to forne ;
 And gif that thair command maid him mansworne,

Gods wyl
 and com-
 maundement
 shuld euer
 be prefered
 and haue
 the first
 place in all
 mens
 actions and
 doynge.

That war repreif to thair diuinite,
 And na reproche vnto the said Enee.
 Als in the first, quhair Ilioneus
 Spekis to the quene Dido, sais he nocht thus,
 Thair cours by fait was set to Italy ?
 Thus mycht scho nocht pretend ane just caus quhy,
 Thocht Troianis eftir departis of Cartage,
 Sen thai befor declarit hir thair vayage.
 Reid the ferd buik quhar quene Dido is wraitht,
 Thair sal 3e fynd Enee maid neur aitht, 10
 Promit, nor band with hir for to abyde ;
 Thus him to be mansworne ma neuer betyde,
 Nor nane vnkyndnes schew for to depart
 At the bidding of Jove with reuthfull hart,
 Sen the command of God obey suld all,
 And undir his chargis na wrangus deid may fall.
 Bot sickirlie, of resoun me behuvis
 Excuse Chaucer fra all maner repruvis,
 In loifing of thir ladyis lilly quhyte
 He set on Virgile and Eneas this wyte ; 20
 For he was euer, God wait, wemenis frend.
 I say na mair, bot gentill redaris hend,
 Lat all my faltis with this offence pas by.
 Thou prince of poetis, I the mercy cry,
 I mene thou king of kingis, lord eterne,
 Thou be my muse, my leidar and leidsterne,
 Remitting my trespas and euery mys,
 Throw praier of thi modir, quene of blys,
 Afaild godheid, ay lestand, but discrepance,
 In personis thre, equale of ane substance.
 On thee I call and Mary virgine myld ;
 Calliope nor payane goddis wyld

20

Innoation
to God.

30

The werk
that beginnes
not of God
can neuer
haue
prosperius
succes.

May do to me no thing bot harme, I wene,
 In Christ is all my traist and hewynniss quene.
 Thou virgyne modir and madyne be my muse,
 That neur zit na synfull list refuse
 Quhilk the besocht devotlie for supple.
 Albeit my sang to thi hie maiestie
 Accordis nocht, zit condescend to my wryte,
 For the sweit liquare of thi palpis quhite
 Fosterit that prince, that hevinlie Orpheus,
 Ground of all guid, our saluour Jesus. 10
 Bot forthirmor, and lawar to descend,
 Forgif me, Virgill, gif I the offend,
 Pardoun thi scolair, suffir him to ryme,
 Sen thou was bot a mortall man sum tyme :
 In caice I fail haue me not at disdenze,
 Thocht I be lawit, my leil hart can nocht fenze,
 I sall the follow, suld I thairfor haue blame,
 Quha can do bettir, say furth in Goddis name.
 I shrink not anis correckit for to be
 With ony wicht groundit on charite, 20
 And glaidlie wald I baith inquire and leir,
 And to ilk cunnand wicht lay to my eir ;
 Bot laith me war, but other offence or cryme,
 Ane bruitell body suld intertrike my ryme ;
 Thocht sum wald sweir that I the text haue vareit,
 Or that I haue this volume quyte myscareit,
 Or threip planlie that I com neuer neur hand it,
 Or that the werk is wers than evir I fand it,
 Or zit argew Virgile stuide wele befoir,
 As now war tyme to schift the wers ouer scoir ; 30
 Ellis haue I said, thair ma be na compair
 Betwixt his versis and my style wlgair.

It is more
 easy to
 reprove a
 good worke
 than to make
 or do a good
 worke.

All thocht he stand in Latyne maist perfite,
 3it stuid he neuir wele in our tong endite,
 Les than it be by me now at this tyme :
 Gif I haue failzeit, baldy repruif my ryme,
 Bot first, I pray 3ou, grape the mater clene,
 Reproche me nocht quhill the work be oursene.
 Beis nocht our studious to spy a mote in my ee,
 That in 3our awin a ferry bote can nocht see,
 And do to me as 3e wald be done to.
 Now hark, schirris, thair is na mair ado, 10
 Quha list attend, gewis audience, and draw neir,
 Me thocht Virgill begouth on this maneir :

I the ylk wmquhile that in the small ait reid
 Tonit my sang, syne fra the woddis 3eid,
 And feildis about taucht to be obeysand,
 Thocht he war gredy, to the besy husband,
 Ane thankfull werk maid for the plewmanis art,
 Bot now the horrible sterne dedis of Mart.

A good con-
 sell for euery
 man to do as
 they wolde
 be done vnto.



THE CONTENTIS
OF EVERY BUIK FOLLOWING.

*The first contenis how the prince Enee
And Troianis war drive on to Cartage ciete.*

*The secund buik schawis the finale ennoy,
The great mischeif, and subversioun of Troye.*

*The third tellis how fra Troys ciete
The Troianis careit war throwout the see.*

*The ferd rihersis of fair quene Dido
The douple woundis, and the mortall wo.*

*The fifth contenis funerale gemmis glaide,
And how the fyir the navy did invaid.* 10

*Into the saxt buik syne doith Virgill tell,
How that Eneas went and vesyt hell.*

*The sevynt Enee bringis to his ground fatall,
And how Italianis Troianis schupe to assaill.*

*Vntill Eneas gevis the auchten buke
Baith fallowschip and armour, quha list luke.*

*Davrus son Turnus in the nynt, tak tent,
Segeis new Troy, Eneas tho absent.* 18

*The tent declaris by the coist attanys
The battaill betuix Tuskanis and Rutulianis.*

*In the ellevynt Rutulianis bene ouersett
By the deceiss of Camylla down bett.*

*The twelf makis end of all the were, but dout,
Throw the slauchter of Turnus, sterne and stout.*

*The lust, ekit to Virgillis nowmer evyn
By Mapheus, convoyis Enee to hevyn.*



THE FIRST BUIK OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

*The poet first proponyng his entent,
Declaris Junois wraith and mailltalent.*

The proposi-
tion of the
hole worke.



HE batellis and the man I will describe,
Fra Troys boundis first that fugitive,
By fait to Itale coyme and coist
Lavyne ;
Our land and see cachit with mekle

pyne,
By force of goddis abuif, fro euery steid,
Of cruell Juno throw ald ramembrit feid.
Greit pane in batell sufferit he also,
Or he his goddis brocht in Latio,
And belt the ciete, fra quhame, of noble fame,
The Latyne peple takin hes thair name, 10
And eik the faderis, princis of Alba
Come, and the valleris of greit Rome als wa.

Inuocacione. O thou my muse, declair the causis quhy,
Quhat maiestie offendit, schaw quham by,
Or 3it of goddis quharfor the drery quene
Sa feill dangeris, sic travell maid sustene
Ane worthy man fulfillit of piete ;
Is thair sic greif in hevinlie myndis hie ?

Thair was ane anciant ciete hecht Cartage,
 Quham hynis of Tyre held in to heretage,
 Enemy to Italie, standand fair and plane
 The mouth of lang Tibir our forgane,
 Mychty of nobillis, full of sculis seir,
 And mast expert in crafty fait of weir.
 Of quhilk a land Juno, as it was said,
 As to hir speciall abuife all utheris maid;
 Hir native land for it postponit sche
 Callit Samo; in Cartage set hir se : 10
 Thar war hir armes, and eik stude heir hir chair.
 This Goddes etlit, gif werdis war nocht contrair,
 This realme to be superiour and mastres
 To all landis; bot certes, no the les
 The fatale sisteres reuolue and schew, sche kend,
 Of Troiane blude ane peple suld descend,
 Vailzeand in weir, to ryng wyde quhar, and syne
 Cartage suld bryng onto finale rwyne,
 And clene destroy the land of Libia.
 This dredand Juno, and forthirmore als wa 20
 Remembring on the ancyant mortale weir
 That for the Grekis, to hir leif and deir,
 At Troy lang tyme she led befor that day;
 For jit the causis of wraith war nocht away,
 No cruell harme forzet, nor out of mynd;
 Full deip ingravyn in hir breist vnkynd,
 The jugement of Paris, how that he
 Preferrit Venus, dispising hir bewte;
 Als, Troiane bluide to hir was odyous,
 For Jupiter ingenerit Dardanus, 30
 Fro quhome the Troianis coyme in adultery,
 And Ganimedes reveist aboue the sky,

Narrations
 shewing the
 causes
 wherefore
 Juno
 henderid
 the Troians.

Maid him his butler, quhilk wes hir dochteris office.
 Juno inflammit, musing on thir caicis nice,
 The quhile our se that salis the Troianis,
 Quhilk hed the deid eschapit, and remanis
 Vnslayne of Grekis or of the fers Achill,
 Scho thame fordruvis, and causis oft ga will
 Frawart Latium, quhilk now is Italie,
 By fremmit weird full mony 3eris tharbye,
 Cachit and blaw wyde quhar all seis aboute.
 Lo how greit cuir, quhat travel, pane, and dowte, 10
 Was to begyne the worthy Romanis bluide!

The
 occasi-
 one
 and coun-
 sel
 of Juno to
 reuenge
 hirself on
 the Troyanis.

And as the Troianis frakkis our the fluide,
 Scars from the syght of Sicillie the land,
 Witht bent saill ful, richt merely saland,
 Their stewinnis stowrand fast throw the salt fame,
 Quhen that Juno, till hir euerlestand schame,
 The eterne wound hid in hir breist ay grene,
 Onto hirselfe thus spak in propir tene;

Propositione.

Is this ganand, that I my purpose faill
 As clene ourcum, and may nocht fra Itail 20
 Withhald this kyng of Troy and his navy?
 Am I abandownit with sa hard destany,
 Sen Pallas mocht on Grekis tak sic wraik,
 To birne thar schippis, and all, for anis saik,
 Drowne in the see, for Aiax Oilus wrang?
 Frome Jupiter the wyld fyre downe scho slang
 Furtht of the cluddis, destroit thair schippis all,
 Ourquhelmyt the see with mony wyndy wall;
 Aiax breist persit, gaspand furth flammand smoike,
 Scho with a thuid stikkit on ane scharp roike. 30
 Bot I, the quhilk am cleppit of goddis quene,
 And onto Jove baith spouse and sistir schene,

With ane pepill sa fele 3eris weir sall leid ;
 Quha sall fro thens adorne in ony steid
 The power of Juno, or altaris sacrify,
 Geif I ourcumin be thus schamefullie ?

CAP. II.

*How Dame Juno till Eolus contra went,
 And of the storme on the Troianis furtht sent.*

And on this wise, with hart byrmand as fire,
 Musing allane, full of malice and ire,
 Till Eolus cuntre, that wyndy regioun,
 Ane brudy land of furious stormy sownn,
 This goddes went, quhair Eolus the kyng
 In gowstie cavis, the wyndis lowde quhisling, 10
 And braithlie tempestis by his power refrenis,
 In bandis hard schet in presoun constrenis ;
 And thai, heirat havand full greit disdene,
 Quhill all the hill resoundis, quhryne and plene
 About thar closouris braying with mony rair.
 Kyng Eolus sett hie vpoun his chare,
 Witht sceptour in hand thair muyd to meis and still,
 Temperis thair ire, les thai suld at thair will
 Beir witht thair byr the skyis, and drive about
 Erd, air, and se, quhenevir thai list blaw out. 20
 Thus the hie fadir almychtie in cavis dirk
 Thir wyndis hid for dreid sic wrangis thai wirk,
 And thar abuife sett wechty hillis huge ;
 Gaif thame ane kyng, quhilk as thar lord and juge,

*The office
 of a Prince*

At certane tyme thame stanching and withhald,
 And, at command also, mycht quhen he wald
 Lat thame go fre at large to blaw out braid.
 To quham as than lawle thus Juno said ;
 Eolus, ane peple vnto me enemy,
 Salis the se Tuskane, cariland to Italy
 Thair vincust hammald goddis and Ilion :
 Bot, sen the fadir of goddis euery on
 And king of men gaif the power, quod sche,
 To meis the fluide, or rais with stormes hie, 10
 Infors thi wyndis, sink all thair schippis in feir,
 Or scattir wyde quhair into cuntreis seir,
 Warp all thair bodyis in the deip bedene.
 I haue, quod scho, lusty ladyis fourtene,
 Of quhame the farast, clepit Diope,
 In ferme wedlok I sall conioun to the
 For thi reward, that lillie quhite of swair,
 With the for to remane for euirnair,
 Quhilk propir spous and eik thi lady myld
 Sall mak the fadir to mony fair chyld. 20
 Eolus ansueris, O thou, my lady quene,
 Quhat thou desyris, to the it doith pertene
 For to devise, and me behuvis thi command
 Obey, for thou the sceptour gevis me in hand
 Of all this realme, quhat so it be, and oft
 Jupiter with me consederis, and full soft
 Causis me feist amang the goddis at rest,
 And makis me master of wyndis and tempest.
 Be this wes said, ane groundin dart leit he glyde,
 And peirsit the bos hill at the braid syde; 30
 Furth at the ilk port wyndis braid in a rowt,
 And with ane quhirle blew all the erd abowt,

The orison
of Juno to
Eolus.

Narrations.

Petitions.

A promyse
of reward.

The frute
of marlage.

A descrip-
tion of the
tempest.

Thai vmbesett the seis busteously,
 Quhill fra the deip, till euery coist fast by,
 The huge wallis welteris upoun hie,
 Rowit at anis with stormis of wyndis thre,
 Euris, Nothus, and the wynd Aphricus,
 Quhilkis eist, south, and waist wyndis hait with ws.
 Sone eftir this, of men the clamour rais,
 The takles graislis, cabillis can freit and frais,
 Switht the cluddis, hevin, sone, and days licht
 Hid, and brest out of the Troianis sicht; 10
 Dyrknes as nycht besett the seis abowt;
 The firmament gane rummeling rair and rowt,
 The skyis oft lychtnit with fyry lewyne,
 And schortlie baitht air, sea, and hewyne,
 And euery thing mannasit the men to de,
 Schawand the deith present tofor thair ee.

CAP. III.

*How that Enee wes witht the tempest schaik,
 And how Neptune his navy saift fra wrak.*

Belive Eneas memberis schuik for cauld,
 And murnand baith his handis wp did hald
 Towart the sternis, with peteous voce thus can say;
 O sevin tymes full happy and blist war thai, 20
 Vndir hie wallis of Troy, be dynt of swerd,
 Deit in thair faderis sicht, bitand the erd !
 O thou of Grekis mast forcy Diomeid,
 Quhy mycht I nocht on fieldis of Troy haue deid,

Eneas ex-
 clamations
 being in
 20 great perrell
 of the sea.

And by thi richt hand 3owdin furth my spreit ?
 Quhar that the vailzeand Hector lowsit the sweit
 On Achillis speir, and gryslie Sarpedone,
 And vnder the fluide Simois mony one
 Witht scheild and helme stalwart bodyis lyis warpit.
 And all in vane thus quhile Eneas carpit,
 Ane blusterand bub, out fra the northt braying,
 Gane our the foirschip in the bak sail dyng,
 And to the sternys up the fluide can cast;
 The ayris, hachis, and the takillis brast, 10
 The schippis stewyn frawart hir went can writhe,
 And turnit hir braid syide to the wallis swithe.
 Heich as ane hill the jaw of watter brak,
 And in ane heip come on thame with ane swak.
 Sum hesit hoverand on the wallis hycht,
 And sum the sownchand see so law gart licht,
 Thame semit the erd oppinnit amynd the flude;
 The stowr wp bullerit sand as it war wuid.
 The southt wynd Nothus thre schippis drave away
 Amange blynd craigis, quhilk huge rokis, thai say, 20
 Amynd the se, Italianis altaris callis;
 And wther thre Eurys from the deip wallis
 Cachit amang the schald bankis of sand;
 Dolorous to se thame chop on ground, and stand
 Lyk as ane wall with sand warpit about.
 Ane wther, in quhame salit the Licianis stout,
 Quhilum fallowis to king Pandor in weir,
 And Oroutes Eneas fallow deir,
 Before his ene hastelye frome the north wynd,
 Ane hiedous see schippit at hir sterne behynd, 30
 Smate furth the skippair clepit Lewcaspis,
 His heid down warpit; and the schip with this

Thryise thair the fluide quhirlyt about round,
 The sowcand sweltht sank onder se and dround.
 On the huge deip quhen salaris did appear ;
 The Troianis armour, takillis, and wther geir
 Flait on the wallis ; and the strang barge tho
 Bair Ylioneus, and scho that bair also
 Forcy Achates, and scho that bair Abbas,
 And scho quhairin ancyant Alethes was,
 The storme ourset, raif ruvis and syde semis ;
 Thai all leckit, and salt watter stremis
 Fast bullerand in at every ryft and boir.

10

In the mene quhile, with mony rout and roir
 The see thus trublit, and the tempest furth sent
 Felt Neptune, and his watter movit and schent,
 The deip furtht 3et in schaldis heir and thair,
 Greitlie commovit, out of the see can stair,
 His plesand heid rasit on the hieast wall,
 Lukand about, behaldis the see ouer all

Eneas navy skatterit fer ysowndir ;

With fluidis ourset the Troianis, and at vndir
 By flaggis and rayne did fra the hevin descend :
 Junois dissait and ire full wele he kend.

20

He callis to him Euris and Zephirus,
 The eist and west wyndis, and said tham thus :

Ar 3e sa greitlie assurit in 3our hie kyne.

3e wyndis, quod he, but my leif durst begyne
 Baitht erd and air to move on this maneir,
 And eik the see with sa stowt stormes steir ?

I sall 3ow chastice ; bot me behuvis first meis
 The motioun of the fluidis, and thame appeis ;
 Trast wele, vnpponeist 3e sall me nocht astart,
 On sic ane wise gif 3e falt eftirwart.

30

By Neptunus
 oratione the
 tempest
 cessed.

Withdraw 3ou hens, and to your king say 3e,
 He hes na powar nor authorite
 On seis, nor on the thre granit sceptuir wand
 Quhilk is by cutt gevin me to bair in hand :
 Hald him on craigis and amang rochis hie,
 Thair is 3our dwelling place, Eurus, quod he;
 Bid Eolus keip him in that hald condng,
 Do clois the presoun of wyndis, and thairon ring.
 Thus said he, and with that word hastely
 The swelland seis hes swagit, and fra the sky 10
 Gaderit the cluddis, and chasit sone away,
 Brocht hame the sone agane and the brycht day.
 His dochter Cymothoe, and his sone Triton,
 Enforsis thame the Troianis schippis anon,
 To rais and lift of the scharp rolkis blind :
 The god himself can hesing thame behind,
 With his big scepture haifand granis thre ;
 Oppinnis schald sandis, and temperis wele the see.
 Our slidand lychtlie the croppis of the wallis.
 And as 3e se, oft amang commonis fallis 20
 Stryfe and debait, in thair wod fulich ire,
 Now fleis the stanis, and now the broyndis of fire,
 Thair greife and fury ministeris wappinis plentie ;
 Bot than percaice, gif thai behald or se
 Sum man of great authoritie and efferis,
 Thai ceis, and all still standand gewis him eris ;
 He with his wordis can slaik thar moide and swage.
 On the samyn wise fell all the seis rage.

A descrip-
 tion of a
 sedition of
 the common
 people.

The frute of
 eloquence.

CAP. IV.

*How Eneas in Aphrik did arrive,
And ther with schot slew sevin hertis belive.*

Efter that the fadir of the fluidis Neptune
 Had on sic wise behaldin the seis abone,
 Vndir the stabillit hevin movit in his chair,
 Slakking his rengzeis with propir cours and fair,
 Eneas and his feris, on the strand
 Wery and forwrocht, sped tham to the nerrast land,
 And at the coist of Libie arrivit he.
 Ane havin place with ane lang hals or entre
 Thair is, witht ane ile invyronit on ather part,
 To brek the storme and wallis of euery art; 10
 Within, the wattir in ane bosum gais.
 Baith heir and thair stand large cragis and brais,
 To se the hewis on ather hand is wondir,
 For hicht that semis pingill with the hevin; and wndir,
 In ane braid sownd sovir frome al wyndis blawis,
 Flowis the schoir deip, stable evir but ony wallis,
 Ane wode abuife ourheildis with his rank bewis,
 And castis ane plesand schaddow our the clewis.
 Rycht our forgane the foret of ane bra,
 Vndir the hingand rolkis was alsua 20
 Ane coif, and thairin fresch wattir springand,
 And satis of stane nevir hewin with mannis hand,
 Bot wrocht by natur, as it ane hous hed bene
 For nymphes, goddes of fluidis and woddis grene,
 Perbrakit schippis but cabillis thair mycht ryde,
 Nane ankir nedis mak thame arest nor byde.

Of all his navy thidder Eneas brocht
 Bot sevin schippis. With greit desire and thocht
 To be on ground Troianis sped thame to land,
 As thai desirit sett softlie on the sand ;
 Thair lithis and lymmis be salt watter bedyit
 Strekit on the coist, spred furth, bekit and dryit.
 Bot first Achates slew fire of the flynt
 Keppit on dry levis, as tundir, quhill thai brynt ;
 Syne stickis dry to kendle thar about laid is,
 Quhill al in flamb the bleis of fyir upbradis. 10
 Than was the quheit with fluidis chaffit and wet,
 And instruments to purge it, swith out set.
 For skant of victuall the cornes in quernis of stane
 Thai grand, and syne buik at the fire ilkane.
 In the mene quhile, Eneas the bank on hie
 Hes clummyne, wyde quhar behaldand the large see,
 Gif ony schip theron mycht be persavit
 Quhilk lait to fore the wyndis hed biwavit,
 Or ony Troiane galay, bark or barge,
 Antheus, Capis, or Caicus stremeris large 20
 Wavand or schawand frome ther top on hicht.
 Na schip he saw ; but sone he gat ane sicht
 Of thre hertis wavrand be the coistis syde,
 Quham at the bak, throw out the gravis wyde,
 The mekle hirdis followit in a rowt,
 And pasturit all the large vaile abowt.
 Thairat he stintis, and hint his bow in hand ;
 Swift fleand arrowis fast by him hed berand
 The traist Achates ; and first the ledaris thre,
 Quhilk on ther heidis bair the tindis hie, 30
 Smertlie he slew, syne all the rangald persewis
 With groundin arrowis among the thik wod bewis ;

He discerneth
 ane prince to
 hane more
 cure of his
 people then
 of himself.

And stintis nocht with dartis thame to beit
 Quhill he to ground hed brocht sevin hertis greit,
 And witht his schippis thair nowmer equale maid.
 Syne to the havin sped him without abaid,
 And thame distribute amangis his feris all.
 The wyne therwith, in veschellis greit and small,
 Quhilk to him gaif Acestes, his riall hoist,
 At his departing frome Sicillie the coist,
 To thame he birlis and skinkis fast but weir,
 And with sic words confortis thair drery cheir : 10
 O 3e my feris, and deir frendis, quod he,
 Of by went perrillis nocht ignorant bene we ;
 3e have sustenit gretar dangeris vnkend,
 Lyk as heirop God sall mak sone an end.
 The ragis of Silla that huge swelth in the se
 3e haue eschakit, and passit eke haue 3e
 The evir rowtand Caribdis rolkis fell,
 The craigis quhar monstrous Ciclopes dwell
 3e ar expert ; pluk up 3our hartis, I 3ou pray,
 This dolorous dreid expell and put away ; 20
 Sum tyme heiron to think ma help perchance.
 By diuers caisis, seir perrellis and sufferance,
 Ontill Itale we ettill, quhair destany
 Hes schaip for ws ane rest and quiet herbry.
 Predestinate is ther Troy sall rise agane ;
 Be stout, on prosper fortune to remane.
 Sic plesand wordis carpand he hes furtht brocht,
 Set his mind troublit mony grevous thocht,
 Witht fenzyete comfort by his cheir outwart
 The dolorous payne hid deip gravin in hart. 30
 His feris hes this pray resaut raith,
 And to their meit addressis, it to graith ;

A constant
 orison of
 Eneas full of
 consolation
 wyth the
 which as a
 nobyl
 valyeant
 Prynce he
 exhortes his
 men to
 pacience in
 aduersite.

Hint of the hydīs, maid the bowkis bair,
 Rent furth the entralis, sum in tailgeis schair,
 Sine brochit flikerand, some gobbettis of lire
 Keist in cadrownis, and wther sum bet the fire
 Thame to refresch ; thus all, the coist on lyntht,
 Sped thame witht fuide to recovir ther stryntht ;
 On the grene gers sat downe, and fillit thame syne
 Of fat venysoun and noble auld wyne.
 Quhen hwngir thus witht metis was chasit away,
 And dischis drawin, than, with lang sermond, thay 10
 Bewalit thair feris lossit on the fluide ;
 Betwixt guid hoipe and dreid in dout thai stuide,
 Quhethir thai war levand, or tholit extreme deid all ;
 Thai ansuer nocht set thai oft plene and call.
 Bot principaly, the petefull Eneas
 Regratis oft the hard fortune and cais
 Of sterne Orontes new drownit in the se ;
 And now Amichus harme complenis he,
 Now him anone the cruell fate of Lycus,
 Now strang Gian, now stalwart Cloanthus. 20

CAP. V.

*How Jove beheld the large coistis on fer,
 And how Venus carpis to Jupiter.*

Gone was the day and all ther lang sermoun,
 Quhen Jupiter, frome his hich spheir, adoun
 Blent on the sailrif seis on erth therby,
 With peple dwelling on coistis fer syndry ;
 Heicht in the hevinnis top he baid hoverand,
 And of Libie beheld graithly the land.

Within his breist on diuers curis as he thus
 Musis and thinkis, ontill him spak Venus
 All dolorus, hyr ene full of brycht teris ;
 O thou, quod scho, quhilk gouernis, rewlis and steris Venus
oracion to
Jupiter.
 Baith goddis and men be thine eterne empir,
 And oft affrayis witth thunder and wild fir,
 How mycht myne Enee sa greitlie the offend ?
 Or quhat mycht Troianis trespas, quhilk now at end
 Ar brocht and sufferit, sa feil corsis laid deid,
 Throw out the warld debarrit in euery steid, 10
 And drevin from Itale? Thou hecht vmquhill, perfoy,
 Of thame suld cum, eftir this mony ane day,
 The worthy Romanis, and of Troianis ofspring
 Princis of power our land and see to ryng.
 Quhat wickit consale, fadir, hes turnit thi thoct ?
 Forsuith, at Trois destructioun, as I mocht,
 I tuik comfort heirop, thinkand but baid
 That hard wanwerd suld follow fortun glaid.
 Bot zit the samyn mischance persewis tham sair,
 In syndry dangeris cachit heir and thair : 20
 Of thair travell quhat end grantis thou, greit king ?
 Sen Anthenor mycht throw myd ostis thryng
 Of Greikis, and pers the soundis Iliria,
 And soverly pas the strait regionis als wa
 Of Lyburnanis, and our Tumavi the fluide,
 Quhar at nyne mowthis rynnand as it war woud,
 The hillis resoundis, so ruidlie doith it rowt,
 And like ane see betis on the brais abowt ;
 Thare natheles, of Padua the ciete,
 Ane duelling place for Troianis biggit hes he, 30
 And nemmit the peple eftir him, and full 3or,
 The armes of Troy has set wp in memor.

Bot we thi bluide, thy kinrent and ofspryng,
 To quham in heivin thou grantis a place to ryng,
 Schame for to say, all throw the feid of ane,
 Hes lossit our schippis, and are betrasit ilkane,
 And fer frome Itale, bene withhaldin eik ;
 Is this reward ganand for thame ar meik ?
 Is this the honour done to thame bene godlik ?
 Restoris thou ws on sic wise our kinrik ?

Juppiter
 confortis
 Venus and
 wyth a long
 narration
 showes the
 some of the
 hystory fra
 Eneas to the
 Emperour
 Augustus
 time.

Smyling sum deile, the fadir of goddis and men,
 With that ilk sueit visage, as we ken, 10
 That mesis tempestis and makis the hevinnis cleir,
 First kissit his child, syne said on this maneir :
 Away sic dreid, Citheria, be nocht afferd,
 For of thi lynage vnchangit remanis the weird.
 As thou desiris, the cietie thou sall se,
 And of Lavyne the promist wallis he ;
 Eik thou sall rais abufe the sterrit sky
 The manfull Eneas, and him deify.
 My sentence is not alterit, as thou traistis ;
 Bot I sall schaw the, sen sic thochtis the thraistis, 20
 And heir declair of destanyis the secreit,
 Full mony 3eiris tofoir thai be compleit :
 This Eneas, with hidous barganyng,
 In Itale thrawart peple sall doun thryng ;
 Syne eftir statute lawis for thai men,
 And beild townis, and wall his cietis then,
 Quhen thre summeris in Latyum or Itail,
 And thre wynteris he rungin hes all haille,
 Fra tyme Rutilianis bene subdewit in fecht,
 Than the 3oung child, quhilk now Ascanius hecht, 30
 And to suirname clepit Iulus sans faille,
 For he in Ilion was of the bluide ryall,

Quhill that of Troy and Ilion stude the ring,
 Threty lang twelfmonthis rowing our sal be king,
 From Lavyne realme the seit translate alsua,
 And forslie wall the ciete lange Alba :
 Thair sall three hunderith 3eiris togidder remane
 The ryng vnder the peple Hectoriane,
 Quhill Ilia, nwn and dochtyr of a kyng,
 Consavit of Mars twa twynnis do furth bryng ;
 Than witht the glitterand wulf skyne our his aray,
 Cleid in his nwreis talbart glaid and gay, 10
 Romulus sall the peple ressaue and weild,
 And he the martiall wallis of Rome sall beild,
 And eftir his name call the peple Romanis.
 To thir folkis how lang thare ring remanis,
 Nother terme of space nor boundis of senzeory
 Nane wil I set : for to thame grant haue I
 Perpetuall empir, but end to lest.
 Apirmsert Juno, that with greit vnrest
 Now cummeris erd, air and se, quod he,
 Sal turn hir mynd bettar wayis, and with me 20
 Fostir the Romanis, lordis of all erdlie geir,
 And Latyne peple kep baith in peax and weir.
 This is determit, this likis the goddis, I wis :
 Eftir mony lustris and 3eiris ourslidin is,
 The tyme sall cum quhen Anchises ofspring
 The realm of Phthia in bondage sall down thring,
 And eik of Myce subdew the regioun large,
 And vnder thair lordschip dant all Grece and Arge.
 Cesar of noble Troiane bluide borne sal be,
 Quhilk sal the empir delaite to the oceane se, 30
 And to the sternis upspring sall the fame
 Of Julius, that takin hes his name

From Iulus, thi nevoy, the greite king,
 As prince descend of his blude and ofspring ;
 Quham, eftir this, sovir of thine entent,
 Chergit with the spuilze of the orient,
 Amang the numer of goddis resauē thou sall,
 And as ane god men sall him clyp and call.
 The cruell tyme sone thereftir sall ceis,
 And weris stanch, all sal be rest and pece.
 Anciant faitht, and vailzeand knychtheid,
 With chaist religion sall than the lawis leid ; 10
 The dreidful portis sal be schet, but fail,
 Of Janus temple, the taknair of battail.
 With hard yrne baundis claspit fast in caige,
 Of wickeit bargane therin the furious raige
 Set apon grisely armour in his seit,
 And with ane hundreth brasin chenzeis greit
 Behind his bak hard bund his handis tway,
 The horrible tirrant with bludy mouth sall bray.
 This beand said, Jupiter full evin
 His sone Mercury send downe from the hevin, 20
 So that of Cartage baith realme and new ciete
 To luge the Troianis suld all reddy be ;
 Les than Dido, the destany misknawand,
 Wald thame expell hir boundis or hir land.
 He with greit faird of wyngis flaw throw the sky,
 And to the cuntre of Libie com on hie ;
 Thair did his charge ; and the folkis of Cartage
 Thare ferce mudis and hartis can assuage
 At the plesour of the god, quhilk thame taucht.
 And, first of all, the quene herself hes knaucht 30
 Towart the Troianis a full friendlie mynd,
 As on to thame to be bowsum and kynd.

CAP VI.

*Enee, at morow raikand throw the schaw,
Met with his modir into habeit unknaw.*

Bot all this nycht the reuthfull Eneas,
That in his mynd can mony thing compas,
Belife as that the hailsum day wox licht,
Dressit him furth to spy and haue ane sycht
Of new placis ; for to sers and knaw
To quhat kin coistis he with the wind was blaw,
Quha thame inhabeit, quhether wild beistis or men,
For al semit bot wildernes to him then :
And as he fand schupe to his feris to schaw :
His navy derne amang the thik wod schaw, 10
Underneth the holkit hingand rochis hie,
Deckit about with mony semelie tree,
Quhois schaddowis dirk hid wele the schippis ilk ane ;
And he bot with ane fallow furth is gane,
With traist Achates ; in atheris hand yfeir
The braid stele heid schuik on the hunting speir.
Amyd the wod his modir met thame tway,
Semand ane maid in visage and array,
With wapinnis like the virginis of Spartha,
Or the stowt wenche of Traice, Harpalica, 20
Haistand the hors hir fadir to reskew,
Spediar than Hebrun, the swift flude, did persew.
For Venus, eftir the gise and maneir thair,
An active bow apon hir schuldir bair
As scho had bene ane wild hunteres,
With wynd waving hir haris lowsit of tres,

The
commonyng
betwix
Enes and
his mother
Venus, whom
at the fyrst
he dyd not
knewe.

Hir skirt kiltit till hir bair kne,
 And, first of other vnto thame spak sche :
 How, say me, 3onkeris, saw 3e walkand heir,
 By aventure ony of my sisteres deir,
 The cace of arrowis taucht by hir syde,
 And cled into the spottit linx hyde,
 Or with lowde cry followand the chace
 Eftir the fomy bair, in ther solace ?
 Thus said Venus. And hir sone agane
 Answeris and saide : Trewlie, maidin, in plane 10
 Nane of thi sisteris did I heir ne se ;
 Bot, O thou virgine, quham sall I call the ?
 Thi visage semis na mortale creature ;
 Nor thi voce soundis nocht lik to humane nature ;
 A goddes art thou suithlie to my sycht.
 Quhiddir thou be Dyane, Phebus sister brycht,
 Or than sum goddes of the nymphis kynd,
 Mastres of woddis, beis to ws happy and kynd,
 Releif our lang trauell quhat euir thou be,
 And, wnder quhat art of the hevin so hie, 20
 Or at quhat coist of the warld finalie
 Sall we arrive, thou teich ws by and by ;
 Of men and land vnknaw, we ar drive will
 By wynd and storme of see cachit hiddertill ;
 And mony fair sacrifice and offerand
 Befoire thine altair sall dee with my rycht hand.
 Venus answered, I denze nocht to resaue
 Sic honour certes, quhilk feris me nocht to haue ;
 For to the madinnis of Tire this is the gise,
 To beir ane caice of arrowis on this wise, 30
 With rede botynis on thair schankis hie.
 This is the realme of Pwnice quhilk thow se,

The peple of Tìre, and the ciete, but moir,
 Belt by the folk descend frome Agenoir.
 3e bene in the marchis of Libie, sans fail,
 Inhabeit with peple vndowtable in battail,
 Quhar Dido quene rewlis the empire,
 Hiddir, frome hir broder, fled frome the realme of Tìre :
 Lang war the iniuris, the dowlis lang to be tawld,
 Bot I the vmest of the mater sall hauld.
 Ane husband, quhilk Sicheus hecht, had sche,
 Richaist in all the ground of Phenicie, 10
 And stranglie luvit of the silly Dido ;
 For be hir fadir, as was the maner tho,
 By chance scho was in clene virginite
 Weddit with him ; bot of Tyre the cuntre
 In heretage held Pigmalion hir brodir,
 In wickitnes cruel abufe all vthir,
 Quhilk, but offence or occasioun of greif,
 For blynd cuvatrice of gold throw his mischeif,
 Before the altare, slelie with ane knyfe,
 Or he was war, reft Sicheus the lyfe ; 20
 And, of the greit lufe of his sister suire,
 Conselit this cruell deid lang vnder cuire ;
 That fals man, by dissait and wordis fair,
 With wanhope trumpit the lele luwair.
 Bot of hir husband bigravit the image
 To hir aperis in sleip, with paill visage
 On mervalus wise, and can at lynth declair
 How he was cruellie slane at the altair :
 He schew the knyfe out throw his breist threst,
 And all the hid cryme of hir house manifest ; 30
 Syne in grete haist exhortis hir to fle,
 And leif hir native land, and tak the se ;

And, for to help hir onwart by the way,
 Vnder the erd quhair ald hurdis hid lay,
 Of siluir and gold revelit ane huge wecht.
 Dido heirat commovit, I 3ow hecht,
 For hir departing fallowschip redy maid ;
 Togiddir convenis, but ony langar abaid,
 All thai quhilk haitis the cruel tirrorantis dedis,
 Or 3it his felloun violence sair dredis.
 The schippis that on caice war redy thair
 Thai tuik, and chargit full of gold but mair. 10
 The tresour of the wrechit Pigmalion
 Is thus careit our the se anone :
 Ane woman capitane is of all this deid.
 To 3one plaice ar thai cumin, thou may tak heid,
 Quhair now risis 3one large wallis stowt,
 Of new Cartage, with hie towris abowt.
 Als mekle ground thai bocht at the first tyde
 As thai mycht compas with ane bullis hyde ;
 3onder cheif castell standand on the bra
 Into thair langage clepit is Birsas, 20
 And of this deid the name beris witnes 3it.
 Bot, quhat be 3e, finally wald I wit ?
 Or of quhat cuntre cumin ? or pas wald quhair ?
 She sperand this, Eneas sichand sair,
 The voice drawand deip from his breist within,
 Said, O thou goddes, gif I sall begin
 And tell our laubour frome the formest end,
 To heir our storeis set thou wald attend,
 Or I maid end, Vesper the evin sterne brycht
 Suld clois the hevin and end the dais lycht. 30
 We are of ancyant Troye, gif euir 3e
 The name of Troye hes hard in this cuntre,

And careit out throw diuers seis alsua,
 And now by fortoun to coist of Libia
 Drevin with tempest. Reuthful Eneas am I,
 That Troiane goddis tursis in my navy,
 Quham fra amynd my enemyis I rent ;
 My fame is knaw abufe the eliment ;
 I seik Itaille and our auld cuntre fer,
 And lynage cum fra hieast Jupiter.
 With schippis twise ten the Phrygiane see,
 My moder a goddes techand the way, tuik we, 10
 Followand destany, quhilk was to me grant ;
 Of all our flote, fro wind and wallis, scant
 Sevin evil perbrakit salf remanis with me.
 Vnkend and misterful in desertis of Libie
 I wandir, expellit frome Europe and Asya.
 Venus na mair sufferit him plene nor sa,
 Amynd his dolorus playntis thus said sche :
 Quhateuir thou art, I traist wele that thou be
 Fauorit with the goddis, and drawis this hailsum air,
 Quhilk is the spreit of life, to thi weilfair, 20
 Sen thou art cumin to Cartage the cietie.
 Now hald thi way, and at the quenis entre
 Present thi self ; I schaw the for certane
 Thi feris ar sailf, thi navy is cumin agane,
 In salfty brocht fre of north wyndis als,
 Les than my parentis taucht me spaying craft fals.
 Behald twelf swannis in randoun glaid and fair,
 Quham, newlie fro the regioun of the air
 Jovis foule, the egill, descending fro his hicht,
 Hes sair affrayit amynd the skyis brycht ; 30
 Now with lang range to lycht thai bene adrest,
 And spyis the erd about quhair thai sall rest ;

As thai returne, ther wyngis swochand jolely,
 And with thair cours cirkillis about the sky,
 Cryand or singand eftir thair awin gise ;
 Thi schippis and fallowschip on the samyn wise
 Other ar herbryit in the havin, I wis,
 Or with bent saill enteris in the port be this.
 Now pas thi way evin furth that samyn went.
 Thus said sche, and turnit incontinent,
 Her nek schane like unto the roise in May,
 Hir hevinly hairis, glitterand brycht and gay, 10
 Keist frome hir forheid ane smell glorious and sweit,
 Hir habeit fell down couering to hir feit,
 And in hir passage ane verray god did hir kith.
 And fra that he knew his modir, als swith,
 With sic wordis he followis as she did fle :
 Quhy art thou cruell to thi awin sone, quod he,
 Dissavand him sa oft with fals sembland ?
 Quhy grantis thou nocht we may joine hand in hand,
 And for to heir and rendir vocis trew ?
 Thus he repruifis, bot she is went adew. 20
 Than to the ciete he haldis furth the way.
 Bot Venus with ane sop of mist baith tway,
 And with ane dirk clud closit round about,
 That no man suld thaim se nor tuiche but dowt,
 Ne by the ways stop or ellis deir,
 Or ȝit the causis of thair cuming speir.
 Hir self wplift to Paphum passit swith,
 To vesy hir resting place, jolie and blyth ;
 Thair is hir temple into Cipirland,
 Quharin thair doith ane hundreth altaris stand, 30
 Hait birning full of Saba sence all houris,
 And smelling sweit of fresche garlandis of flouris.

Eneas
 knawis his
 moder.

CAP. VII.

*Eneas at his modiris commandment,
Cled with the mysty clud, to Cartage went.*

Thai, in the menetime, haistit furth the way
 As the rod led thaim, quhill ascend ar thai
 The hill fer risand abufe the towne on hicht,
 Quhar all the ciete forgane thaim se thai mycht.
 Eneas wonderit the greitnes of Cartaige,
 Quhilk laite befoir hed bene ane small cottage ;
 The fare portis also he farleit fast,
 And of the brute of peple thairat inpast,
 The large stretis pathit by and by,
 The besy Tirianis lauborand ardently ; 10
 Ane part haistis to beild the wallis wicht,
 And sum to raise the greit castell on hicht,
 And wolt wp stanes to the werk on hie ;
 Sum graithis fast the thak and rufe of tree,
 And sum about delvis the fowssy deip ;
 Sum chesis officiaris the lawis for to keip,
 With conselouris and senatouris, wise folkis ;
 3onder wther sum the new havin holkis,
 And heir also, ane wther end fast by,
 Lais the fundament of the theatry ; 20
 And wtheris eik the huge pillaris greit
 Out of the querillis can to hew and beit,
 For to adorne that place in all degre,
 In tyme cuming quhar greit tryumph suld be.
 Lyke to the beis, on feildis flurest new,
 Gadering thair werk of mony divers hew,

A compar-
son.

In soft somer the brycht son hait schyning,
 Quhen of thair kynd thaim list swarmis furth bring,
 Or in camys include the hwny clene,
 And with sweit liquor stuffis ther cellis schene,
 Or ressauiis the birdingis frome wther thairout,
 Or fra thair hife togiddir in a rout
 Expellis the bowbart beist, the faynt drone be ;
 Thair labour is besy and fervent for to se,
 The hwny smellis of the sweit tyme seid.
 O, quod Enee, full happy ar 3e in deid, 10
 Quhais large wallis risis thus on hie !
 Ane quhill he viseit the boundis of this ciete,
 A wonder thing, couerit with a clud about ;
 He enteris syne amyd the thickast rout,
 Among the men he thrang, and nane him saw.
 Amyd the ciete stuide a semlie schaw,
 With his maist plesand sobir schaddowis, quhair,
 As the Punycianys first wpwarpit wair,
 Eftir the stormis blastis and seis rage,
 Thai, delvand, fand the takinar of Cartage, 20
 Ane mekle hors heid that was, I wene,
 As Juno had schaw to for, of goddis quene,
 That signifyit the ciete excellent in battale,
 And plenteous eik all tymes of victale.
 In the eik place, the Sydonas Dido,
 Begouth to bigg a prowde temple of Juno,
 With drowreis seir and giftis of riches,
 And eik the golden statue of the goddes.
 The entre rais with hie stagis of bras,
 With bras also the cupplis fesnyt was ; 30
 The brasin durris iargis on the marble hirst.
 In this temple, seir novelteis first

Schawin till Eneas mesit gritlie his feir ;
 The first assurance of confort was heir,
 And hoip of releif eftir aduersite ;
 For as he went diuers thingis to se,
 Rowmyng about the large temple schene,
 For to behald the cuming of the quene,
 And of the ciete the greit prosperite,
 The mony werkmen, and thair craftis sle
 In dew proportioun, as he wonderit for joye,
 He saw per ordour all the siege of Troye, 10
 The famous battellis, wlgat throw the warld or this,
 Of kyng Priame, and athir Atrides ;
 Atrides bein in Latyne clepit thus,
 Thir nevois reput of king Atrius,
 That in our langage ar the brethir tway,
 King Agamemnon, and duik Menelay ;
 And, baldar than thaim baith, the ferce Achill.
 He stintis, and wepand said Achates till :
 How now, quhilk place is this ? my friend, quod he,
 Quhat regioun in erd ma fundin be, 20
 Quhair our misfortoun is nocht fullie proclame ?
 Alace ! behald, see 3onder king Priame,
 Lo, heir his wirshep is haldin in memor ;
 Thir lamentable takins passit befor
 Our mortale myndis aucht to compassioun steir.
 Away with dreid, and tak na langar feir ;
 Quhat ! wenis thou na this fame sal do the guide ?
 Thus said he, and fed his mynd, quhar he stuide,
 With thir plesand fenzeit imagery,
 Murnand sair, and wepand tendirly, 30
 The fluide of teris haling ouir his face ;
 For as he lukit on the werk percace,

Enneas lamentacion
quhen he remembiris
his natyue countre.

He saw porturat quhair, in sic ane place,
The Grekis fled and Troianis followis the chace,
About the wallis of Troye as thai did fycht :
At 3ondir part the Troianis take the flycht,
With creist on heid Achillis in his chair
Presewand stranglie. Nocht far thens saw he, quhair,
The quhite tentis of king Rhesus, evil keip,
Betrasit war apoun the first sleip ;
Quhar, with greit slauchtir bludy Diomeide
Distroit all, and to his tent can leide 10
The mylk quhite hors, fers, swift and guide,
Or evir thai taistit ony Troiane ffuide,
Or drunken had of the fluide Exanthus.
And 3ondir, lo ! beheld he Troilus
Wanting his armour, the fey barne fleand,
For till recontir Achilles wnganand,
The hors him harland behynd the woid cart
Hyngyng wyde oppin, and his hede downwart ;
Suppois he held the renzeis fast, but fail,
His nek and hairis wpoun the erd can trail, 20
The speir ourturnit in the dust did write.
The samyn tyme, the Troiane madynnys quhite,
With hair downe scalit, all sorowfull can pas
Wnto the temple of the grevit Pallas,
To ask supple, with thaim ane womple bair thai,
With handis betand ther breistis by the way :
This fremmit goddes held hir eene fixt fast
Apon the ground, nocht ane blink list thaim cast.
About the wallis of Troy he saw quhat wise
Achilles harlit Hectowris body thryise ; 30
The deid corps syne for gold he saw him sell.
Law frome his breist murnand he gaif ane 3ell,

Seand the woid cart, and spuilze of the knycht,
 And the corps of his derast freynd sa dycht.
 Pryame wnarmit streik furth handis did he spy,
 Frome Achilles his sonis body to by.
 Himself alsua, mydlit, persavit he,
 Amang princis of Grece in the melle.
 The orient oistis knew he one by one,
 And Vulcanus armour on blak Memnone.
 The madynnis cum fra Amasone saw he sone,
 With crukit scheildis schapin lik the mone, 10
 Led by thair furious quene Pantissalie;
 Amyde the thowsandis egirlie fechtis sche,
 And quhair hir pap was for the speir cut away,
 Of gold thairon was belt ane riche tischay.
 Ane wordy weriour suthlie thai mycht hir ken,
 This wench stoutlie recontir durst with men.

CAP. VIII.

*How to the temple cumis quene Dido,
 Quhar that Enee his feris fand also.*

Quhill as the manful Troiane Eneas
 To se thir nyce figuris thocht wounder was,
 And as he musit, studeand in ane stair
 Bot on ane sycht quharon he blenkit thair,
 The quene Dido, excellent in bewtie,
 To temple cummis with ane fair menzie
 Of lustie zonkeris walking hir about.
 Lyik to the goddes Diane with hir rout,

Quene Dido
 with hir
 tryane
 cumith to
 church.

20

Endlang the fluide of Eurot on the bra,
 Or wnder the toppis of hir hill Cynthea,
 Ledand ring dancis, quham followis our all quhair
 Ane thowsand nymphis flocking heir and thair ;
 On hir schuldir the arrow caice bare sche,
 And quhair she walkis abufe the laif on hie
 May wele be sene ; to Latone hir modir this
 Gevis reiosing and secrete hartis blis ;
 Sic ane was Dido, sic ane hir blithlie bair
 Amyd thame all, the werkis and weifair 10
 Providing for the realme in tyme to cum.
 And quhen sche to the temple duir is cum,
 Syne entryne wnder the myd volt, tuik her seit
 Heich in ane trone, and cumpaneis greit
 On aithir half standand of armit men,
 The domes of law pronuncis sche to thame then ;
 The feis of thair labouris equalie
 Gart distribute ; gif dowt fallis thairbye,
 Be cut or cavi that pleid sone partid was.
 Bot sudanelie persavis Eneas 20
 Quhar with greit haist come rynning Antheus,
 Sergest he seis, and stalwart Cloanthus,
 With diuers wthers of the Troiane menzie,
 Quhame the blak storme hed skatterit on the se,
 And at ane wther coist drevin to the land.
 He and his fallow awonderis this seand.
 Achates half astoneist stuide in affray ;
 With feir and joye sum tyme baith war thay,
 And langit sair to schak handis ; bot thair hart
 The wncouth cais amovit in sum part 30
 For to dissymile, as nathing sene thai had,
 And, with the dirk clude hid, to spy thai baid

The office of
 a Prince.

How it stuide with thair feris, or chansit eft,
 Or on quhat coist ther navy thai hed left,
 Quhat thai desirit ; for, as full wele thai saw,
 Frome thair schippis per ordour thai com on raw,
 Beseikand grace and peax fast, as thaim thocht,
 And to the temple with greit clamour socht.

Fra thai war enterit in the temple tho,
 And licence grantit thame to speik also,
 The greitast oratour, Ilioneus,
 With plesand voce begouth his sermoun thus : 10
 O hie princes, quham to Jupiter hes grant
 To beid ane new cietie, and to dant
 The violence of prowde folk by just law,
 We wrechit Troianis, with the wyndis blaw
 Throw strange stremis and mony diuers se,
 Forbid 3one cruell fire, beseikis the,
 Suffir nocht to birne our schippis in ane raige,
 Haue reutht apon our peteous ald lynaige.
 Considdir freindlie our mater how it standis ; [20
 We com nocht hidder with drawin sweirdis in handis,
 To spuillze temples or riches of Libia,
 Nor by the coist na spreicht to drive awa ;
 Sic violence nane within our myndis is,
 Nor sa greit stoutnes to wenquest folk, I wis.
 Thair is ane place quhame the Grekis, thai say,
 Onto his name clepis Hisperia,
 Ane noble land, rycht potent in batall,
 And fructuus grund, plenteous of victall,
 By king Onotrius inhabit first, we trow,
 Bot in our days laitlie, the fame is now, 30
 Eftir thair duik it is namyt Italie.
 Thidderwart our cours was laid ; quhen suddanlie

Ilioneus
 oration to
 Quene Dido.

The fluide boldnit, and stormy Orion
 Amang blynd bankis cachit ws anon ;
 The bittir blastis, contrarius all wais,
 Throw wallis huige, salt fame, and wilsum wayis,
 And throw the perrellus rolkis can ws drive ;
 Hiddir at 3our coist ar few of ws arrive.
 Quhat kynd of peple duellis heir ? quod he,
 How bene sic thewis sufferit in this cuntre ?
 We ar defendit to herbry on the sand,
 Provokit eik to battale, and, drivin to land 10
 By force of storme, the slyke thai ws deny.
 Albeit the strentht of men 3e set nocht by,
 And mortail weris contemptnis and comptis nocht,
 Beleifis wele 3it than, and haue in thocht,
 The goddis sall ramembir, traistis me,
 Baith of guide deides and inquite.
 To ws was king the worthy Eneas,
 Ane justar man in all the warld nane was,
 Nor mair reuthfull, nor wisar in to weir,
 And mair vailgeant in dedis of armes seir ; 20
 Quham gif the fatis alive conseruit haith
 To tak this hevinlie air and draw his braith,
 And nocht with cruell gostis hid wnder erd,
 We neid nocht dreid, sall nocht mak ws afferd :
 Nor thou sall nevir repent the sickirlie
 To schaw ws first freyndschip and curtasie.
 In to the realme of Cecille als haue we
 Freyndis and cieteis, with armit men plente,
 And of the Troiane bluide Acestes king.
 Gif ws war levit our flote on land to bring, 30
 That with the wynd and storme is all to schak,
 And grantit eik leif wod to hew, and tak

The iustice,
 wisdom,
 fortitude,
 and tem-
 perance of
 Eneas.

Tymmer to beit ayris and wther mysteris,
 So that our king we mycht fynd and our feris,
 Blythlie we suld hald towart Italy,
 And to the coist of Latium seik in hy :
 Bot gif our weifair and belief clene gane is,
 And the, maist soverane fadir of ws Troianis,
 The Libiane see withhaldis, gif thou be gone,
 Nor of Ascanius confort remanis none,
 Than suithlie, at the leist, the Cecile se
 And placis reddy fra quham hidder drevin are we, 10
 We sall seik, and to the king Acestes.
 Thus saide Ilioneus, and sa can he seis ;
 Bot than the noyis rais amang the Troianis,
 Thai murmorit and complenit all at anis.

Than schortly Dido spak with visage down cast :
 Remove all dreid, Troianis, be nocht agast,
 Pluk wp 3our hartis, and havy thochtis doun thryng.
 Ane hard mischance and noveltie of this ryng
 Constrenis me sic mastery for to schaw,
 And with discuriouris keip the coist on raw. 20
 Quha knawis nocht the lynaige of Enee ?
 Or quha miskennis Troye, that ryall cietie ?
 The great wirschip of sic men quha wald not mene ?
 And the huge ardent battellis at thair hes bene ?
 The Phenitianis nane sa blait breistis hes,
 Nor so fremytly the Son list not addres
 His cours frawart Cartage cietie away.
 Quhidder 3e will to greit Hisperia,
 The ground of Saturne, quhilk now is Italy,
 Or to the coist of Cecile fast therby, 30
 And at the king Acestes list thou be,
 Thidder sall 3e suirle pas with my supple ;

The Queenis
 gentil
 anawer to the
 Troianis.

I sall support 3ou with all geir may gane.
 And pleis 3ou with me in this realme remane,
 The cietie quhilk I big is 3ouris free ;
 Bring in 3our schippis hidder frome the see ;
 Betuix ane Troiane and ane Tiriane
 Na difference, all sall I rewle as ane :
 And, with this samyn wynd hidder blaw in feir,
 Wald God Enee 3our king war present heir !
 Endlang the coistis and far partis of Libye
 I sall forsuith exploratouris send to spy 10
 In ony wod gif that he be wpdriue,
 Or 3it perchance at ony cietie arrive.

CAP. IX.

*How Eneas with all his rowt bedene
 War thankfullie ressurvit of the quene.*

With thir wordis the spreit of Eneas
 And of the strang Achates reiosit was,
 Greitlie desiring the clud to brek in tway ;
 Bot first Achates till Enee can say :
 Sone of the goddes, quhat purpose now, quod he,
 Risis in thi breist ? All is sovir, thou ma se,
 Thi navy and thi feris recoverit bene,
 Wantand bot ane, amang the fluides grene 20
 Quham we saw drowne: all wther thingis, thou knawis,
 Is now conforme vnto thi moderes sawis.
 And skairslie has he all thir wordis spokin,
 Quhen that the clude about thame swith was brokin,

And wanist tyte away amang the air.
 Wp stuide Enee, in cleir lycht schyning fair,
 Lyk till ane god in body and in faice,
 For his modir grantit hir son sic graice,
 His crisp hairis war plesand on to se,
 His fauor gudlie, full of fresch bewte,
 Lyk till ane 3onkeir with twa lauchand ene ;
 Als gratius for to behald, I wene,
 As evor bone by craft of hand wele dycht,
 Or as we se the birneist siluer brycht, 10
 Or 3it the quhyte polist marble stane schyne,
 Quhen thai bene circulit about with gold so fyne.
 Or evir thai wist, befoir thaim all in hy,
 Onto the quene thus said he reuerently :
 Hym quhame 3e seik behald now present heir,
 Enee the Troiane deliuerit frome dangeir
 Of storme and wallis of the Libiane see.
 O thou onelie, quhilk reuth hes and petie
 On the vntellible pyne of the Troianis,
 Quhilk ws, the Greikis levingis and remanis, 20
 Ourset with all maneir necessiteis,
 And euery perrell baith be land and seis,
 Within thi cietie rassavis till herbry,
 And to familiar friendschip and ally.
 To quyte the, rendring ganand thankis rycht,
 That lyis nocht, Dido, intill our mycht,
 Nor all the laif of the Troiane men3e,
 Throw out this warld scatterit quhar evir thai be ;
 Bot the hie goddis, gif ony deite takis tent
 To thaim that peteous bene and patient, 30
 For justice eik gif euir reward beis get,
 And rychteous myndis ramembrit and nocht for3et,

Eneas
 oracion to
 Quene Dido.

Thai ilk goddis mat dewlie reward the
 According thi desert in all degree.
 Quhow happy and joyous was that tyme serene
 That the producit hes, sa noble ane quene!
 How wirschipfull eik war thai parentis of mycht
 Quhilk the engendrit hes, sa worthie a wycht!
 Quhill fludes rynniss in the see but dowl,
 Quhill sonnis schaddow circullis hillis abowt,
 And the firmament sterris doith contene,
 Thi honour and thi fame sall euir be grene, 10
 And thi renowne remane perpetually
 Throw all realmes quharto that drevin am I.
 Thus saing, to his friend Ilioneus
 His rycht hand gaif he, and to Serestus
 Gaif his left hand; syne welcumit euery man,
 The strang Cloanthus and the stowt Giane.

Quene Didos
 ansuer to
 Eneas.

The quene Dido, astonist a litle wie
 At the first sycht, behalding his bewtie,
 Awondering be quhat wise he cumin was,
 On to him syne scho said with myld faice : 20
 Sone of the goddes, quhat hard aduersite
 Throw out sa feill perrellis hes cachit the?
 Quhat force and violence drave the hidder till ws,
 Apoun thir coistis that bene so dangerus?
 Art thou nocht the ilk compacient Eneas,
 That apoun halie Venus engenerit was
 Be the Troiane Anchises, as thai sa,
 Besyde the fluide Symois in Phrygia?
 Wele I remembir, to Sydon the cietie
 Sen Teucer come, banist fro his cuntre, 30
 Seikand supple at Belus, and sum new land.
 My fader than, Belus, I wnderstand,

The riche realme of Cyper waistit by weir,
 And wan it syne, and gaif it to Tewceir;
 And evir syne of Troye, that greit ciete,
 The destructioun hes bene wele knawin to me;
 Thi name also, and princes of Greice sans fail,
 With quhame thou faucht seir tymes in battail.
 This ilk Tewcer his enemyis of Troy
 Rusit and lovit, and with excellent joy
 Full oft him self extoll and vant he wald
 Of Troiane bluide to be descend of ald. 10
 Therfor haue done, gallandis, cum on 3our way,
 Entir within our lugeing, we 3ou pray;
 Siclik fortune, throw mony feill danger,
 At last on to this land hes drive me heir.
 Thus, nocht misknawand quhat pane is ennoy to dre,
 I lernit to help all tholis aduersitie.
 Rehersing this, convoyis sche Eneas
 Towart the place quhar hir riche palice was,
 And therwith eik commandis halie day,
 Throw out the cietie all suld be game and play: 20
 And natheles, the samyn tyme sendis sche
 Downe to his folkis, at the coist of the se,
 Twenty fed oxin, large, greit and fyne,
 And ane hundreth busteous bowkis of swyne,
 Ane hundreth lammis and thair moderes thairby,
 With wther praisantis, and wyne abundantly.
 The place within mast gloriis and gay
 Adornit was all our with ryall array;
 Amyd the hie ruife of the mekil hall,
 For the bancat, mony reche claith of pall 30
 Was spred, and mony baudkin wonderlie wrocht;
 Of siluer plait ane huge wecht furth was brocht

It is great
 wisdom
 to be so
 temperat in
 prosperitie
 that we
 forget not
 other in
 aduersity.

Preparacion
 for the
 banquet.

To set on buirdis ; and weschail forgit of gold,
 Quhairin was graif, mast curius to behold,
 The vailzeant dedis of forfaderis past by,
 Sen first beginning of thair genology,
 Man eftir man like as thai did succed,
 In lang remembrance of thair worthiheid.
 Enee, for that his faderlie petie
 Wald not suffir his mynd in rest to be,
 In haist Achates to the schippis send,
 To schaw Ascaneus all fra end to end, 10
 Onto the cietie that he anone war brocht ;
 On young Ascaneus was hail the faderis thocht.
 Seir giftis eik he bad bring with him syne,
 Hint and deliuerit frome the Troiane rwyne ;
 Ane riche garmont brysit with stif gold wire,
 The purpour mantill and rich quent attire
 That pliable was with the gilt bordour large,
 Sum tyme array of Helene quene of Arge,
 Quhilk frome the realme of Mice with hir sche brocht,
 Quhen scho to Troy forbodyn hymeneus socht, 20
 This wonderous gift gottin at hir moder Lyda.
 And forthir eik, of fair Ilionea
 He bad him bring with him the sceptour wand,
 Quhilum Priamus eldast dochthir bair in hand ;
 The collar picht with orient peirlis als,
 That scho vmquhill woir about hir hals ;
 Of gold also the clos or dowble croun,
 Set full of pretius stonis envyroun.
 To do his charge, Achatus besely
 The way towart the schippis socht in hy. 30

CAP. X.

*How that Venus, all perellis to secluide,
Send Cupide in Ascanus similitude.*

In the mene tyme, Venus ane slee wile socht,
By new consate in hir mynd how scho mocht,
In forme and visage of sweit Ascanus tho
Transformit send hir awne sone Cupido
To beir thir praisentis, so that the amorous quene
He mycht inflambe, within hir banis grene
The hote fyir of luif to kendle and steir ;
For in hir mynd scho had a maneir feir
Of this lynage waverand and wntrew,
Tirianis dowble tongit wele sche knew ; 10
Of cruell Juno the dreid brynt hir inwart,
With mony thocht ran hastelie till hir hart.
Onto the vengit god of luif, but weir,
Forthi scho spak, and said on this maneir :
O thou, my child, my stryntht and my greit mycht,
O thou, my sone, quhilk onely art so wycht
That thou the dartis of Jupiter dar ganestand,
Quhairwith he slew Typhone the fell giand,
To the I cum, to the I seik, quod sche,
Lawlie asking thi power and supple. 20
Quhat wise thi brothir Eneas, but dowt,
Is blawin and warpit euery coist abowt,
Of wickit Juno throw the cruell invy,
All this to the is manifest, wele wait I,
For quhen I wepit therfor, thou murnit also.
Now him withaldis the Phenitiane Dido,

Digressieon.

And cuilzeis him with slekit wordis sle ;
 Bot to quhat fyne, richt sair it dredis me,
 Sall turne this plesand gestnyng in Cartage,
 Quhilk is the burgh of Juno ; for in hir rage
 As is begun the mater sall nocht remane.
 Quharfore I vmbethink me of ane trane,
 This quene first for to caucht in luvis lace,
 And so with flambe of amouris to embrace,
 That by na mycht therfra sche ma remufe,
 Bot stranglie sall with me Eneas luife. 10
 Hark my consait, quhat wise this ma be done ;
 The ryall childe Ascaneus full sone,
 On quham mast is my thocht, graithis to pas,
 At command of his fader Eneas,
 To the ciete of Cartage, and giftis seir
 Tursis with him of the auld Troiane geir,
 Quhilk fra the storme of see is left ontynt,
 And frome the fyre remanis 3it vnbrynt ;
 Him sall I sownd slepand staile away,
 And hide apoun the hicht of Citheray, 20
 Or in Idalium my hallowit schaw,
 That our dissait he nother persais nor knaw,
 Nor vnprovitsilie cum thiddir, thocht he mycht.
 Tak thou his liknes, na mair bot ane nycht,
 For to begile quene Dido of Cartage ;
 My childe, cleith the with 3one kennit childis visage,
 So that quhen sche all blythest haldis the
 Into hir skirt perchance, or on hir kne,
 At hir feist ryall sittand at hir table
 Amang danteis and wynis amiable, 30
 And can the for to hals and to embrace,
 Kissand sweitlie thi quhite nek and thi face,

Than ma thou slely thi venemous ardent fire
Of fraudfull luif amynd hir breist inspire.

The god of luif obeyis hastely
His moderis wordis, and laid his wyngis by,
And blythly steppis furth lyke Iulus,
Bot Venus to this ilk Ascanus
The sweit vapour of plesand sleip and rest
On all the membris of his body keist,
And softlie the goddes in hir lap him bair
Amynd hir schaw of Idalium, quhair 10
Tendir mariolyne and sweit flouris thairout
With thair dulce smell him schaddowit round.abowt.

CAP. XI.

*Off the bancat, and of the greit deray,
And how Cupide inflambes the lady gay.*

Now passith furth Cupide, full diligent
For till obey his moderis commandment,
Berand with him the kinglie giftis schene,
Quhilkis suld be presand to the riall quene,
Blythlie following his ledair Achates.
And as thai come, the quene was set at deis,
Vndir hir gloriis stentit capitale ;
Amang prowde tapeitis and mich riche apparale 20
Hir place sche tuik, as was the gise that tyde,
Ourspred with gold amynd a beddis syde.
Abuif all vther the fader Eneas,
And syne jong gallandis of Troy, to meit set was,

Apone riche beddis sydis, per ordour,
 Ourspred with carpetis of the fyne purpour.
 To wesch thair handis servandis brocht wattir cleir,
 Syne breid in baskatis, eftir ther maneir,
 With soft serviettis to mak thair handis clene.
 Fyfty damicellis therin servit the quene,
 Quhilk bair the cuir eftir thair ordour hail,
 On purviance of houshald and vittail,
 To graith the chalmeris, and the fyris beild.
 Ane hundreth madinnis hed sche 3ong of eild 10
 And elike mony of the sam age 3ong swanis,
 The Banket. The coursis and the mesis, for the nanis,
 To set on buirdis, sic as we call sewaris,
 And to fill coupes, goblettis and eweris.
 And mairatour, the Tirianis halely
 At the blyth 3ettis flockis to the maniory ;
 And as thai come, thai war down set anone,
 On brusit or payntit tapetis euery one.
 Thai mervalit the riche giftis of Eneas ;
 Apon Ascanus feill awondreit was, 20
 The schyning vissage of the god Cupyte,
 And his dissemlit slekit wordis quhyte,
 The precius mantill and the quent garmond also ;
 Bot principally the fey wnsely Dido,
 For the mischeif to cum predestinate,
 Mycht not refrene nor satisfy hir consaite,
 Bot ardentlie behaldis all on steir,
 Now likand wele the childe, and now the geir.
 As Cupide hingis abowt Eneas hals,
 Embrasit in armes, fen3eand luif full fals, 30
 By sembland as he his fader hed bene,
 Full slelie than he blent apon the quene.

Scho, with hir sycht and all hir mynd, rycht thair,
 Hyme to behald, sat musand in ane stair ;
 Sumtyme onwar hym in hir bosum held sche,
 Misknawing, allace ! be fals subtilite,
 Quhou the greit god of luif, with all his mycht,
 Wachit for to dissaue hir, wofull wycht :
 Bot he, ramembring on his moderis command,
 The mynd of Sicheus, hir first husband,
 Furth of hir thocht peice and peice begouth drive,
 And with scharp amouris of the man alive 10
 Can hir dolf spreit for to prevene and steir,
 Had bene disvst fra luif that mony 3eir.

Eftir the first paws, and that cours neir gane,
 And voduris and fat trunscheouris away tane,
 The goblettis greit with mychty wynis in hy
 Thai fillit, and coverit set in by and by.
 Than rais the noyis quhilk dynnit ruif and wallis,
 So thik the vocis fleis throw the large hallis.
 Ffrome the gilt sparris hang doun ful mony a lycht,
 The flambe of torchis vincoust the dirk nycht. 20
 The quene thame askis of gold, for the nanys,
 Ane wechty coup set all with precious stanys,
 Bad fill it full of the riche Ypocras,
 Into the quhilk greit Belus accustummit was
 To drynk vmquhill, and fra him euery king
 Descend of his genealogy and ofspring.
 And, quhen silence was maid our all the hall,
 O Jupiter, quod sche, on the we call,
 For this resoun, that by wise men is said,
 To gaistis thou grantis the herbry glaid ;
 We the beseik, this day be fortunate
 To ws Tirianis, happy and agreable, .

30 A prayer to
 Jupiter with
 a commen-
 dacyon of
 hospitalite.

To strangearis cumin fra Troy on ther vayage,
 In tyme cumin remembraunce of our vsage
 To our successioun and posterite ;
 The gevar of glaidnes, Bacchus, heir mot be,
 And gentill Juno to ws favorable and meik ;
 And 3ow, my awin Tirianis, I command eik,
 Hallow this feist with blythnes and with joy,
 Beir freindlie fallowschip to ther noblis of Troy.
 This being said, the coup of the riche wyne
 Apon the buird sche blissit, and eftir syne 10
 With hir lip first thairof tuk bot ane taist,
 And, carpand blythlie, gaif it Bithius in haist.
 He merely ressauis the remand tais,
 All out he drank, and quhelmit the gold on his faice ;
 Syne all the nobillis thairof drank abowt ;
 I wil nocht say that ilk man plaid cop out ;
 Bot on his gilt harp beirdit Iopas,
 Musike. Plaing the gestis of the greit Atlas,
 The monis change and oblique cours sang he,
 And quhy the sone eclipsis, as we se ; 20
 Quharof mankynd was maid he schew full plane,
 Quharof beistis, and quhat engeneris rane,
 Quhairof cummis thunder and fyry levin,
 The ranye Hyades, quhilk ar the sternis sevin,
 And eik Arcturus quhilk we call the leidsterne,
 The dowble Vrsis wele culd he decerne ;
 And quhy the sone, into the wyntir tyde,
 Haistis in the see sa fast his heid to hyde ;
 Quhy makis the nycht that time so large delay,
 And in somer quhi sa lang is the day. 30
 The gild and riot Tirianis dowblit for joy,
 Syne the reird followit of the 3onkeris of Troy ;

Vnhappy Dido also set all hir mycht
 With sermondis seir for to prolong the nycht,
 The langsum luife drinkand inwart full cald.
 Ful mony demand of Priame speir sche wald,
 And questions seir tuiching Hectour als wa ;
 Now with quhois armour the sone of Aurora
 Come to the seige ; and now inquire wald sche
 Quhat kynd hors Diomedes had in melle,
 How large of statuir was fers Achilles.
 Haif done, my gentle gaist, sone tell ws thes 10
 Per ordour, sais sche, fra the beginning, all
 The dissait of the Grekis, and the fall
 Of 3our peple, and of Troy the rwyne ;
 Thi wandring by the way thou schaw ws syne ;
 For now the sevin symmir hiddir careis the
 Wilsum, and errant, in euery land and see.

CAP. XII.

*Eneas first excusis him, and syne
 Addressis to rehers Troys rwyne.*

Thai ceissit all at anis incontinent,
 With mowthis clois, and visage takand tent.
 Prince Eneas, frome the hie bed, with that,
 Into his seige riall quhar he sat,
 Begouth and said : Thi desyir, lady, is
 Renewing of ontellable sorow, I wis,
 To schaw how Grekis did spuilde and destroy
 The greit riches and lamentable realm of Troy,

20

Eneas in a
 lang narra-
 cion rehersis
 the destruc-
 tion of Troy.

And huge misery quhilk I thair beheld,
 Quharof myself ane greit part bair and feld ;
 Quhat Marmidon, or Gregion Dolopes,
 Or knycht wageor to cruell Vlixes,
 Sic materes to rehers, or ȝit to heir,
 Mycht thaim contene fra weping mony ane teir ?
 And now the hewin ourquheltis the donk nycht,
 Quhen the declining of the sternis brycht
 To sleip and rest perswades our appetite ;
 Bot sen thou hes sic plesour and delite 10
 To knaw our chance, and fall of Troy in weir,
 And schortlie the last end thairof wald heir,
 Albeit my spreit abhorris, and doith grise
 Thairon for to ramembir, and oft sise
 Murnand eschewis thairfra with greit diseis,
 ȝit than I sall begyne ȝow for to pleis.

Finis Libri Primi.

Sequitur Prologus Libri Secundi.



THE PROLOUG
OF THE SECUND BUIK.



IRK bene my muse with dolorus
armony.

Melpomene, on the warld clerkis call
For to compile this deidlie Tragedy,
Tuiching of Troy the subuersioun and
fall ;

Bot sen I follow the poete principall,
Quhat nedis purches fenzeit termes new ?
God grant me grace him dingly to ensew !

The drery fait with teris lamentable 10
Of Troyes sege wyde quhar our all is songe ;
Bot following Virgil, gif my wit war able,
Ane wthir wise now sall that bell be ronge,
Than evir was before hard in our tonge.
Saturne, thou ald fader of malancoly,
Thyne is the cuir my woful pen to gy.

Harkis, ladyis, 3our bewtie was the caus ;
Harkis, knychtis, the wod fury of Mart ;
Wyis men, attendis mony sorowfull claus ;
And, 3e dissavouris, reid heir 3our propir art ; 20
And fynalie, to specify euery part,
Heir verifeit is that proverb tuiching so,
All erdly glaidnes fynysith with wo.

THE SECUND BUIK OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

*Quhow the Greikis withdrew thaim of the rade,
And of the mekle subtell hors thai maide.*



HE Greikis chiftanes, irkit of the weir
Bypast or than sa mony langsum 3eir,
And oft rebutit by fataile destany,
Ane huige hors, like ane greit hill, in
hy

The Grekis
made a hors
fillit with
armit men,
to dissenne
the Troyans
by the
craftynes
of Synone,
vnder the
pretence of
religion,

Craftelie thai wrocht in wirschip of Pallas;
Of sawin beich the ribbis forgit was.
Fenzeand ane oblatioun as it had be
For prosper returnyng hame in thair cuntre ;
The voce thus wise throw out the ciete woik.
Of chost men syne, walit by cutt, thai tuik
Ane greit nwmir, and hid in bilgis derne
Within that best, in mony huge caverne ;
Schortlie, the belly was stuffit euery deil
Full of knychtis armit in plait of steil.

10

Thair standis in the sycht of Troy ane ile,
Wele knawin by name, hecht Tenedos vmquhile,
Mychty of gudis quhill Priamus ring sa stuide ;
Now is it bot ane firtht in the see fluide,
Ane raid vnsickir for schip or ballingaire.
In desert coistis of this iland thaire

20

The Greikis thaim full secreitlie withdrew ;
 We wening thaim hame passit and adew,
 And, with guide wynd, of Myce the realm hed socht.
 Quharfor all thai of Troy, blyth as thai mocht,
 Thair langsum duile and murnyng did away,
 Keist wp the portis and ischit furth to play,
 The Greikis tentis desyrus for to se,
 And voyd placis quhar thai war wont to be,
 The coist and strandis left desert all clene.
 Heir stude the army of Dolopes, sum wald mene, 10
 Cruell Achill heir stentit his pauillon,
 Quhar stude the navy, lo the place 3onder done,
 Heir the oistis war wont to ione in feild.
 And sum, wondring, the skaithfull gift beheld
 Suld be offerit to the vnweddit Pallas,
 Thai mervellit fast the hors sa mekle was ;
 Bot Tymetes exhortis first of all
 It for to leid and draw within the wall,
 And for to set it in the cheif palice ;
 Quhiddir for dissait, I not, or for malice, 20
 Or destany of Troy wald sa suld be.
 Bot Capis than, with ane wthir men3e
 Quhilk bettir avise thair myndis sett apon,
 Bad cast or drowne into the see anon
 That suspect presand of the Grekis dissait,
 Or kendle thervndir flamb of fyris hait,
 Or for to rype that holkit huige belly,
 And the hid hirnys to seirs and weil aspy.
 Quhat nedis mair ? The vnstable commoun voce
 Dividit was in mony seir purpose ; 30
 Quhen hiddir come befor thaim all anone,
 Following ane greit rowt, the priest Laocone

Enemis
gyftes schuld
be haldin
suspect.

A good
counsel
Lacon gave
to his
Troyana.

Frome the cheif temple rynnand in full grete hye.
 On far, O wretchit peple, can he cry,
 How greit wodnes is this at 3e now mene,
 3our enemyis away salit, gif 3e wene,
 Or gif 3e traist ony Grekis giftis be
 Without dissait, falsait and subtilite !
 Know 3e nocht bettir the quent Vlexes slycht ?
 Other in this tree ar Grekis closit full rycht,
 Or this engyne is biggit to our scaith,
 To wach our wallis, and our bigginnis baith, 10
 Or to confond and our quhelme our ciete ;
 Thair lurkis sum falshede thairin, traistis me ;
 Lyppin nocht, Troianis, I pray 3ow, in this hors,
 How euir it be, I dreid the Grekis fors,
 And thame that sendis this gift alweis I feir.
 Thus sayand, with all his strinth ane greit speir
 At the syde of that bysning best threw he,
 And in jonyngis of the thrawin wame of tre
 Festinyt the lance, that trymbing can to schaik ;
 The braid belly schudderit, and with the straik 20
 The bois cavis sowndit and maid a dyn.
 And had nocht bene at other his wyt was thyne,
 Or than the faitis of goddis war contrary,
 He had assait, but ony langar tary,
 Hid Greikis coverit with yrne to haue rent out ;
 Than suld thou, Troy, haue standing 3it, but dowl,
 And the prowde palice of king Priamus
 Suld haue remanit 3it full glorius.

CAP. II.

*The takyn of the tresonable Synone,
And of his fenzeit wordis mony one.*

Lo, the ilk tyme, harland onto the king
Troiane hirdis with greit clamour did bring
A 3ong man, baith his handis behynd his bak
Hard bundin, that wilfully for to be tak
Rendrit himself, vnknawin the caus quhy,
For to performe his deid mair secretly ;
By stowt curage redy to athir of tway,
Other to bring his slycht to guide assay,
Or fail3eing thair of, doutles reddy for to de
Les than to Grekis he opnyt the cietie.
On athir part him to behald at anis
Fast flockis about a multitude 3ong Troianis
Byssy to knak and pull the presoneir.

The great
craft of
Sinone in
deceauing
the towne
of Troy.

10

Now the dissait of Grekis ma 3e heir,
And all thar falsheid lern by this a slycht.
For, also fast in myddis of all our sycht
As that drery vnarmit wycht was sted,
And with ane blent about, semyng ful red,
Behal ding Troiane rowtis on athir hand,
Allace, quod he, wald God sum erd, or sand,
Or sum salt see did swelly me alife !
Quhat wthir thing now restis to me catife,
Quham to sall neuer amang the Grekis agane
Ane place be fundin suithlie to remane ?
And mairatour, Troianis, offendit eik,
To sched my bluide by paneful deith doith seik.

20

With this regrate our hartis sterit to petie,
 All molestatioun cessit and lattin be,
 We him exhort rehers, and to be bald,
 Of quhat lynage he was, and quhat he wald,
 And to remembir, guid hoip of ferme supple
 Hapnis oft to presoneris in captiuite.
 He, at the last, this fenzeit dreid did away,
 And on this wise anone begouth to say :
 Forsuith, Schir king, I sall, quhat evir betyde,
 Grant to the all the verite, and nocht hyde, 10
 Nor, be na wayis, me list nocht to deny
 That of the Grekis menze ane am I.
 This principally I wald thou wnderstuide ;
 Thocht frawart fortune miserable and bair of guide
 Hes maid Synoun, sche sall nocht make him als,
 Quhat evir he sais, nother lear nor fals.
 Gif euir vnto your eiris come the name,
 The hie wirschep, and the renownit fame
 Of Palamedes, from Belus bluide descend,
 Quham Greikis by fals treasoun, as wele is kend, 20
 Throw corrupt witnes stanit to deid, but les,
 For he the weir forbad and procurat pece :
 Now murne thai for his deid ; and with him heir
 In fallowschip, my puir fadir in weir
 Send me of youth, as to him neir of bluide.
 Quhill in prosperitie of the realme he stude,
 And Grekis ring by counsale was rewlit wisly,
 Sum name of wirschep and auctorite bair I ;
 Bot eftir that by invy and haitrent
 Of the fals flechand Vlixes sa quent, 30
 I iape nocht, for that I say wele I know ;
 Fra he was slane, allace, and brocht of daw,

A fenzeit
 narratioun.

Dolorus my life I led in sturt and pane,
 Hevely weyand my innocent friend thus slane.
 Ceis culd I nocht, bot in my frenecy,
 Gif evir I happit my tyme for to espy,
 And victour haue returnit into Arge,
 I hecht to be revengit ; with wordis large
 Thus I provokit scharp feid and malice baith.
 To me this was first apperance of skaith.
 Frome than fordwert, Vlixes mair and mair
 With new crymes begouth affray me sair, 10
 And diuers rumouris amangis the commonis heidis
 Scalit and sew of me in diuers stedis,
 And, knawand himself gylty, by his consait
 Grathit his wapynnis of slycht and fals dissait ;
 Nor ceisit he neuer his purpose to persew
 Quhill the sollisting of Calcas I might rew.
 Bot quharto tell I or rehersis this,
 That be na wayis displesis 3ou, I wis ?
 Quhy tary I my deith ? and 3e list, stryk ;
 Gif that 3e favour all the Greikis alik, 20
 This is aneuch that 3e haue hard of me ;
 Now haist my pane, sen allgaitis I man de.
 Vlixes, quhilk is king of Ithacy,
 Wald it war swa, and with greit price wald by
 My deith Agamemnon als, and Menelay.
 Than haistit we, and brint to heir him say,
 Desirus all the maneir for to heir,
 Misknawand the grite iniquiteis seir
 And slee craftis of Greikis in every deid.
 He qwakand than, as it had bene for dreid, 30
 Begouth for to tell furth the remanent,
 Saying on this wise, with full dissemblit entent :

The Greikis oist in purpose war and will
 To flee frome Troy and let it standand still,
 And, wery of thair lang weir, pas away ;
 Wald God swa thai had done syne mony a day !
 The seis raige and storme thaim stoppit oft,
 And fro thair passage the north wynd onsoft
 Held thaim abak, in angwis and in feir ;
 And principally now, sen this hors was heir
 Of hattyr geistis beildit wp, but dowl,
 The stormy cluddis our all the air can rowt. 10
 We, dowting heiron send the preist Eripilus
 Answeir to seik at the temple of Phebus,
 And frome the secrete oratory, suith to sane,
 Thir sorowfull tithingis he ws brocht agane ;
 With bluide and by the slauchtir of a maid,
 Greikis, 3e meisit the wyndis first, he said,
 Quhen that 3e come of Troye to the cuntre ;
 3our hame passage by bluide man fundin be,
 And haue 3our asking by deith of a Gregioun. 20
 Quhen to the commonis eris rane the sowne
 Of thir wordis, with myndis affrait, at anis
 The cald dreid ran in throw ther banis,
 For feir quham to was schaip this destanye,
 Or quho it was Apollo desirit to dye.
 Vlixes than, amang thaim, with greit dyn,
 Calcas the greit dyvinour hes brocht in,
 And besely at him inquiris he,
 By respons of the goddis, quha suld de.
 Than mony ane demyt to me, full rycht,
 The cruell wraik of that dissaitfull slycht, 30
 And quietly persavit how it wald wend.
 This Calcas held his tong ten dais till end,

Kepand secreit and clos all his entent,
 Refusing with his word ony to schent,
 Or to pronounce the deith of ony wycht ;
 Scars at the last, throw greit clamour and slycht
 Of Vlixes constrenit, but mair abaid,
 As was devisit, the laith worde furth braid,
 And me adiugit to send to the altar.
 Therto all hail the Greikis assentit ar,
 And sufferit glaidlie so the mater pas ;
 Quhair as to foir euery ane abasit was 10
 For him selfin; tho blyth was page and knycht
 The chance returnit on ane catife wycht.
 Cumin was the dulefull day that doith me grise,
 Quhen that of me suld be maid sacrifice,
 With salt meldir, as wele the gyse is kend,
 About my heid ane gairland or a bend.
 I grant that from the deith myself I fred,
 The bandis I braist, and fast away syne fled,
 Ontill ane muddy marras, quhar, the dirk nycht,
 Among the rispend redis out of sycht, 20
 Full law I lurkit, quhill wp salis drew thai,
 Gif thai perchance be zit passit away.
 Now restis ther na hoip; allace, for me !
 My native cuntre sall I nevir se,
 Nor deir childrene, nor fadir wele belovit,
 Quham, as I traist, the Greikis, all amovit
 For myne eschaping, turment sall with pane ;
 Thai, saikles wychtis, sall for my gilt be slane.
 Quharfor, Schir king, be the hie goddis abuife, [30
 And thair mychtis that trewith best knawis and luife,
 And by the faith wnflit, and leill lawtie,
 Gif it with mortale folkis ma fundin be,

Haue reuth and petie of sa feil harmes smert,
 And tak compassioun in thi gentle hert ;
 Vpoun my wretchit saule haue sum mercy
 That giltles sufferis sic diseis wrangusly.

CAP. III.

*3it of the tratouris fals contrivit slycht,
 That was beleifit, allace ! with euery wycht.*

Nobill
 princys of
 simplicitie
 are oft tymes
 decenyed be
 crafty men,
 whyche is a
 gret falt and
 negligens
 in princis.

Pardoun and lyfe to thir teris gif we,
 Quod Priamus, and mercy grantis free.
 And, first of all, the mannakillis and hard bandis
 Chargit he lows of this ilk mannis handis ;
 With freindlie wordis syne thus vnto him said :
 Quhat evir thou art, beis merry and glaid, 10
 Forzet the Grekis that lost ar and away,
 From thens fordward thou sal be ouris, perpay ;
 Bot schaw trewlie this a thing I inquire,
 Onto quhat fyne this huge hors was heir,
 With sa greit stature beildit wp on hie ;
 Quhay wrocht the werk ? quhat ma it signifie ?
 Quhat is it ? ane offerand of sum halynes ?
 Or sum engyne of battell as I ges ?
 Said Priamus. Bot than the tothir wicht,
 Full weile instruckit of Greikis art and slicht, 20
 Lowsit and laitlie fred of all his bandis,
 Onto the sternis hevit wp his handis :
 O 3e, quod he, euirlesting lampis brycht,
 And 3our divyne power and 3our greit mycht,

That aucht nocht bene forsworne, I testify ;
 And 3our altaris, and cruell sweirdis, quham I
 Am eschapit, and all 3ow goddis wise
 Quhais garlandis bair I as 3our sacrifice,
 Lefull is now to brek, but mair abaid,
 The sworne promys that I to the Grekis maid ;
 Lefull is eik thai peple for to hait,
 And schaw furth planelie all that euir I wait,
 Thair hid slycht als to rype furth to the ground :
 To na cuntre nor lawis am I bund. 10

Sa mot thou, Troy, quham I sal saif fra skaith,
 Keip me thi promys and thi lawtie baith,
 As I sall schew the verite ilk a deil,
 And for my life sall render 3ou a grete wele.
 The Grekis trast and confort, mony 3eris,
 Frome the beginning of thir mortale weris,
 On Pallas help stude hale this toun to get :
 Bot eftir that Thedeus, at war3it gett,
 With Vlixes, findar of wickitnes,
 The fatale relik of Palladium, I ges, 20
 Furth of hir temple, and the hallowit hald,
 To reif away forsably was so bald,
 And sla the wachis of the cheif castell,
 The haly image, grislie for to tell,
 Pollute and filit, and with thair bludy handis
 Hir virgine walis and blissit godly garlandis
 Presumit tuiche ; sen syne hes euermair
 Bakwart of Grekis the hoipe went and weilfair ;
 Thair mychtis and thair strenthis feblit fast :
 So frawart thaim hir mynd this god hes kast, 30
 That with na dowtsum taikins, ma than twa,
 Hir greif furth schew this ilk Tritonia.

Scharslie the statw was in thair temple wpset,
 Quhen all hir membris bittir teris swet ;
 Hir ene glowit as ony gleid for ire,
 Quharfra ther flaw mony sparkis of fire ;
 A tearfull thing, and wonderful to tell ;
 Thryse schyning downe on the grond sche fell,
 Hir targe trymling, and shaiking fast hir speir.
 Anone, almoist 3e wend to sey in feir,
 Cryis Calcas ; nor Grekis instrument
 Of Troy the wallis sall neuer hurt ne rent, 10
 Les than agane the land of Arge be socht,
 With alkyn portage quhilk was hiddir brocht
 In barge or bilgeit ballingare our se :
 The goddis man als be mesit, quod he.
 And now, set thai with this ilk wynd haue socht
 Thare land of Greice or Myce, this is thar thoct,
 To graith thair armour and wapynnys by and by,
 And, with supple of goddis in cumpany,
 In haist for to returne agane our se ;
 Or 3e be war, apon 3ou wil thai be. 20
 Thus all per ordour declaris thame Calcas,
 At quhais monitioun als wp biggit was
 This busteus forme, in liknes of ane hors,
 For Palladium, and to appeis the fors
 Of the goddes, and into recompence
 Of thair wrechit and dolorus offence.
 And mairatour, of sa huge quantite
 Calcas commandit beild this statw of tree,
 Thus large and greite, wele neir the hevin on hicht,
 So at the portis it ne entir mycht, 30
 Nor 3it be brocht within 3our wallis wyde,
 Nor 3our peple favour, help, nor gyde

An artificiois
 argument
 vnder
 pretence of
 religion to
 decuse the
 Troyans.

Eftir the auld religioun and vsage.
 For gif 3our handis had violate in 3our rage,
 This halie presand of the god Mynerve,
 Greit wraik suld follow that al suld 3e sterue,
 Priamus ring destroyit, and all 3our pelf;
 Quhilk distany goddis turne rather in hym self!
 Bot gif this ilk statw standis heir wrocht
 War with 3our handis into the cietie brocht,
 Than schew he that the peple of Asia,
 But ony obstakle, in fell battale suld ga, 10
 Bet doun the townis of Arge that regioun,
 And the samyn faite happin our successioun.
 Be sic wylis and slychtis, mony one,
 Of fals controwit and manesworne Synnone,
 The mater is beleifit with all it heris;
 And takin ar, by dissait and fenzeit teris,
 Thai peple quhame the son of Thedeus,
 Nor ferce Achilles, cleipit Larisseus,
 Nor Greice ten 3eris in batall mycht ourcum,
 Nor 3it the thowsand schippis all and sum. 20

CAP. IV.

*How stranglit was the preist hecht Laocon,
 And how the hors clame our the wallis of stone.*

Betide, the ilk tyde, a fer gretar wondir,
 And mair dreidful to cativis be sic hundir,
 Quhilk of Troianis trublit mony onwarnit breist.
 As Laocon, that was Neptunis preist,

And chosin by cavill onto that ilk office,
 A fair greit bull offerit in sacrifice
 Solempnitlie before the haly alteir,
 Throw the still see, from Tenedos, in feir,
 Lo ! twa greit lowpit ederis, with mony thraw,
 Fast throw the fluide towart the land can draw.
 My spreit abhorris this mater to declar ;
 Abuse the wattir thair hals stude euermar,
 With bludy crestis outwith the wallis hie ;
 The remanent swame all wayis wnder see, 10
 With grislie bodyis linkin monyfald ;
 The salt fame stowris frome the faird thai hald ;
 Vnto the ground thai glaid with glowand ene
 Stuffit full of vennome, fire, and fellone tene,
 With toungis quhisling in thair mowthis reid
 Thai lik the twinkland stangis in thair heid.
 We fled away all bludles for afeir ;
 Bot, with a braid, to Laocon in feir
 Thai stert at anis ; and his twa sonnis 3ing
 First athir serpent lappit like a ring, 20
 And, with thair cruell bit and stangis fell,
 Of tendir membris tuik mony sary morcell ;
 Syne thai the preist invadit, baith twane,
 Quhilk with his wappins did his besy pane
 His childrene for to helpin and reskew ;
 Bot thai about him lowpit in wympillis threw,
 And twyse circulit his myddle round about,
 And twyse faldis thair spurtlit skynnis, but dowl,
 About his hals ; baith nek and heid thai schent ;
 As he etlis thair hankis to have rent, 30
 And with his handis thame away have draw,
 His heide bendis and garlandis all war blaw

Full of vennome and rank poyson at anis,
 Quhilk infeckis the flesh, bluide, and banis ;
 And thairwith eik sa horribillie schowtis he,
 His cryis dynnit to the skyis on hie ;
 Lyke as ane bull doith rummesing and rair,
 Quhen he eschapis hurt frome the altair,
 And charris by the aix with his nek wyght,
 Gif on his foirhed the dynt hittis nocht ryght.
 Syne thir twa serpentis haistellie glaid away ;
 On to the cheif temple fled ar thai, 10
 Of sterne Pallace to the hallowit place,
 And crap in wndir the feit of the goddes,
 Hid thame behind the bos of hir bukleir.
 Than trymblit thair mony stowt hart for feir,
 The wncouth dreid into thair breistis crap :
 All saide, Laocon justlie, sic was his hap,
 Has deir ibocht his wickit and schrewit deid,
 For he the haly hors or stalwart steid
 With violente straik presumit for to deir,
 And thairintill to fessin his cursit speir. 20
 Onto the hallowit steid bryng in, thai cry,
 The greite figure, and lat ws sacrify
 The halie goddes, and magnify hir mycht
 With orisonis and offerandis day and nycht.
 Quhat will ȝe mair ? the barmekin down we rent,
 And wallis of our cietie we made patent ;
 Onto thair werk all sped thame beselie ;
 Turnand quhelis thai set in, by and by,
 Vnder the feit of this ilk bisnyng jaip ;
 About the nek knyt mony bassyn raip : 30
 The fatale monstour clame our the wallis then,
 Greit wamit, and stuffit full of armyt men ;

CAP. V.

*Greikis enteris by tresoun in the cietie,
And how Hectour apperis to Enee.*

With this, the hevin so quhirlyt about his spheir
Out of the see the dyme nycht can appeir,
With hir dirk weid baith erd and firmament
Involving, by hir secret schadowis quent
Covering Gregioun and Myrmidonis slycht.
Within the wallis to bed went euery wyght ;
Still warin all, and soft vapour of sleip
Apone thair wery lymmis fast doith creip.
Be than the army of mony a Gregioun,
Stuffit in schippis, come fra Tenedoun,
Still, vnder frendlie silence of the mone,
To the kend coistis speidand thame full sone ;
And quhen the taknyng or the bail of fire,
Rais fro the kingis schip, wpbirnyng schire,
Of the goddis by frawart destany
Synon preseruit culd this syng aspy ;
The firryne closouris opnis, but noyise or dyn,
And Greikis, hid the hors coist within,
Patent war maide to syght and to the air.
Joifull and blyth, frome that bois statw thair
Discending than downlap by cordis at anys
Thersander, and Sthenelus, twa capitannis,
The dour Vlixes als, and Athamas,
Peleus nevo Pirrus, and king Thoas,
The first Machaon, and Menelaus,
And the engyne forgear hait Epeus.

Discrepyon
of the
nyghte.

10

20

The incom-
moditye of
dronkynnes.

The cietie thai invaid, and fast infest,
With wyne and sleip yberyit and at rest.
Slane ar the wachis ligging on the wall;
Opnit the portis, leit in thair feris all,
Togidder jonit euery cumpany;
Throw the citie sone rais the noyse and scry.

This was that tyme quhen the first quiet
Of naturale sleip, to quham na gift mair sweet,
Stelis on fordoverit mortale creaturis,
And in thair swewynniss metis quent figuris. 10
Lo ! in my sleip, I see stand me befor,
As to my syght, maist lamentable Hector,
With large fluide of teris, and all besprent,
As he, vmquhill, eftir the cart was rent,
Witth barknit bluide and puldir : O God, quhat skaith !
Boldnit full greit war feit and lymmis baith,
By bandis of the cordis quhilk thaim drewch.
Ha ! weill away ! quhat harme and wo anewch !
Quhat ane was he ! so fer chengit fra joy
Of that Hectour, quhilum returnit to Troy, 20
Cled with the spuilze of him Achilles,
Or quhen the Troiane fyre bleisis, I wes,
On Greikis schippis thik fald he slang that day,
Quhen that he slew the duik Protheselay !
His fax and berd was fadit quhar he stuide,
And all his hair was glitnit full of bluide.
Full mony woundis on his body bair he,
Quhilk, in defence of his native cuntre,
About the wallis of Troy ressaut he haid.
Methocht, I first, weping and nathing glaid, 30
Rycht reuerentlie begouth to clepe this man,
And with sic dolorus wourdis thus began :

O thou, of Troy the lemand lamp of lycht !
 O Troiane hoipe, mast ferme defence in fycht !
 Quhat hes the taryit? quhi maid thou this delay,
 Hectour, quhame we desirit mony a day?
 Fro quhat cuntre this vise cumin art thou,
 That, eftir fell slauchter of thi freindis now,
 And of thi folkis and cietie eftir huge pane,
 Quhen we bene irkit, we se the heir agane?
 Quhat hard myschance flit so thi plesand face?
 Or quhi se I thai fell woundis ? allace ! 10
 Onto thir woundis he nane answeir maid,
 Nor to my woid demandis na thing said,
 Bot with ane hevy murmour, as it war draw
 Furtht of the bodum of his breist wele law :
 Allace ! allace ! thou goddes sone, quod he,
 Salf thi self fra this fyre, and fast thou fle ;
 Our enemyis hes thir worthy wallis tane ;
 Troy frome the top doun fallis, and all is gane.
 Eneucht hes lestit of Priamus the ryng,
 The faitis will na mair it enduryng. 20
 Geif Pergama, the Troiane wallis wycht,
 Mycht langar haue bene fendit into fycht,
 With this rycht hand thai suld haue bene defendit :
 Adew ! fair wele ! for euir it is endit.
 In thi keiping committis Troy, but les,
 Hir kyndly goddis clepit Penates ;
 Tak thir in fallowschip of thi faitis all,
 And large wallis for thame seik thou sall,
 Quhilk at the last thi self sall beild wp hie,
 Eftir lang wandring and errour our the see. 30
 Thus said Hector, and schew furth in his handis
 The dreidfull valis, wympillis, and garlandis

Hector
 desirys
 Eneas to
 depart and
 saue him-
 selfe, be-
 cause the
 wyl of the
 godis was to
 destroy the
 cite of
 Troy.

Of Vesta, goddes of the erd and fyre,
 Quhilk in hir temple eternalie byrnis schyre.

CAP. VI.

*How Eneas the tresoun did persave,
 And quhat debait he maid the toun to save.*

In seir placis throw the cietie, with this,
 The murmour rais, ay mair and mair, I wis,
 And clerar wolx the rumour and the dyne ;
 So that, suppose Anchises my faderis In
 With treis abowt stude secreit by the way,
 So busteous grew the noyis and furious fray,
 And raitling of thair armour on the streit,
 Affrayit, I glistnyt of sleip, and stert on feit ; 10
 Syne to the hous heid ascendis anone,
 With eris prest stude thair als still as stone.
 A sownd or soucht I hard thair at the last,
 Lyke quhen the fyre, be felloun wyndis blast,
 Is drevin amynd the flate of cornys rank ;
 Or quhen the burne on spait hurlis down the bank,
 Othir throw a water brek, or spait of fluide,
 Ryvand wp reid erd as it war wouide,
 Downe dingand cornys, all the plewch labour at anis,
 And dravis on swiftlie stoikis, treis and stanis : 20
 The sely hyrd, seand this griselie sycht,
 Set on ane pinnakle of sum craigis hycht,
 All abaisit, not knawand quhat this ma mene,
 Wounderis of the sownd and ferly at he hes sene.

Rycht so I than, by cleir takyunis anew,
 Manifestlie all the Greikis falsheid knew,
 Thair hid dissait wox patent than till ws.
 The noble lugeing of worthy Deiphobus
 Wes fall to ground, the fyre wpspred anone ;
 The nixt hows byrnis of Vcalegone :
 The large seis and coistis Sygeane,
 Throw lycht of flambis and brycht firis, schane.
 Wpsprang the cry of men and trumpis blist ;
 As out of mynd, myne armour on I thrist, 10
 Thocht be na resoun persaise I mycht, but faile,
 Quhan than the force of armes culd availe ;
 3it, hand for hand, to thyrng out throw the preis
 With my feris, and rynnand or we ceis
 To the castell, our hartis brynt for desyir ;
 The fury cachit our myndis hait as fyir,
 So that we thocht maist semelie in a feild
 To dee fechtand, enarmit wnder scheild.
 Bot lo ! Panthus, slippit the Grekis speris,
 Panthus Otriades sone, that, mony 3eiris, 20
 Was of the streintht, and Phebus temple preist,
 Into his armes, lappit to his breist
 The halie relikis of the sanctuary,
 And eik our vencust goddis, by and by
 With him berand, and in his hand also,
 Harling him eftir his litle nevo,
 Cummis like ane wod man to our 3et rynning.
 How now, Panthus, quhat tithand do 3e bryng ?
 In quhat estaite is sanctuary and haly geir ?
 To quhilk other forthres sall we speir ? 30
 Scars said I this, quhen, gowling piteously,
 With thir wourdis he answerd me in hy :

The destruc-
tion of Troy
shortly
reheraid.

The latter day is cumin of Dardanis end,
 The fatale tyme quham na waling ma mend ;
 We war Troianis ; wmquhill was Ilion ;
 The schyning gloir of Phrygianis now is gone.
 Ferce Jupiter to Greice all has translait ;
 Our all the citie, kendlit in flambris hait,
 The Grekis now are lordis but ony fors.
 Within the wallis, 3one mekle standand hors
 3ettis furtht armyt men ; and now Synone
 Is victour haile, kendland evir on 10
 The new fyris glaidlie, as it war sport.
 At athir 3et bene ruschit in sic ane sort,
 Sa mony thowsandis come neur fro Myce nor Arge ;
 Sum cumpanyis, with speris, lance and targe,
 Walkis wachand in rewis and narrow streitis ;
 Arrait battellis, with drawin sweirdis at gletis,
 Standis reddy for to styk, gore and sla :
 Scarslie the wachis of the portis twa
 Begoutht defence and melle as thai mycht,
 Quhen blindlingis in the battell fey thai fycht. 20
 Throw thir wourdis of Panthus, and goddis heist,
 Amyde the flammbis and armour in I preist ;
 Ruschand thidder quhar sorowfull Erynnis,
 The noyis and bruite me drew, and quhar, I wis,
 The clamour hard I ryse wp to the air.
 And of our fallowis to me come twa pair :
 Repheus first, by the lycht of the mone,
 Vail3eand in armes Ephitus followit sone,
 Hypanis syne, and eik Dymas in hy,
 Fast to our syde adionyt by and by ; 30
 Mygdoneus sonn also, Chorebus 3ing,
 Quhilk in thai days, for fey luife hait byrnyng

Of Cassandra, to Troy was cumin that zeir,
 To help Priame and Troianis in the weir.
 Vnhappy he was, wald not belief fermelie
 His said spousis command and prophecye !
 Quhen I thame saw this wise adionit to me,
 And wilfull for to stryk in the melle,
 Thus I begouth thame forthermore to steir :
 O 3e most forcy 3ong men that bene heir,
 With breistis strang, and sa bald curage hie,
 In vayne 3e preis to succour this citie
 Quhilk byrnis all in fire and flambis reid ;
 The goddis ar all fled out of this steid,
 Throw quhais mycht stuide our empire mony day ;
 Now all thair templis and altaris waist leif thai.
 Bot gif 3our desire be sa fermlic prest
 To follow me, dar tak the wtyrmest
 Quhat fortune is betyde, all thingis 3e se ;
 Thair is na mair ; lat ws togidder dee,
 And in amynd our enemyis army schute.
 To wencust folkis is a confort and bute
 Nane hoipe of help to beleif, or reskew.
 Swa, with thir wourdis, the 3ong menis curage grew,
 That in the dyrk like rawynniss wolfis, on rawis,
 Quham the blynd fury of thair empty mawis
 Dryvis furtht of thair den to seik thair pray,
 Thair litle quhelpis left with dry throtis quhill day ;
 So, throw the wapnis and our fais went we
 Apoun the deid vndowtit, and wald not fle.
 Amynd the cietie we held the master streit ;
 The dirk nycht hid ws with clos schaddowis meit. 30

10 Enceas lyke
 a valyante
 capton
 exhortis his
 Troyans to
 defence of
 their natue
 contre.

20

Disperacion
 sum tim
 helpis in
 battell.

CAP. VII.

*The woful end, per ordour, here, allace !
Followis of Troy, and geistis of Eneas.*

A piteous
exclamation
for the
distruction
of the cyte.

Quhay sall the harmes of that woful nycht
Expreme ? or quhai with tounge to tell hes mycht
Sa feile deid corsis as thar lyis slane ?
Or, thocht in caice thai weip quhill teris rane,
Equalie may bewaile thai sorowis all ?
The ancyant worthy citie doun is fall,
That mony 3eris held hie seng3eory ;
Stickit in stretis heir and thair thai ly
Feile corsis deid of mony wnweildy wycht,
DOUNg doun in howsis fey thai fall all nycht, 10
In sanctuaryis and templis of goddis eik ;
Na quhar mercy nor succour mycht thai seik.
And nocht onlie of Troianis, throw out the toune,
The bluide is sched, thus martyrit and slane doune,
Bot sum tyme eik to thame, ourcummin and schent,
Agane returnis in breistis hardyment,
So that sum Greikis victouris war smyte deid.
Cruell womenting occupeit every steid ;
Our all quhar drede, our all quhar wo and cair,
And of the deid fell gaistlie schaddowis thair. 20
Bot first enconteris ws Androgeus,
With a greit cumpany of the Gregyus,
Wnwarly wenyng his fallowis we had be ;
In hamelie wourdis to ws thus carpis he :
Haist 3ou, matis, quhat sleutht taryit 3ow this lait ?
Our othir feris rubbis, tursing away, fute hait,

The spreith of Troy, quhilk now is brynt to gledis,
 And 3e, first frome 3our schippis now 3ou spedis.
 Thus said he, quhen that, suddanlie and anone,
 He felt himself hapnit amynd his fone,
 For we him gaif answeir nocht traist aneucht.
 Astonit with the wourde, abak he dreucht ;
 As quhai wnwar tred on ane ruth serpent
 Liggand in the bus, and for feir bakwart sprent,
 Seand hir, reddy to stang and to infek,
 Set wp hir venomous 3allow bowdin nek ; 10
 On the saming wise, Androgeus, of our sicht
 Greitly affrayit, fled in all his mycht.
 One thame we schot, and in thair myd rout duschit,
 Hewit, hackit, smate down, and all to fruschit
 Thay fey Gregiounis, on ilk syde heir and thair
 With dreid ourset, and wist nocht quhar thay war.
 The first labour thus lukkit weil with ws.
 Joyous in hart of this chance Chorebus :
 O 3e feris, hald furth this way, quod he,
 Quhar fortune first has schewin ws sic supple ; 20
 Hald thiddir quhair our manheid hes ws taucht.
 Now lat ws change scheildis, sene we bene saucht,
 Grekis enseng3eis do we counterfeit ;
 Quhiddir by slycht, or strentht of armes greit,
 A man ourcum his enemy, quha rackis ?
 Thai sall ws rendir thir harnes of thair backis.
 And saing this, Androgeus cristit helme
 He hynt in hy, and our his heid can quhelme ;
 His schynyng scheild with his bawgy tuik he,
 And hang ane Gregioun swerd down by his thee. 30
 Siclike did Ripheus, myself eik, and Dymas,
 And all the othir 3ong men at thair was ;

Full glaidlie in that recent spuilze warme
 Belife ilk man did him self enarme.
 Amang the Greikis mydlit than went we,
 Nocht with our awne takin nor deite.
 Mony debaitis and onsettis haue we done,
 And, throw the silence of the nicht wndone
 Feil of the Grekis, and send to hell adoun.
 Ane vthir menze fled fast out of the toun
 To thair schippis, and thai traist costis nice ;
 Sum part also, for schamefull cowntice, 10
 Clam wp agane in the greit hors maw,
 And hid thame in that belly wele beknaw.

He laboris in
 vayne that
 workis
 against God.

Allace ! wnefull is ony man to wene,
 Contrar the plesour of goddis, ocht ma sustene.
 Lo ! Priamus dochtir, the virgine Cassandra,
 Was, fra the temple and sete of Mynerva,
 Drawin forsably bairheid, with hair doun schaik,
 Reuthfully in vane behaldand hevin, alaik !
 With glotnyt ene ; for baith hir tendir handis
 War strengzeit sair, yboundin hard with bandis. 20
 This dolorus sicht Chorebus mycht nocht se,
 Bot ruschit with furious mynd in the melle,
 Redy to dee, and we all followit fast,
 Amang glavis and armour in we thrust.
 Heir war we first to fruschit and hard byset,
 With dartis and with stanes all to bet
 By our awne feris fro the templis hycht ;
 A miserable slauchter ther begouth that nycht.
 The portratour of armes was mysknaw,
 All war bot Grekis tymbrallis at thai saw. 30
 Als quhat for waling of irus wourdis fell
 Agane reskewit said by the damecell,

Grekis flokkis togidder heir and thair,
 And wmbesettis cruellie and sair ;
 The felloun Ajax, and athir Atrides,
 And all the rowtis clepit Dolopes.
 Lyke as, sumtyme, the ferce wyndis 3e se,
 3ephirus, Nothus, and Euris all thre
 Contrarious blaw thair busteous bubbis with birr,
 The woddis reirdis, baith aik, elme, and fir
 Ourturnis to ground, and Nereus the fomy
 Fro the see ground wode wraitht is cachit in hy : 10
 On sic lik wise the Grekis ws invadit.
 For than thai all that fled war, and evadit
 Throw the dirk nycht, quhen sum thair feris slew we,
 And thame hed chasit throw out all the citee,
 Thai war the first come now to do ws deir ;
 Our fengzet scheildis, wapnis, and wther geir
 Full wele thai knew, and, by our vocis eik,
 Thai notify that nane of ws was Greik.
 By multitude and nomer on ws set 20
 All 3eid to wraik, ther war we hale doun bet ;
 And first of all, doun smyte was Chorebus
 By the rycht hand of Greik Peneleus,
 Before the alter of armipotent Pallas ;
 Ripheus doun fell, ane the maist just man was,
 Amang Troianis best kepand equite ;
 Bot wtherwais the goddis thocht suld be :
 Hypanis eik, and Dymas than als wa
 War by thair fallowis throw gird baith twa ;
 Nor 3it the, Panthus, quhen that thou fell doun,
 Thi grete pietie, and godlie religioun, 30
 Nor habit of Apollo hid fro scaitht.
 O 3e cauld assis of Troy, and flambes baitht,

And extreme end of cuntre folkis, here I
 Drawis 3ou to witnes, and dois testifi,
 Quhen that 3e fell to grond thus and war slane,
 I nothir sparit wapnis, stryntht, nor pane,
 Nor nane onsett eschewit of Grekis mycht ;
 And gif faitis wald I had fallin in fycht,
 Thair with my handis wrocht I worth my deid.
 Bot with the preis we war relet of that steid ;
 Onlie with me Hyphitus and Pelias ;
 For age Hyphitus waik and feble was, 10
 And Pelias slawly mycht vnethis go,
 By Vlixes for he was woundit so.

CAP. VIII.

*How to the kingis palice sped Enee,
 That syne was take, thair helpit na supplee.*

Anone on to the palice of Priamus
 The schowtis and the cryis callis ws.
 Thair was ane hydeus batale for to sene,
 As thair nane wthir bargane air had bene,
 Lyke as nane slane war throw all the citie,
 Sa wod wndantit melle thair we se,
 The Grekis ruschand to the thak on hycht ;
 So thik thai thrang about the portis al nycht 20
 That lik ane wall thai wmbeset the 3ettis ;
 Wp to the side wallis mony leddir set is,
 Quhairon thai preis fast our the ruif to speill,
 Coverit with scheildis agane the dartis feill,

Their left hand heicht abufe thair heid can hald,
 And oft with thair rycht hand grip the batalling wald.
 Troianis agane, schaipand defence to mak,
 Rent turrettis doun, and of houss heidis the thak;
 Quhen all was lost thai see, at lettir end,
 With sic wapnis thai schupe thame to defend;
 The gilt sparris, and geistis gold bigane
 Downe on thame sling thai, and mony coistlie stane,
 The prowde and riall werkis of faderis ald.
 And vthir sum, law doun within that hald, 10
 With drawin sweirdis stude reddy to keip the 3et;
 In a thik rowt thairat was mony set.
 Our spreitis war restorit, and curage grew
 The kingis palice to succoure, and reskew
 The men thairin with all help and supple,
 To streinthing thame war vencust neir, we se.

A small wickat thar was, or entre derne,
 A litle 3ett clepit a posterne,
 On the bak halfe Priamus palice amast,
 Amang biginnis stude desolait and wast; 20
 Quhairat was wont alane Andromacha
 To entir oft to Priame and Hecuba,
 And Astianax hir 3ong sone, with hir bring
 Onto his grandschir Priamus the king.
 Theirat I enterit, and to the wallis hycht
 Wpwent, quhair wrechit Troianis, as thai mycht,
 Threw doun dartis, thocht all was bot in waist.
 We stert ontill a hie turret on haist,
 The top wpstrekand to the sterris hie,
 Quharon we wont war all Troy for to see, 30
 The Grekis schippis, and thair tentis eik.
 With instrumentis of yrne we pyke, and seik

Round all about quhar the jonyngis war worn,
 Redy to fal, and corbalis all to torne;
 We holk and mynd the corneris for the nanis,
 Quhill doun, belife, we tumbil it all at anis :
 Ane felloun rusche it maid, and sownd with all,
 And large on breid our Grekis rowtis did fall :
 Bot sone ane vthir sort stert in thair steidis ;
 Nother stanis, nor querellis with scharp heidis,
 Nor na kind of wapnis war sparit than.
 And first of all, before the porche in ran 10
 Hard to the entre, in schyning plait and maile,
 Pirrus, with wapnis fersly to assaile :
 Lyke to the eddir, with schrewit herbis fed,
 Cummis furtht to licht, and on the grond lyis spred,
 Quhame wynter lang hid onder the cald erd ;
 Now slippit hir sloucht with schyning skyn new brerd,
 Hir slydry body in hankis round all roun,
 Hich wp her nek strekand forgane the sone,
 With forkit tong intil hir moutht quitterand.
 To the assault with Pirrus come at hand 20
 Periphas, and Automedon his squyar
 Was wont to governe Achilles cart in wiar,
 And all the fensable men of Scyrria,
 Bownis our the wallis and housis heidis alsua,
 And fire blesis abufe the ruif gerris flee.
 Bot first of all, ane stalwart aix hynt he,
 The sterne Pirrus, to hew and brek the 3et,
 And furth of har the stapillis hes he bet,
 And bandis all of bras yforgeit wele :
 Be that in twa the maistir bar ilk deill 30
 Is all to fruschit ; syne the hard burdis he hackis,
 And throw the 3et ane large wyndo mackis ;

By the quhilk slop the place within apperis,
 The wyde hallis wolx patent all infeiris
 Of Priamus and ancyant kingis of Troy ;
 Secrete throwgangis ar schawin, wont to be quoy ;
 Armit men se thai stand at the first port.
 Bot than throwout the inner palice, at schort,
 With dulefull srike and waling all is confoundit ;
 The whole howsis 3owlit and resoundit
 For womenting of ladyis and wemen ;
 The clamour wpstraik to the sternis then. 10
 The wofull moderis ran frayit on aithir syde
 Full lamentable throwout the chalmeris wyde,
 Brasand the poistis in armis, and durris cald,
 And feill syse with mouthis kis thame wald.
 Instantlie Pirrus assail3eis with all his mycht,
 By naturall strenth of his fader the wycht,
 That noder closouris, nor barrit 3ettis stowt,
 Nor 3it the keiparis may hald thame langer out.
 Oft with the ram the port is shaik and duschit,
 Downe bet 3et chekis, and bandis all tofruschit ; 20
 The way is maid by fors, and entre brokin,
 Grekis insprent, the formast haue thai stokin
 And slane with swerdis ; the large hald heir and thair
 Was fillit full of Grekis our allquhair.
 Nocht sa fersly the fomy rivair or flude
 Brekkis our the bankis, on spait quhen it is woude,
 And, with his bruscheand faird of watter broun,
 The dikis and the schoiris bettis down,
 Ourspredand croftis and flattis with his spait,
 Our all the feildis that thai may row ane bait, 30
 Quhill howsis and the flokkis flittis away,
 The corne graingis, and standand stakkis off hay.

A pytefull
 lamentacyon
 of wemen.

I saw my self thair Neoptolemus
 Mak felloun slauchter, woude and furius,
 And aithir bruder of Atrides als wa.
 Eldmoder to ane hundreth thair saw I Hecuba,
 And Priamus at the altair, quhair he stuide,
 All our bysprent and sparkit full of bluide
 Of sacrifice, quhame to he bet the fire.
 Fifty chalmeris held that riall syre,
 Quhar warin his guide dochteris, ladyis zing :
 Sic fair beleif is lost of his offspring ! 10
 The prowde geistis and durris gilt with gold
 Of barbary werk, and hungin monyfold
 With riches and spuilze of seir nationis,
 Sa fer as fro the fire onbet adoun is,
 The Grekis occupyis haly ; all is theris ;
 Quhat so thame list to spill is nane that sparis.

CAP. IX.

*Into this next cheptur 3e may attend
 Off Priame King of Troy the fatale end.*

The old man
 Priamus,
 King of Troy,
 wold rather
 die then com
 in his
 enemies
 handes.

Perauentur, of Priamus 3e wald speir
 How tyde the chance ; his fait, gif 3e list, heir.
 Quhen he the cietie saw takin and doun bet,
 And of his palice brokin every 3et, 20
 Amyd the secrete closettis eik his fais,
 The ald gray, all for nocht, to him tays
 His hawbrek quhilk was lang furth of vsage,
 Set on his shoulderis trymbing than for age ;
 A swerd, but help, about him beltis he,
 And ran towart his fais, reddy to de.

Amyd the cloiss, wnder the hevin all bair,
 Stude thair that tyme a mekle fair altair,
 Neir quhame thar grew a rycht auld laurer tree,
 Bowand towart the altair a little wee,
 That with his schaddow the goddis did ourheild.
 Hecuba thidder, with hir childir, for beild
 Ran all in vane, and about the altair swarmis,
 Brasand the godlik ymage in thair armis,
 As for the storme dowis flockis togidder ilkane.
 Bot quhen scho saw how Priamus hes tane 10
 His armour, so as thoch he had bene 3ing :
 Quhat fulich thocht, my wrechit spous and king,
 Movis 3e now sic wapnis for to weild ?
 Quhidder haistis thou ? quod scho, of na sic beild
 Haue we now mister, nor 3it defendouris as 3e,
 The tyme is nocht ganand thairto, we se.
 In cafce Hector war present heir, my sone,
 He mycht nocht succour Troy, for it is wone.
 Quhairfor, I pray 3e, sit down and cum hiddir,
 And lat this altair salf ws all togidder, 20
 Or than at anis all heir lat us de.
 Thus said scho, and, with sic sembland as mycht be,
 Him towart hir hes brocht, but ony threte,
 And sete the auld down in the haly sete.
 But lo ! Polites, ane of Priamus sonnis,
 Quhilk fra the slauchter of Pirrus away run is,
 Throw wapnis fleing and his enemyis all,
 By lang throwgangis and mony woyd hall ;
 Woundit he was, and come to seek reskew ;
 Ardentlie Pirrus can him fast persew, 30
 With grundin lance at hand so neir furth strykit,
 Almaist he haid him tuichit and arrekit.

Hecuba the
 quene
 reprueth
 her husband
 shewyng
 that it was
 vnpossibil to
 resist so
 many
 enemyes.

The affection
of a father
towart his
chyliden.

Quhill at the last, quhen he is cumin, I wene,
 Befoir his faderis and his moderis ene,
 Smate him doun deid, in thair sycht quhar he stude,
 The gaist he zald with habundance of blude.
 Priamus than, thocht he was half deil deid,
 Mycht nocht contene his ire nor wordis of feid,
 Bot cryis furth : For that cruell offence,
 And outrageous fuile hardy violence,
 Gif thair be pietie in the hevin aboun
 Quhilk takis heid to this that thou hes doun, 10
 The goddis mocht condingly the forzeld,
 Eftir thi desert rendring sic ganzeld,
 Causit me behald my awine child slane, allace !
 And with his blude filit his faderis face.
 Bot he, quham by thou fenys thi self byget,
 Achill, was nocht to Priame sa hart set ;
 For he, of right and faith eschamit eik,
 Quhen that I come him lawlie to beseik,
 The deid body of Hector rendrit me,
 And me convoit hame to my citie. 20
 Thus sayand, the auld waiklie, but force or dynt,
 A dart did cast, quhilk, with a pik, can stynt
 On his harnys, and in the scheild did hing,
 But ony harme or wthir dammaging.
 Quod Pirrus, allwais sen thou sais swa,
 To Pilleus sone, my fadir, thou most ga ;
 Ber him this message, ramember weil thou tell
 Him all my werkis and deidis sa cruell.
 Schaw Neoptolemus is degenerit clene ;
 Now sall thou dee. And with that word, in tene, 30
 The auld trumbling towart the altair he drew,
 That in the hate blude of his sone, sched new,

Kyng
Pryamus
slain.

Funderit ; and Pirrus grippis him by the hair
 With his left hand, and with the vdir all bair
 Drew furth his schynand swerd, quhilk in his syde
 Festynnit, and vnto the hiltis did it hyde.

Of Priamus thus was the finale fait ;
 Fortune heir endit his glorijs estait.
 Seand Ilion all birning in firis broun,
 And Troyis wallis fall and tumblit doun ;
 That riall prince, wmquhill, our Asia,
 Apone sa fell pepill and realmis alsua
 Ringit in weltht, now by the coist lyis deid
 Bot as ane stok, and of hakkit his heid ;
 A corps, but life, renowne, or wthir fame,
 Vnknawin of ony wucht quhat was his name.

Exempyll of
 the infelicit-
 ye and
 inconstant
 fortune of
 the king-
 domis of this
 world.

10

CAP. X.

*How Venus can to Eneas appeir,
 And of his fader and wther materis seir.*

First than the grislie dreid about me start ;
 Astonist I wox, for sone prent in my hart
 The image of my deir fadir, quhen I
 The king, his evin eild, beheld sa cruelly
 By deidlie wound ȝaldand wp the spreit.
 On desolat Creusa, my spouse sa sweit,
 I thoct also, and dangeris of my place,
 Of litle Ascanius sair I dred the cace.
 About I blent, to behald heir and thair,
 Quha of our feris remanit with me thair.

20

All war thai fled full wery, left me allane ;
 Sum to erd loppin fro the hie towris of stane,
 Sum in the fyre thair irkit bodyis leit fall.
 Thair was na ma bot I left of thame all,
 Quhen in the temple of Vesta the goddes
 Lurkand full law, intill a secrete place,
 Tyndarus dochter, quene Helene I aspy ;
 The fyris schyne so brycht, as I went by,
 All thing was patent quhar so euir I went.
 Scho, dreding les the Troianis wald hir schent, 10
 And cast sum way for hir destruction, 10
 Becaus all Troy, for hir, was thus bet down ;
 Sair pwnitioun of Greikis dred scho, als
 Hir husbandis wroth, quham scho left and was fals,
 And eik the commone fatale furye of Troye ;
 Hir self scho hid thairfor, and held hir quoye,
 Beside the altar sittand vnethis sene.
 My spreit for ire brynt for propir tene,
 And, all in greif, thocht cruell vengeance tak
 Of my cuntre, for this mischevous wraik, 20
 With bittir panis to wreke our harmis smart. 20
 Thocht I, sall sche pas to the realme of Spart
 Hailskarth, and see Mycene hir native land,
 And with triumph follow hir first husband ?
 Or, like a quene, sall sche wend hame our se ?
 Hir freindis agane and childrene sall sche se,
 Accompanyit with mony Troiane maid,
 And Phrigiane servandis in bondage with hir haid ?
 Sen now, by hir, with swerd lyis Priame deid,
 And riall Troy all brynt in flambis reid ; 30
 Of Dardane eik the strandis and the fluid
 Sa oft hes bene watterit or bathit in bluid.

Na, na, nocht swa, I wis, that sall sche nocht :
 And, set it be nocht lovable nor semlie thocht
 To pvnis a woman, bot schamfull her to sla,
 Na victory, bot lak following alswa ;
 3it, natheles, I aucht lovit to be,
 Vengeance to tak on hir deservis to de.
 It will my mynd asswage for to be wrokin
 On hir quhame by Troy brynt is and doun brokin,
 And, for to eik the mischeif of hir deid
 Till our sorowis, fillit with assis reid. 10

Sic thingis I thocht half wode and furious,
 As out of wit my mynd was cachit thus,
 Quhen that my blissit modir, of sic bewtie,
 Apperit fairer than evir I did hir se,
 Schyning full cleir for all the dirk nycht,
 Confessing hir to be a goddes brycht,
 In sic forme of quantite and estait,
 As scho is sene with spretis deificait.
 Me by the rycht hand hynt sche, and held fast,
 And with hir rosy lippis thus said at last :
 Sone, quhai sa grete and furious crueltie
 And hie vndantit ire hes rasit in the ?
 Quhi gois thou mad ? quhiddir is went thus wnkynd
 Our ramembrance, or we forȝet of mynd ?
 Suld thou nocht first think quhar thou left, but les,
 Thi veray fadir, the agit Anchises ?
 Wenis thou, or nocht, Creusa 3it liffand be,
 And Ascanius thi 3oung son ? quham all thre
 The Greikis armis walkis round about ;
 And, but my mycht resistit thaim, sans dowl
 Thai had bene brynt or this in flambis reid,
 And with thair fais swerdis smet to deid. 30

20 Venus
 oracion ex-
 hortinȝ hir
 son to mercȝ
 and pytye-
 fulnes.

Nocht the bewtie of Helene Laconya,
 Quham thou haitis, nor Paris, quhilk als wa
 Is blamyt oft, this riches hes thou reft ;
 Bot the wroth of the goddis has doun beft
 The cietie of Troye from top doun vnto ground.
 Behald ! for I within ane litle stound,
 The clud of dirknes from thi sicht sall cleir,
 That on your mortale ene, quhill 3e bene heir,
 Lyke to ane wattery slowch standis dyme about ;
 Thi moderis heist on na wis nedis the dout, 10
 Na hir command refusing to obeye.
 Quhar thir towris thou seis doun fall and sweye,
 And stane fra stane doun bet, and reik wprise,
 With stew, puldir, and dust mixt on this wise,
 Neptune the fundmentis of thir wallis hie,
 With his greit matok havand granis thre,
 Wndermyndis rond about the towne,
 Furth of the ground holcand the barmkin doune.
 Maist cruel Juno has, or this, als wa
 Sesit with the first the port clepit Sceya, 20
 And fro the schippis the ostis in sche callis,
 Standand wode wraith enarmyt on the wallis.
 The hie castellis and strenthis to and fra,
 Behald, now Pallas of Tritonia
 All occupyis, schyning in werlik weid,
 Fell Gorgones hed into hir scheild, tak heid.
 The grete fadir Jupiter strenth and mycht
 Distributis happely to the Grekis in fycht,
 And eik the goddis ire provokis he
 Aganis Troianis power in the melle. 30
 Flee thou, my sone, in haist away thou wend,
 And of this laubour wunprofitable mak ane end ;

I sal be with the sovirlie and full quoye,
 Quhil to thi faderis 3et I the convoie.

This saing, sche hir hid in the clos nycht.
 Than terrible figuris apperis to my sycht
 Of greit goddis, semand with Troy aggrevit.
 And tho beheld I all the citie mischevit,
 Fair Ilion all fall in gledis down,
 And, fra the soill, grete Troy, Neptunus toun,
 Ourtumblit to the ground: so as 3e se,
 The labouraris, into the montanis hie, 10
 With steile axis besely hak and hew
 Ane mekle aik that mony 3eir thair grew ;
 The tree branglis bosting to the fall,
 With top trymbing, and branchis schakand all,
 Quhill finalie it get the lattir straik,
 Than, with ane rair down duschis the mekle aik,
 And with his faird brekis down bewis about.

Furth of that sted I went, and throw the rout
 Of enemyis and flambis I me sped ;
 The fire and wapnis gaif me place, and fled. 20
 So hapelie the goddes gidit me,
 Quhill that within the portis and entre
 Of my faderis lusing am I cumin :
 My fadir, than, quham I schupe to haue nummyn,
 And caryit to the nerrast hillis hicht,
 And him tharto sollist with all my mycht ;
 Bot he refusis or euir to leif in joye
 Eftir the rewyne and destructioun of Troye ;
 To suffir exile he said at he na couth.
 O 3e! quod he, in blude and florist 3outh, 30
 That has 3our strentht 3it, and 3our forey mycht,
 Pas on 3our way anone, and tak the flycht.

A good
 prince
 desyreth not
 to line
 seinge the
 destructyon
 of his natie
 countre.

Gif goddis likit lynth my life langar space,
 Thai wald haue salfit to me this litle place :
 It is aneuch, aneuch and mair, I wene,
 A destructioun of Troy at we haue sene,
 Remaning alife eftir the cietie tane.
 So, so, hald on, lefe this deid body allane,
 Say the last quentthing worde, adew to me.
 I sall my deith purchas thus, quod he,
 Quhen our enemyis seis me enarmit stand,
 Sum sall haue reuth, and sla me with his brand, 10
 To get my spuilze ; quhat of the body na cuir ;
 The corps is sone warpit in sepultuir.
 Hatit of the goddis, to all nedis wnhable,
 Thir mony 3eris I left inprofitable,
 Ay sen the fader of goddis and king of men
 With thunderis blast me smate, as that 3e ken,
 And with his fyry lewyne me wmberauch,
 That we intill our langage cleip fyirflauch.

Rehersing this, fermly he did remane
 At his first purpose fixt, and we agane 20
 Furth 3etting teris, and our spous Crewsa,
 Ascanius 3ing, and all our menzie alsua,
 Besocht my fadir to salf his wery banis,
 And nocht be wilfull to perische all at anis,
 And to escheif the chance as it was went.
 Plat he refusis, andherding to his entent,
 The first sentence halding euir ane.
 To stert to harnes I am compellit agane,
 And as mast wrachit and miserable catife,
 Deid I desyrit, and irkit of my life ; 30
 For by na wisdome, nor chance, persave I mycht
 We couth eschaip, nor 3it by force in fycht.

Eneas
 exorteth
 hys father to
 departe.

O deir fadir, quhat wenys thou for deid,
 A fute, quod I, me to steir of this steid,
 And laif the heir? O God! quha euir couth
 Sic cryme to me be said of faderis mouth!
 Bot gif it likis to the goddis hie
 Na thing be left of sa fair a cietie,
 Or gif thou hais in mynd decretit eik,
 And wele likis thiself and thine to eik
 Onto the rewyne of Troy and to be schent,
 Deid at our dur is reddy and patent.
 Fro mekle bluide schedding of Priamus
 Hiddir, belife, sall cum cruell Pirrus,
 Quhilk brytnis the sone befor the faderis face,
 And gorris the fader at the altair but grace.
 Is this the way, my haly modir, at thou
 Suld keip me, fayis and firis passand throw,
 That I behald, within my chalmour secrete,
 Myne enemyis, and se Ascanius sweite,
 My deir fader, and Crewsa my wife,
 Athir on otheris haite bluid leis thair life?
 Harnes, servand, harnes bring hidder sone;
 The lattir end, thus vencust and wndone,
 Callis ws agane to battale and assay:
 Haue done, cum on, this is our lattir day.
 Rendir me to the Grekis, or suffir me
 The bargane agane begwn at I ma see;
 This day wnwrokin we sall neur al be slane.

10

20

About me than my swerd I belt agane,
 And schot my left arme in my scheild all meit,
 Bowning me furth; quhen lo! about my feit
 My spous lappit fell down into the zet,
 And litle Iulus forgane his fadir upset:

The vallant
 prince Eneas
 wyl rather
 dye with
 honour then
 to suffer his
 fader hys
 wife and
 chyld cum
 in gret
 perrillys.

30

Gif thou list pas, quod scho, thi self to spill,
 Harll ws with the in all perrell quhar thou will ;
 Bot gif thow traistis, as expert in thi deidis,
 Ony help by force of armes, than the neidis
 First to defend and keip this hous, quod scho,
 Quharin thyne fader, and thi zong sone bene, lo !
 And I wmquhill quhilk sal be clepit thi spous,
 Quham to sall we be left in this waist hous ?

CAP XI.

*How Eneas his fadir bair away,
 And how he lost Creusa be the way.*

With skirlis and with skrekis thus sche beris,
 Filling the hous with murnying and salt teris ; 10
 Quhen suddanlie, ane wonder thing to tell,
 A feirfull thing betyde of grete marvell.
 For lo ! the top of litle Ascanius heid,
 Amang the dulefull armes, will of reid
 Of his parentis, fro the sched of his croun,
 Schane all of lycht wnto the grond adoun.
 The leme of fire and flamb, but ony skaith,
 In his haris, about his halffeittis baith,
 Kendillis up brycht ; and we than, all in weir,
 Abaisit, trymbing for the dreidfull feir, 20
 The blaisand haris bet furth at brynt sa schyr,
 And schupe with watter to sloik the haly fyr.
 Bot Anchises, my fadir, blyth and glaid
 Lift ene and hands to hevin, and thus gatis said :

O thou almychty Jupiter, quod he,
 With ony prayeris inclynit gif thou may be,
 Tak heid to ws, and gif we haue deseruit,
 For our pietie and reuth, to be conseruit,
 Hali fadir, send ws thi help als 3oir,
 And conferme all thir takinnis sene befoir.

Scarslie the auld thir wordis hed warpit out,
 Quhen sone the air begouth to rumbill and rout
 On our left hand, towart the north full rycht,
 And frome the hevin fell, in the dirk nycht, 10
 A fair brycht sterne, rynnand with bemys cleir,
 Quhilk on the top of our lugeing, but weir,
 First saw we lycht, syne schyning went away
 And hid it in the forest of Iday,
 Markand the way quhidder at we suld spur ;
 Thair followis a streme of fire, or a lang fur,
 Castand grete lycht about quhar that it schane,
 Quhill all enveron rekit like brintstane.
 With that, my fader vencust start on fuite,
 And to the goddis carpis to be our buite, 20
 The haly sterne adornit he rycht thair :
 Now, now, quod he, I tary na langair ;
 I follow, and quhiddir 3e gide me sall I wend.
 O native goddis, 3our awne kinrent defend,
 Salue 3our nevo ; 3ouris is this orakle,
 In 3our protectioun is Troy, for this mirakle
 I will obey, and grantis vnto 3our will.
 My deir sone, quhiddir euir thou wend will,
 I sall na mair refus to be thi feir.

Thus said he, and be than, thair and heir, 30
 Throwout the wallis the reird of firis grew
 Ay mair and mair, and the heit nerar drew.

Haue done, fadir, quod I, clyme wp anone,
 And set the evin aboue my nek bone ;
 Apone my schulderis I sall the bair, but weir,
 Nor this laubour sall do to me no deir ;
 Quhateuir betyde, a welefair and a scaith
 Sal be commoun and equale to ws baith.
 Litle Iulus sall bair me cumpany ;
 My spous on dreich efter our trais sall hy.
 And 3e, my servandis, tak heid quhat I say :
 As 3e pas furth of the citie this ilk way, 10
 Thair is ane moit, quhar ane auld temple, but les,
 Now standis desert of the goddes Ceres,
 Beside quhame growis a cipir tree full auld,
 With forefaderis, feil 3eris, with wirschip hauld ;
 In that place lat ws meit on aither syde.
 Fader, sen that we ma na langar byde,
 Tak wp thai haly relikis in thi hand,
 And our Penates or goddis of this land.
 It war wnlefull and wickitnes to me,
 Fra sa grete slauchter, bluide schedding, and melle 20
 Newlie departit, to tuiche thame, for the bluide,
 Quhill I be weschyn into sum rynnand flude.
 And saying thus, I spraid my schulderis braid,
 Syne our my nek, abufe the wedis, laid
 A 3allow skyne was of the fers lyoun,
 And thairupoun gart set my fader down.
 Litle Iulus grippis me by the hand,
 With wnmeit paiss his fader fast followand.
 Neir at our bak Crewse, my spous, ensewis :
 We pas by secrete wentis and quiet rewis. 30
 And me, quham laitlie na wapyn, nor dartis cast,
 Nor preis of Grekis rowtis maid agast,

The mercy
 and piteful-
 nes of Eneas.

Ilk swouch of wynd, and every quhisper now,
 And alkyne sterage affrayit and causit grow,
 Baith for my byrding and my litle mait.
 Quhen we war cumin almaist to the 3ait,
 And all dangeir we thocht eschapit neir,
 A felloun dyne, belife, of feit we heir.
 My fadir than lukand furth throw the sky
 Cryis on me fast, fle sone, fle sone, in hy !
 Thai cum at hand ; behynd me I gat a sicht
 Of lemand armour and schynand scheildis brycht. 10
 Thair knaw I nocht quhat fremmit god wnkynnd
 So me astonist, and reft fra me myne mynd :
 For throw the secrete stretis fast I rane
 Before the laif, as weil bekend mane ;
 Allace to me, catife ! I wait neuir quhiddir
 My spouse Creuse remanit or we com thidder,
 Or by sum fait of goddis was reft away,
 Or gif sche errit, or irkit by the way,
 For neuir syne with ene saw I hir eft ;
 Nor neuir abak, fra scho was lost or reft, 20
 Blent I agane, nor perfite mynd has nummyn,
 Quhill to the moit of Ceres war we cummyn.
 And finalie, quhen we bene gaderit thiddir,
 Fast by the haly temple all togiddir,
 Sche was away, and betrumpit suthlie
 Hir spous, hir sone, and all the cumpany.
 Than wod for wo, so was I quyte miscareit,
 That noder god nor man I left wnwareit.
 For quhat mair hard mischance, quhen Troy doun fell,
 Apperit to me as that, or sa cruell ? 30
 Ascanius tho, and my fadir Anchises,
 And eik our Troiane goddis Penates,

Eneas
returnis to
the cyty to
sek his wyfe.

Onto my feris betawcht I, for to keip
 And hid thame derne within ane valey deip.
 To toun agane I sped with all my mycht,
 Claspit full meit into fyne armour brycht,
 Wilfull all aventuris newlingis to assay,
 And for to serce Troy, every streit, and way,
 And eik my heid agane in perrell set.
 Bot first the wallis, the derne entre, and zet,
 Quharat we yschit furth, I seik agane,
 Halding backward ilk futestep we hed gane, 10
 Lukand and sersand about me as I mycht.
 The wgsumnes and silence of the nycht
 In euery place my spreit maid sair agast.
 Fra thine ontill our lugeing hame I past,
 To spy perchance gif sche hed thidder returnit :
 It was with Grekis besett, and hail ourturnit,
 Alhail with thame the hous sa occupeit,
 Belife the fyre all waistand I aspeit
 Bleis with the wynd ; our the rufe, heir and thair,
 The flamb wpsprang and hait low in the air. 20

CAP. XII.

*How Eneas socht his spous, all the cost,
 And how to him apperis hir grete gost.*

To Priamus palice eftir socht I than,
 And syne onto the temple fast I ran :
 Quhar, at the porchis or closter of Juno,
 Than all bot waist, thocht it was girth, stude tho

Phenix and dour Vlixes, wardanes tway,
 For to observe and keip the spreith or pray:
 Thiddir in ane heip was gaderit precius geir,
 Riches of Troy, and wther jewellis seir
 Reft from all partis; and, of templis brynt,
 Of massy gold the veschale war furth hynt
 From the goddis, and goldin tabillis all,
 With precius vestmentis of spuilze triumphall:
 The 3ing childring, and frayit matrounis eik,
 Stude all on raw, with mony peteous screik 10
 About the tresour quhympemand woundir sair.
 And I also my self so bald wox thair,
 That I durst schaw my voce in the dirk nycht,
 And cleip and cry fast throw the stretis on hycht
 Full dolorouslie, Creusa! Creusa!
 Agane, feil sise, in vane I callit swa,
 Throw howsis and the citie quhar I 3oid,
 But outhir rest or resoun, as I war woid;
 Quhill that the figour of Creusa and gost,
 Of far mair statur than air quhen scho was lost, 20
 Before me, catife, hir seikand, apperit thair.
 Abaisit I wolx, and widdersyns start my hair,
 Speik mycht I nocht, the voce in my hals sa stak.
 Than sche, belife, on this wise to me spak,
 With sic wourdis my thochtis to assuage:
 O my suete spous, into sa furious raige
 Quhat helpis thus thi selfin to turment?
 This chance is nocht, but goddis willis went;
 Nor it is nocht lefull thing, quod sche,
 Fra hyne Creuse thou turs away with the,
 Nor the hie governour of the hevin abufe is
 Will suffir it so to be; bot the behufis

VOL. II.

H

Creusa's
 oration to
 hyr husband
 Eneas,
 desyryng
 him to be
 content with
 the wyl of
 God, show-

30

ynge that all
thyng shall
turne for his
best and his
posteryte.

From thens to wend full far into exile,
And our the braid see saile full mony a myle,
Or thou cum to the land Hesperia,
Quhar, with soft cours, Tybris of Lidia,
Rynnys throw the riche feildis of peple stout.
Thair is grete substaunce ordanit the, but dowl,
Thair sall thou haue ane realme, thair sall thou ryng,
And wed to spous the dochtir of a kyng.
Thy weping and thi teris do away,
Quhilk thou makis for thi luifit Crewsay : 10
For I, the nece of mychty Dardanus,
And guide dochtir vnto the blissit Venus,
Of Mirmidonis the realme sall neur behald,
Nor 3it the land of Dolopes so bald,
Nor go to serve na matroun Gregioun ;
Bot the grete moder of goddis ilk one
In thir cuntreis withhaldis me for evir.
Adew, fair weile, for ay we man dissevir !

The affection
of a mother.

Thou be guide frend, luif wele, and keip fra skaith
Our a 3ong sone, is comoun till ws baith. 20

Quhen this was spokin, away fra me she glaid,
Left me weping and feil wordis wald haue said :
For sche sa lichtlie wanyst in the air,
That with myne armes thrise I pressit thair
About the hals hir for to haue bilappit,
And thryse all wais my handis togiddir clappit ;
The figour fled as lycht wynd, or son beyne,
Or mast liklie a waverand sweving or dreyme.

Thus finalie, the nycht all past and gane,
Onto my fallowschip I returne agane, 30
Quhar that I fand assemblit, all newlie,
Sa huge a rowt of our folkis, that I

Wounderit the nomer, thai sa mony wer
 Of men and women gaderit all in fer,
 And 3ong peple to pas in exile habil,
 And of comonis a sort sa miserabill,
 Fra euery part thai flocking fast about,
 Baith with guide will and thair mobillis, but dowl,
 Reddy to wend in quhat land or cuntre
 That euir me list to cary thame our see.

With this the day sterne, Lucifer the brycht,
 Abuse the top of Ida rais on hycht, 10
 Gydand the day hard at his bak following :
 The Greikis than we see in the mornying
 Stand for to keip the entres of the portis ;
 And thus, quhen na hoipe of reskew at schort is,
 My purpose I left, obeyand destanye,
 And caryit my fader to Ida hill on hie.

Finis Libri Secundi.

Incipit Prologus Libri Tertii.



THE PROLOG
OF THE THRID BUIK.



ORNYT Lady, pail Cynthia, nocht brycht,
Quhilk fra thi broder borrowis all thi
lycht,
Rewlar of passage and wais mony one,
Maistres of stremis, and glaider of the nycht,
Schipmen and pilgrymmis hallowis thi mycht,
Leman to Pan, dochtir of Hyperione,
That slepand kist the hird Endymione,
Thi strange wentis to write God gif me slycht,
Tuiching the thrid buik of Eneadone.

The feirful stremys and costis wounderfull 10
Now moist I write, allthocht my wit be dull,
Wyld auentouris, monstreis, and qwent affrayis ;
Of uncouth dangeris this nixt buik hail is full :
Nyce laborynth, quhar Mynotaur the bull
Was kepit, had neuir sa feill cahutis and wais ;
I dreid men cleip thame fabillis now on dais ;
Tharfore wald God I had thair eris to pull
Misknawis the creid, and threpis othir forwayis.

Inuyus per-
sounys can
do nothyng
against good
men, but

In cais thai bark, I compt it neuir a myte ;
Quha can nocht hald thair peice ar fre to flyte, 20
Chyde quhill thair heidis rife, and hals worth hais ;

e thai to murdreis me with thair despyte ?
 it Virgile quhame thai list bakbyte ?
 armour wald thai pers ? quhar is the place ?
 lowtis na dynt of pollax, sword, nor mace.
 at wenis thou, frend, the craw be worthin quhite,
 ose the holkis be all ourgrowin thi face ?

bark and
 chyd, and
 with that
 schaw ther
 awine
 fulyshnes.
 Good men
 with wysdom
 tempereth
 theyr tonges.

e as 3e list, that can nocht demyng weill ;
 , gentill curtas redaris of guide 3eill,
 i beseik to gevin aduertence,
 text is full of storyis euery deill, 10
 mes and landis, quharof I haue na feill
 as I follow Virgile in sentence ;
 knawis all thir coistis sa fer hence ;
 ike thame wp perchance 3our eene suld reill ;
 aucht thair nane blame me for small offence.

range channellis, fronteris, and forlandis,
 uth coistis, and mony wilsum strandis
 gois our barge, for nother houk nor craik
 heir bruik sail, for schald bankis and sandis.
 i Harpyes fell, and blind Ciclopes handis, 20
 y leid ster, virgine modir, but maik ;
 ht storme of temptatioun my schip oft shaik,
 welth of Silla, and dirk Charibdis bandis,
 ie from hell, salf all go nocht to wraik.

Finis Prologi Tertii Libri.

THE THRID BUIK OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

*How Eneas fra Troye hes tane his race,
And Polidorus graf is fund in Trace.*



FTIR that sene and thocht expedient
Was by the goddis to destroy and
schent
Of Asia the empire, and doun to bring,
But offence, Priamus pepill and of-

spring,

And prowde Ilioun was brokin and bet doun,
And frome the soill all Troye, Neptunus toun,
Ybrint in smoke of flambis and in reik ;
Syndry landis and cuntreis for to seik,
And wend exile in diuers nationis,

Of the goddis by reuelationis

10

We war admonist feil sise, as is said.

Schippis we graith, and navy reddy maid

Betuix Anthandros and the mont of Ida,

Vncertane quhidder the fatis wald we suld ga,

Or quhar we suld remane ȝit finallie ;

Our men togiddir gaderit we in hy.

And scant begunnin was the fresch weir,

Quhen that Anchises, myne awn fader deir,

Bad ws mak sail, and follow destany.

Than, weping sair, my native cost left I,

20

Troy dis-
troit by the
goddis for
their pryde.

The havinnis, and the feildis desolait,
 Quhar Troys riall citie stuide of lait :
 Furth sail I, banyst throw the deip see,
 With my 3oung son Ascanius and our men3e,
 And with our friendlie goddis, Penates hait,
 And eik our grete goddis of mair estait.

Eneas
 affection
 toward hys
 natyf
 countra.

Thar lyis a weirly cuntre wele far thens,
 With large feildis labourit full of fens ;
 Of Trace the pepill ar thair inhabiting,
 Quhar that vmquhill strang Licurgus was king ; 10
 Ane ancyant and ane tender herbry place
 To Troianis, quhill we stuide in fortunis grace,
 Our pepill togidder confederat and aly.
 By schip thiddir, our see, caryit was I,
 Quhar, at the bayand costis syde of the see,
 Begouth I first set wallis of a citie,
 Allthocht my fundment was infortunate :
 The toun I nemmit eftir myne estate,
 And fra myne name it clepit Eneadas.
 Onto my moder, of Dione dochter was, 20
 Sacrifice I maid, and to the goddis all,
 Quham for new werkis men happy helperis call ;
 And to the king of hevinlie wychtis, that tyde,
 A quhite bull slew I by the costis syde.

On cace, thair stuide a litle moit nere bye,
 Quhar hepthorne buskis on the top grew hye,
 And evin syplinnis of myrthus, the tree funerall.
 Thiddir I went, grene levis down to haile,
 Hard by the ground my altar for to dicht
 With burgeounis and with branschis al at richt : 30
 A grislie takin, feirful to tell, I se,
 As fro the soill wprent was the first tre

By the rutis, the blak droppis of bluide
 Distillit thairfra, that all the erd quhar it stuide
 Was spottit of the filth, and stenyt, alaik !
 The cald dreid maid all my membris quaik,
 And for affeir my bluide togidder fresit.
 Ane vthir smale twist of a tree I chesit
 For to brek down, the causis to assay
 Of this mater, that war wnknawin allway ;
 And 3it the bluide followit on the same maneir
 Furth of the bark of that wthir, but weir. 10
 Than in my mynd of mony thingis I musit,
 And to the goddes of wildernes, as is vsit,
 Quhilk Hamadriades hait, I wirschep maid :
 Onto Gradyus fader, that regnys glaid
 Our all the land of Getya and Tars,
 Quhilk clepit is the god of armes, Mars ;
 Beseiking this avisioun worth happy,
 And the orakle prosperite suld signify.
 Bot eftir that the thrid syon of treis,
 Apone the sandis sittand on my kneis, 20
 I schupe to haue wprevin with mair preise,
 Quhidder sall I speik now, or hald my peice ?
 Furth of the graf a dulefull murnyng law
 I hard, and to my eris come this saw :
 Enee, quhi rentis thou a wrechit creatur ?
 Haue reuth on him now laid in sepultur,
 And for to file thi devoite handis spair.
 Of Troye I borne am, to the na strangeair :
 This bluide droppis nocht fro that stok in thi hand.
 Flee soun, allace ! furth of this cursit land ; 30
 Flee from this avarus kingis cost in hy ;
 For lo ! thus Polidorus heir I ly,

Polidorus
 complaynt to
 Eneas.

Throw gird with dartis, and thik stele heidis schote ;
 Apone this wis ourheildit on this mote,
 The scharp lañcis growis grene and spreidis out.
 Than wist I nocht quhat I suld do for dowl,
 The feir affrayit my mynd astonist, als
 Wpstart my hair, the word stak in my hals.

With a grete sold of gold fey Priamus
 Secretlie vmquhile send this Polidorus,
 Quhilk was his son, to Polymnestor king
 Of Trace, to keip and haue in nwrsing, 10
 Quhen first of Troiane defence begouth he dout,
 And saw the toun beseigit all about.
 Bot this ilk king of Trace, seand how Troye
 Lossit his mychtis be fortoun turnit fra joye,
 The party chesis of Agamemnon,
 Adherand to the victouris syde anone.
 All faith and frendship brak he than in hy,
 And Polidorus slane hes cruelly,
 And thus, by force, the tresour he doith withhold.
 O cursit hunger of this wrechit gold ! 20
 Quhat wickitnes or mischeif may be do,
 At thou constrenys nocht mortale myndis thairto?

Pouertye is
 harde cors.

Eftir this affray was fra my banis went,
 Of the goddis thir feirfull wordis quent
 Onto the nobillis and gretast of our men,
 And to my fader first, rehers I then,
 And, quhat thair purpose was, eik I inquire.
 Thai war all of a will and a desire
 To pas furth of this wareit realme of Trace,
 And for to laif this pollute herbry place, 30
 And set our navy to the wind, but weir.
 Tharfor, to Polidorus wp a beir

We ereckit, and of the erd a grete flur
 Kest in ane heip abufe his sepultur :
 Syne, in ramembrance of the saulis went,
 The dolorus altaris fast by war wpstent,
 Crownit with garlandis all of haw see hewis,
 And with the bleknyt cipres deidlie bewis.
 The Troiane wemen stuide with hair doun schaik,
 About the beir weping with mony alaik !
 And on we keist of warme mylk mony a scull ;
 And of the bluide of sacrifice cowpis full : 10
 The saule we bery in sepultur on this wise,
 The lattir halsing syne lowde schowtit thrise,
 Rowpand at anis, adew ! quhen al is done,
 Ilkane per ordour, the mon we follow sone.

CAP. II.

*How that Eneas socht ansueir at Apollyne,
 And how he to the land of Creit salit syne.*

Syne, quhen we se our tyme to saile maist abill,
 'The blastis mesit, and the fluidis stabill,
 The soft piping wind calling to see,
 Thar schippis than furth settis our menze :
 3e mycht haue sene the costis and the strandis
 Fillit with portage and peple thairon standis. 20
 Furth of the havin we salit all anone ;
 The sicht of land and citie sone is gone.
 Amyd the see yclepit Egeos
 Ane haly iland lyis, that hait Delos,

Beluift of Neptune, and the moder alsua
 Of the Nereydes, clepit Dorida :
 Quham the cheritable archer, Apollo,
 Quhen it fleit rolling from costis to and fro,
 Sesit and band betuix vther ilis twa,
 Quhilk clepit ar Mycone and Gyara,
 Stablissing so that it mycht labourit be,
 And comptis nother hie wynd nor storme of see.
 Thidder ar we careit, and, in that plesand land,
 A sovir havin ressaut ws at hand. 10

All wery bene we ischit furth of schip
 The citie of Apollo to wirschip :
 The king thairof yclepit Anyus,
 Prince of the men, and preist eik to Phebus,
 With bendis baith and haly laurer crowne
 Set on his heid, met ws without the toun ;
 His agit freind Anchises kend this king ;
 Handis we schuik with hartlie welcuming,
 And to his palice all with him we went,
 Quhar that I wirschep, as was myne entent, 20
 The god Apollo, within his hallowit hald
 Or temple, beildit all of stanis ald.

O thou, quod I, Apollo Tymbreus,
 Sum propir duelling place thou grant to ws ;
 We the beseik that schaw also thou wald
 To ws irkit sum strenth and stalwart hald,
 And at thou grant ws eik successioun,
 And for to duell in ane remanand toun.
 Salue ws lattir wardis of Troy, that we ne spill,
 Leuingis of Greikis and of the ferce Achill. 30
 Gif ws thine ansueir quharon we sall depend ;
 Quhidder wilt thou, fader, at we now wend ?

Enes
 orations to
 Apollo
 desyring hys
 good counsell
 on hys
 jorney

Quhar sall we set our lugeing to remane ?
 Condiscend in our myndis, and schaw this plane.

Scars war thir wordis said, quhen that I se
 All thingis trymble and schaik neir about me,
 The durris and the laurer tre, but dowl,
 And all the montane movit round abowt.
 A murmour or a rummesing hard we have
 Within the courtene and the secrete cave ;
 The quiet closettis opnit with a rerd,
 And we plat law gruffillingis on the erd, 10
 A voce com till our eris, sayand thus :
 O 3e dour pepill discend from Dardanus,
 The ilk ground, fra quham the first stok came
 Of 3our lynage, with blyth bosum the same
 Sall 3ou ressaue thidder returning agane :
 To seik 3our ald modir mak 3ou bane.
 Thar sal Eneas lynage haue sen3eory
 Of all realmes and landis onder the sky,
 And thair sonnis, and sonnis sonnis syne,
 And al at euir succedis of thair lyne. 20

Appollo
 chawis
 Eneas his
 good fortune
 o come.

Thus said Phebus ; and than, our folkis amang,
 Mixt with blythnes a felloun dyn wpsprang :
 Quhat place was this ? euery ane fast can frane.
 Quhiddir callis Phebus ? biddis he ws turne agane ?
 My fadir than, revoluing in his mynd,
 The discens of forfaderis of our strynd :
 Nobillis, quod he, harkis quhat I sall say,
 And leir at me 3our welefear, I 3ou pray.
 The ile of Crete lyis amynd the see,
 The native land of Jupiter most hie ; 30
 Thar is the first hill, iclepit Ida,
 Thar our forbearis first in thair credillis la ;

The land maist plenteous of wyne, oile, and quheite,
 Inhabeit with ane hundreth citeis greite,
 Quhairfra thair come, gif I ramembir rycht,
 Our greit forfadir Teucus the wycht,
 First to the cost of Rethea in Phrygy,
 And for his citie chesit the sete fast by.
 For ȝit than was nocht Ilion wpbeild,
 Nor the strang wallis of Troy ; bot on the feild
 Thai dwelt in lugis and mony litil cave.
 The adornar eik of our realme we haue 10
 Fro that land, the modir of goddis Cibille,
 And blast of brasin trumpettis, as ȝe se :
 Fro thens come eik the wod of Idea,
 And the traist cerymonis of sacrifice als wa ;
 The fasoun eik and gise we lernit thair
 Quhou the lyonis suld draw the ladyis chair.
 Haue done anone, tharfor, and let us wend
 Thiddir quhar the goddis orakle hes ws kend.
 The wynd first lat ws meis, or that we ga,
 Syne seik the realme of Crete and Gnosia : 20
 It is nocht thens lang cours nor viage far ;
 Our navy sall, with help of Jupitar,
 The thrid morow be at the cost of Crete.
 This beand said, ganand offerandis full mete
 Befor the altaris he slew in sacrifice,
 A bull first to Neptune, as is the gise,
 A bull to brycht Apollo for his beheist,
 And to the god of tempestis ane blak beist,
 And to the chancy wyndis ane mylk quhite. [30
 The fame was than, of Crete the cost stude quite
 Dissolate, but prince ; for Idomeneus the king
 Was by the pepill expellit fro his ring,

The lugeingis void and reddy to thair fais,
 The sete left waist till ony it wptais.
 The port thairwith, Ortygia, laif we,
 And with swift cours flaw throw the salt see ;
 Be the iland swepit we anone
 With hillis full of wynis, hait Naxone,
 By Donyisa quhar growis the marbill grene,
 And by Paroun with his quhite marbill schene,
 By Olearon, and mony ilis, but les,
 Scatterit in the see, iclepit Ciclades, 10
 We slyde throw fludis, endlang feil costis fair.
 The noyis wpsprang of mony marynair
 Besy at thair werk, to takilling euery tow
 Thair feris exhorting, with mony heis and how,
 To speid thame fast towart the realme of Crete,
 With thair forfaderis and progenitouris to mete.
 The followand wynd blew strek in our taile,
 Quhill finalie arrive we, with bent saile,
 Apon the ancyant cost of Curetanis,
 A kynd of pepill quhilk into Crete remanis. 20
 And sone I me enforce with diligence
 To big ane wallit citie of defence.
 Pargamea I namyt it, but baid,
 Our folkis than, that warrin blyth and glaid
 Of this couth surname of our new citie,
 Exhort I to graith housis, and life in lie,
 And rais on hicht the strenth and fortalece.
 Our schippis, or this, full wele we gart addrese,
 And lay almaist apoun the dry sand.
 The 3ong men for to laubour thair new land, 30
 And in honour of wedlock, as is the gise,
 Makis thair offerand and sacrifice,

And I thair statutis and seir lawis thame taucht,
 Assynging ilk ane propir houss and aucht ;
 Quhen sudanlie ane cruell pest and traik,
 So that cornis and fruitis gois to wraik,
 Throw the corruppit air and cours of hevin,
 A deidlie zeir, fer wers than I can nevin,
 Fell on our membris with sic infectioun,
 Was na remeid, cuire, nor correctioun.
 The sweit sawlis leifis the bodeis deid,
 Or seik thai ly gaspand in euery steid ;
 And forder eik, Syryus, the frawart star,
 Quhilk clepit is the sing canicular,
 So brint the feildis, all was barrand maid ;
 Herbis wox dry, wallowing, and gane to faid ;
 The seik ground denyis his fruite and fudis.
 My fadir exhortis ws turne agane our fludis
 To Delos, and Apollois ansueir speir,
 Beseiking him of succouris ws to leir,
 Quhat end ontill our irksom panis he sendis,
 And be quhat way we mycht assay amendis
 Of this turbatioun, or quhiddir and quhar that he
 Will at we seik or sett our course our see.

A description
of the pest.

10

20

CAP. III.

*How Troiane goddis apperis to Enee,
 And how that he was stormested on the see.*

Cum is the nycht, that euery beist on ground
 Desiris rest be kynd, and slepis sound ;

The Troyan
 goddis
 apperes to

Eneas in his
slepe, and
showes him
what he
shal do,
and that
after great
perrellis and
aduersitye
shal cum to
great honour
and prosperite.

Quhen that the figuris of our goddis blist,
And the Phrigiane Penates, or I wist,
Quhilkis fro the myd of firis of Troy I brocht
Thiddir with me, quhar I lay and slepit nocht,
Gan to appeir standand befor my eene :
With full grete lycht graithlie I haue thame sene,
Quhar as the full mone schawing bemys brycht
In throw the tirlist wyndo schane by nycht.
Than said thai thus, with wordis to assuage
My thochtis and my hevy sad curaige : 10
That thing, quod thai, quhilk Apollo wald sa,
And thou war brocht onto Ortygia,
Heir he the schawis, and eik, as thou ma se,
Vnrequirit has send ws hiddir to the.
Quhen Troy was brynt, we followit thi prowes ;
Wnder thi gard to schip we ws addres,
Ourspannand mony swelland seis salt,
And to the sternis eik we sall exalt
The childring for to cum of thine ofspring ;
Thi citie sall we gif empire to ring 20
Our all the erd ; thairfor to goddis grete
Begyne to graith grete wallis and riall sete ;
Leif nocht thi langsum labour, bot flee away ;
This duelling place thou mon change, we the say.
Delyus Apollo, certes, as thou thocht,
To cum onto this cost perswadit nocht,
Nor chargit neuir in Crete thow suld remane.
A land thair is, in Grekis langage plane
Hesperia clepit, a bald cuntre in weir,
A fructuus ground of corne and riches seir ; 30
By king Onotrius inhabeit first with wyne,
Bot in our dais laitlie, the fame is syne,

Eftir thair duik it is namit Italy :
 Thar bene our propir seitis and herbry ;
 Tharof come Dardane and his broder Jasyus,
 And from that ilk prince, Schir Dardanus,
 Is the descence of our genealogy.
 Get wp anone, tell thi awne fadir blythlie
 Thir tithingis, quhilk bene trew and certane thing.
 Seik to Coryte, and Italie the ring ;
 For the feildis in Crete neir Dicteus
 Jupiter denyis to granting onto ws. 10
 Of this visioun astonist quhar I la,
 And of thai wordis quhilkis the goddis gan sa ;
 For this was noder dreame nor fantasy,
 Thair propir visage befor me stand knew I,
 With garlandis and thair cirkillettis on thair hair ;
 Thair figure saw I present to me thair.
 The could suete ouer all my body ran ;
 Furth of my bed on fute sone spreit I than,
 And, strekand wp my handis toward hevin,
 Myne orisone I maid with devoit stevin. 20
 A clene sacrifice and offerand maid I syne,
 Into the firis zettand sens and wyne.
 The cerymonis endit, blyth and glaid
 To my fadir per ordour all I said
 As 3e haue hard ; quhat nedis tell agane ?
 And of this mater maid him full certane.
 Anone he knew our eldaris dowsis ilk deill,
 And of our clan the dowble stok full weill.
 He grantis the vncouth errour him dissaut
 Of ancyant placis, quhilk he nocht persaut. 30
 Syne said he : Son, thou irkit art algatis
 By the contrarius frawart Troiane fatis ;

Now I ramembir onelie how Cassandra
 Full oft maid mentioun of Hesperia,
 And oft als of the realme hait Italy,
 Thir materis me declarand by and by.
 That land now knaw I destinate to our kyn ;
 Bot quha wald haue belevit that euer withyn
 The realme of Itaile Teucus blude suld cum ?
 Or quha wald than, mair than sche had bene dum,
 Set by the prophetes wordis Cassandra ?
 Lat ws obey Phebus, and wend away, 10
 As we bene monest, follow our chance, but pleis.
 Thus said he, and we glaid all him obeis ;
 And few folkis thair left to keip the toun :
 This steid also leif we, and to saile maid boun ;
 In bowit bargis throw the large streme we slyde.
 Quhen sicht of land was tynt on euery syde,
 Sa that na cost apperis, quhilk we mycht se,
 Bot the schippis haldand the deip see,
 The hevin abufe, and fludis all about ;
 A wattery clud, blak and dirk, but dowl, 20
 Gan thar appeir abone our heid full rycht,
 And doun a tempest sent als mirk as nycht.
 The streme apperis wgsom of the dym sky ;
 The wyndis welteris the see continually,
 That huge wallis boldynnis apone loft ;
 Scatterit wydequhar our the fame full oft
 War our schippis, and the brychtnes of day,
 Involuit all with cludis, hid away.
 The rane and roik reft fra ws sicht of hevin ;
 The brokin skyis rappis furth thunderis levin ; 30
 Forswiftit fro our richt cours, gane we ar
 Among the blind wallis waverand far.

A descripti-
 on of the
 tempest.

For Palynurus him self maist expart,
 For all his cuning of schipman craft and art,
 Amyd the see forȝet the rycht way,
 Denyand als that the nycht fro the day
 He mycht discern be sicht of firmament.
 Apon sic wise wncertanlie we went
 Thre dais wilsum throu the mysty streme,
 And als mony nychtis but sternis leme,
 That quhiddir was day or nycht vneith wist we ;
 Bot at the last, on the ferd day we se 10
 On far the land appeir, and hillis rise,
 The smoky vapour wpcastand on ther gise.
 Doun fallis sailis, the airis sone we span ;
 But mair abaid the marinaris euery man
 Egirle rollis our the fomy fluide,
 And the haw see weltis wp as it war wouide.
 Saif fro the wallis at the costis of Strophe,
 With all our navy first arrivit we.

CAP. IV.

*How till Enee the Harpyis did grete wo,
 And of the dreery prophete Celeno.*

Strophades in Grew leid ar nemmit so,
 In the grete see standand ilis two,
 The quhilk see clepit is Ionium ;
 And, in thir ilandis quhiddir we ar becum,
 Dwelt and inhabeit the cruell Celeno,
 With all the vtheris Harpyis mony mo,

20 The tail of
 Harpyes :
 Be Harpyes
 are signifyet
 be the poetis
 thenis and
 robbers, for
 harpaȝo oure
 Greke signi-
 fyis to steall
 or to rob.

Eur sen thai war expellit fro the land
 Of Archade, quhar king Phyneus was dwelland,
 And for dreid at his table durst nocht remane.
 Mair wickit monstreis than thai can be nane,
 Nor nane mair cruell pestilence is fund,
 Nor fury of goddis that cummis fra hellis grund,
 Furth of the fluid of Stix, that sory place.
 Thir fowlis hes ane virginis wult and face,
 With handis like to bowland birdis clewis ;
 Bot the vile belleis of thai cursit schrewis 10
 Aboundis of fen maist abhominable,
 And paill al tyme thair mowthis miserable
 For wod hunger and gredy appetite.
 At this ilk cost as we arrivit als tite
 And in the port enterit, lo ! we se
 Flockis and hirdis of oxin and of fee,
 Fat and tydye, raikand our all quhar,
 And trippis eik of gait, but ony keipar,
 In the rank gersis pasturing on raw.
 With wapnis thame we brittin, but dreide or aw ; 20
 To goddis syne and Jupiter we pray,
 And thame distribute a party of our pray.
 Syne efter, endlang the see costis bay,
 Wp sonkis set, and desis did array ;
 To mete we set with habundance of cheir :
 Quhen suddanlie, with horrible dyn and beir,
 From the montanis the Harpyes on ws fell,
 With huge faird of weingis and mony 3ell.
 Our mesis and our meit thai reft away,
 And with thair laithlie tuiche all thing file thai ; 30
 Thar voce also was wglie for to heir,
 With sa corruppit flewir mycht nane byde neir.

Fro that place syne ontill ane cave we went,
 Vndir a hingand hewch, in a derne vent,
 With treis clois bilappit round about,
 And thik harsk granit pikis standand out :
 Thair, wp agane, our tabillis haue we dycht,
 And on the altaris bet the firis brycht.
 Bot, of the hevin agane, fro syndry artis,
 Out of the quiet hyrnis the rowt wpstartis
 Of thai birdis, with bir and mony a bray,
 And in thair cruikit clawes grippis the pray : 10
 Eur as thai fle about fra seit to seit,
 With thair vile mowthis infek thai all our meit.
 Quhen I saw this, our feris command I than
 Tak thair wapnis, and bargane every man
 Agane thai cruell peple or birdis fell.
 As I thame chargit, schortlie for to tell,
 Sone haue thai done ; and, wnder the gers, all bair
 Full preualie thair swerdis in thai stair,
 And darnelie eik thair targis all ourheildis ;
 So that, quhen the see costis and the feildis 20
 Resoundis at douncom of thir Harpyis,
 Mysenus, the wait, on the hie garret seyis,
 And, with his trumpet, thame a takin maid.
 Our fallowschip thir fowlis gan invaid,
 And wncouth kynd of battell did assay,
 With wapnis for to bete and drive away
 Thir laithlie see birdis of sic effeir.
 Bot thair was na dynt mycht thair fedderis scheir,
 Nor in thair bodeis wound ressaue thai nane ;
 Bot suddanlie away thai wisk ilk ane 30
 Furth of our sicht, heich wp in the sky ;
 The pray half ettin behind thame lat thay ly,

Celenois
innectyfe
oracion.

With fute steidis vile and laith to se.

Ane, on a rolkis pynnakle perkit hie,

Celeno clepit, a drery prophetes,

Furth of hir breist thir wordis warpis expres :

Theyfage lynnage of fals Laomedon,

Addres 3e thus to mak bargane anone ?

Becaus 3e haue our oxin reft and slane,

Britnyt our stirkis and 3ong bestis mony ane,

Schaip 3e, tharfor, Harpyes expell and ding,

But ony offence, furth of thair faderis ring ? 10

Ressaue for that, and in 3our breistis imprent

My wordis, quhilkis I, gretast fury and turment

Schawis 3ou ; that thing quhilk Jupiter maist hie

Schew to Phebus, and brycht Phebus tauld me.

I knaw 3e set 3our cours to Italie ;

3e call eftir guide wyndis and prosper skye ;

To Itaile sall 3e wend and thair tak land.

Bot 3it first, or wallis of the citie wpstand

Quhilk by the goddis is 3ou predestinate,

For strang hunger sall 3e stand in sic state, 20

In wraik of our iniuris and bestis slane,

Thāt with 3our chaftis to gnaw 3e sall be fane,

And runge 3our tabillis all and burdis, quod sche ;

And sone away in the thik wod gan fle.

The suddane dreid so stoneist our feris than,

Thair bluid congelit and all togiddir ran ;

Dolf wox thair spretis, thair hie curage doun fell,

No mair thame likis assaing sic battell ;

Bot, with offerandis and eik devote prayer,

Thai wald we suld perdoun and pece requier, 30

In cace gif thai war goddessis or fowlis,

Vengeable wychtis or 3it laithlie owlis.

Bot our fadir, hevand wp his handis,
 The grete goddis did call, and on the sandis
 Hallowis thair mycht with detfull reuerence :
 O hie goddis, forbid sic violence,
 Stanch this boist and wndo this mischeif,
 Salf peteous folkis, ameis 3our wraith and greif,
 Quod he: and thairwith chargit ankiris hail,
 Do lows the rabandis, and lat doun the sail.
 The south wyndis stentis furth strait our schete ;
 Swiftlie we slyde our bullerand wallis grete, 10
 And followit furth the samyn went we haue,
 Quhar so the wynd and sterisman ws draue :
 Quhil that, amyd the fludis gan we se
 The woddy ile Zacynth, with mony tree ;
 Dulichium syne, and Same we asprie,
 And eik Neritos with his rochis hie ;
 By cragis and hewis of Itachia,
 That was Laertes realme, we slyde alsua,
 And fast we wary and cursit oft, but les,
 That land quhilk bred the cruell Vlixes. 20
 Belife the mysty toppis of mont Lewcas
 Apperis, quharon Apollois temple was,
 That feirfull is to every maryneir.
 All wery of oure voiage thidder we steir,
 And come anone before a little toun,
 And of our foirschip ankiris leit we doun :
 Endlang the costis syde our navy raid.
 And thus at last brocht to land blyth and glaid,
 Quhar as to haue arrivit we nocht belevit,
 We clenge ws first, les Jupiter war aggrevit ; 30
 Syne on the altaris kendlit sacrifice,
 And, langis the channel, eftir the Troiane gyse,

The Actiane gemmis and sportis did assay.
 Our fallowschip exerce palestrale play,
 As thai war wont at hame, with oile anyont,
 Nakit worsling and strougling at nyse poynt.
 Joyous thai war to haue eschaipit at hand
 Sa mony cities of the Grekis land,
 And to haue fled so salfie on this wise
 Throw the myd rowtis of thair enemyse.

CAP. V.

*How Eneas arrivis at Eperia,
 And how he spak thair with Andromaca.*

Be this the son had circuitit his lang 3eir,
 And frosty wynter scharpit the watter cleir 10
 With cald blastis of the northin art.
 Quhen sessoun come that tyme was to depart,
 Apone ane poist of the temple I hang
 Ane bowand scheild of plait, quhilk Abas strang
 Bair vmquhill, and the maneir to rehers
 I notify and titillis with this vers :
Eneas hec de Danais victoribus arma ;
 That is to say, Eneas festnyt thus
 Thir armes of the Grekis victorius.
 Syne, to depart of that havin, I command 20
 Sit down on hechis, and span arys in hand.
 Beselie our folkis gan to pingill and strife,
 Swepand the fluide with lang rowthis belife,
 And wp thai welt the stour of fomy see ;
 Quhill sone the cities of Corsyra tyne we,

And wp we pike the coist of Epirus,
 And landit thair at port Chaonyus :
 Syne to the hie toun of Butrot ascendit,
 Quhar tydingis, oncredible to thame nocht kend it,
 Come to our eris, schawing that Helenus,
 The lachfull sone of the king Priamus,
 Rang king our mony cities in Greke land,
 Berand thair of the sceptour and the wand,
 By resoun of his spous adionit, but les,
 Be Pirrus vmquhill son of Achilles : 10
 And that Andromacha was wed agane
 Onto ane wthir husband and man Troiane.
 Heirowondrit, with breist hait as fire,
 Be fervent luif kendlit in greit desire
 Our cuntreman to vesy, and with him talk
 To know thir strange caisis, on I stalk
 From the port, my navy left in the raid.
 That ilk sessoun, percace, as I furth glaid,
 Before the citie, in ane schaw, I wis,
 Besyde the fenzeit fluide of Symois, 20
 Andromache maid anniuersar sacrifice
 And funerale seruice, on full dolorus wise,
 To Hectouris pulder or his assis brynt :
 Oft wald sche cleip and call, and oneith stint,
 Apone the saulis that wnbodeit war,
 Besyde Hectouris void tomb standand thair,
 Quhilk sche wpbeildit hed of herbis grene,
 With tua altaris ; and oft with weping eene
 Bewalis sche that hard disseverance.
 And als sone as sche me aspyis perchance, 30
 And Troiane armour and ensenzeis with me saw,
 Affrait of the ferlie, sche stuid sic aw,

And at the first blenk become so mait,
 Naturell hait left hir membris in sic stait
 Quhill to the ground half mangit fell sche doun,
 And lay ane lang tyme in a deidlie swoun
 Or ony speche or word sche mycht furth bring ;
 3it thus, at last, said eftir hir dwalmyng :
 Is that thine awin face, and suthfast thing ?
 Schawis thou to me a verray sovir warnyng ?
 Levis thou 3it, sone of the goddes ? quod sche,
 Geif thou be deid, quhar is Hector ? tell me. 10
 And, with that word sche brist out mony a teir,
 And walit so that pietie was to heir,
 Quhill all about dynnis of hir womenting.
 A few wourdis scars as I mycht furth bring,
 For to confort that maist lamentable wucht,
 With langsum speche said, quhisperand as I mycht :
 I leif forsuith, and ledis life as 3e se,
 In all hard chance of fortunis extremite.
 Be nocht agast, 3e se bot suthfast thing.
 Allace ! quhat auentir in this wncouth ring 20
 Is the betide, and hes degradit, quod I,
 Eftir thi husbandis deith, was maist dochty ?
 Or quhat fortune mycht sufficient happin the,
 Spous to maist worthy Hector, Andromache ?
 Art thou, or na, to Pirrhus 3it bywed ?

Hir visage doun sche keist, for schame adred,
 And, with ane bas voce, thus said, as sche mycht :
 O thou allane, befor all madynnis brycht,

Andromache. Happy was, virgine dochter of Priame king,
 Quhilk onder the wallis hie of Trois ring, 30
 Apone thine enemyis graif was made to dee :
 Thou sufferit no cut nor cavillis cast for the,

Nor in bondage away was thou nocht led,
 Nor zit tuichit na victour lordis bed.
 Bot we, quhen that ybrynt war our kind landis,
 Careit our fremmit seis and diuers strandis,
 The dortynes of Achilles ofspring,
 In bondage, wnder the prowld Pirrhus 3ing,
 By force sustenit thraldome mony a day,
 Quhill he at last ensewit ane wther may,
 Hermiony, the dochtir of Helena,
 In fey wedlok at Lachidemonia ; 10
 Than send he me, his servand, hidder thus,
 To be spousit with his servand Helenus.
 But Orestes, cachit in furius raige
 For cryme of his moderis slauchtir, and savage,
 In luif hait birning for his spous bireft,
 Or he was war, set on this Pirrhus eft,
 And in Delphos, quhat nedis wourdis mair ?
 Smaill of his heid before his faderis altair.
 Thus, by deceis of Neoptolemus, 20
 Of the realme ane part fell to Helenus,
 The quhilk boundis and feildis braid alsua
 He hes to name clepit Chaonya,
 Eftir his brothir of Troy Chaonyus,
 And Troiane wallis heir hes beild wp thus,
 And on thir motis a strenth hait Ilion.
 Bot quhat wyndis thi cours hes hidder gone ?
 And quhat aventur hes the hidder drive ?
 Or of the goddis quha maid the heir arrive
 At our marchis, misknawing our estaite ? 30
 How faris the childe Ascanius now of laite,
 Quham to the bair Creuse, thi spous and joy,
 That tyme enduring the seige lay about Troy ?

Levis he zit in heil and in weilfair ?

Ha ! how grete harme and skaith for euermair

That childe hes caught throw lossing of his modir !

O Lord ! quhat ancyant vertewis, ane or wther,

And knychtlie prowes in him steris freindis befor,

Baith fadir Eneas, and his vnclie Hector !

Sic wordis sche spak, weping with peteous mane,

And with lang sobbis furth zettand teris in vane ;

Quhen that hir lord himself cumis fra the toun,

King Priamus son, Helenus of renown. 10

Neir he approchit with full grete cumpany,

And his awne native freindis knew in hy,

And blithlie to his citie has ws led ;

Betuix ilk word feil brycht teris furth he sched.

We passit on, and litle Troy I know,

Like the grete citie counterfeit on raw,

With Ilion, and wallis like Pergama,

And ane small burne half gane dry alsua,

Onto his surname clepit Exanthus.

. At port Seya I entir, and eik with ws 20

All our Troianis togidder welcum war

Onto thair frendlie citie familiar.

In his wyde palice the king ressauit thaim all,

And, in the myddis of the mekle hall,

Thai birlie the wyne in honour of Bacchus ;

Grete feist with joy was maid for luff of ws ;

The meisis and the danteis thik did stand,

And goldin cowpis went fra hand to hand.

CAP. VI.

*How Helenus declaris to Enee
Quhat dangeris he suld thoil on land and se.*

Thus draif we our in solace day be day,
 Quhill at the weddir provokis ws to assay
 Our salis agane ; for the south wyndis blast
 Our piggeis and our pinsalis wavit fast.
 Onto the prophete Helenus tho went I,
 And with sic wordis besocht him reuerently :
 O gentill Troiane, divyne interpretur,
 Quhilk the respons of Phebus has in cur ;
 Quhilk knawis eik the reuelationis
 Of god Apollois divinationis,
 Vnder his trestis and burdis at Delphos schene,
 And into Claryus wnder the laurer grene ;
 That wnderstandis the cours of every star,
 And chirme of every birdis voce on far,
 And every foul on weing fleing in the sky,
 Quhat thai betakin, and quhat thai signify ;
 Say me, I pray, quhat dangeris principally
 Into my cours and vyage eschew sall I,
 Or how I may, or be quhat mene, eschaip
 Sa grete aduersiteis quhilkis bene to me schaip. 20
 For as to me all devote godlie wychtis
 Schew we suld haue a prosper rais at rychtis,
 And euery orakle of goddis admonist eik
 That we the realme of Italie suld seik,
 Ensew thai landis quhilkis war for ws provide
 Alanerly newlingis on that wther syde ;

Eneas
 oration to
 Helenus the
 prophet.
 Quhylke
 schawis
 10 Eneas be an
 lang narra-
 tioun quhat
 perrellis and
 aduersitye he
 most suffer
 or he cum to
 hys purpos
 promist bi
 the Goddis.

Schame for to say, the Harpy Celeno
 Spais onto ws a feirfull takin of wo ;
 A vengeance from the goddis pronuncis sche,
 With schamefull hunger sall happin our menze.

Helenus than, eftir the ritis and gise,
 The 3ong bestis slew in sacrifice,
 Pwrchessing favour of goddis to stanch thair fede,
 And lowsit the garlandis of his haly heide ;
 Syne me, Phebus, he ledis by the hand
 Onto thi temple, on seir materes musand ; 10
 Quhar this grete preist gan spekin and declair
 To me thir wordis of the goddis answair :

Son of the goddes, sen traist is manifest
 That throw deip seis thi viage is adrest,
 And eik, of fortune by the boundis hie,
 The purviance divine wil so it be ;
 The king of goddis so distributis the fatis,
 Rolling the chancis, and turning thame thusgatis :
 Of mony wordis, schortlie, a quhene sall I
 Declair, at thou mair sovirlie thairby 20
 May seik out throw the strange stremis onkend,
 And at ane port of Italie arrive at end ;
 The remanent heirof, quhat euir be it,
 The werd sisteris defendis that suld be wit,
 And eik the dochter of auld Saturne, Juno,
 Forbiddis Helenus to speik it, and cryis, ho !
 First say I the, that tuichand Italy,
 Quhilk thou traistis be at hand and fast by,
 And the adressis ignorantlie, but weir,
 To entir sone in the port, as it war neir, 30
 Lang wilsum wais, and far landis alsua,
 A full grete space dissyveris zou thairfra.

3our airis first into the Cecile see
 Bedyit wele and bendit oft mon be ;
 And of Ausonya the salt stremis eik
 Round about with 3our schippis mon 3e seik,
 And Avernus, clepit the lak of hell,
 And Aheie, the ile quhar Circes dwell,
 Or evir thou may sovirlie wpbeild
 Thi citie in land of Italie or feild.
 I sall the schaw takins thairof full meit,
 Quhilkis thou sall hald within thi mynd secreit : 10
 Quhen thine allane musing as thou sall ga,
 By aventure, endlang a wattir bra,
 And wnder ane aik findis into that steid,
 A grete sow fereit of grysis thretty heid,
 Liggin on the ground, milk quhite, all quhite brodmell
 About hir pappis sowkin, thair, I the tell,
 Is the richt place and stede of 3our citie,
 And of 3our travell ferme hald to rest in lie.
 Nor the nedis nocht to gruich, in tyme to cum,
 The gnawing of 3our tabillis every crum, 20
 Destany sall fynd thairfor ane ganand way,
 And Phebus sall 3ou help, quhen 3e list pray.
 Bot vmbeschew this cost of Italy,
 Quhilk nixt vnto our bordouris 3e se ly,
 Bedyit with flowing of our seis flude,
 Sen all thai cities with wickit Grekis, nocht gude,
 Inhabeit ar ; for the Naricianis,
 Othirwise nemmit Locry, thair remanis,
 Quhilk come with Ajax Oylus to the fecht ;
 And, neir the hill that Salentinus hecht, 30
 The feildis all ar occupeit full meit
 Be Idomeneus the king expellit fra Creit ;

Thair is also the litill citie, but les,
 Of the duke of Melyboy, Philoctetes,
 Clepit Petilia, closit with ane wall ;
 Eschew thir cities and thir costis all.
 Forthir, quhen that beyond the se sall stand
 Al thi navy, and thar wpon the strand
 Settis wp ane altair thi sacrifice to 3eild,
 Thyne haris with ane purpour vaile ourheild,
 Les than amynd the godly fyre, per cace, 10
 Thi enemyis mycht occur, and knaw thi face,
 And so perturbing all thi sacrifice.
 Thou caus thy feris keip the samyn gise
 In thair oblationis, and this vsage condng :
 Obserf, thi self and thi chaist ofspring,
 Every cerymony of our religioun.
 And, fro the wynd hes sett thi cours adoun
 From Itale towart the cost of Sicilly,
 And the strait soundis of the mont Pelory
 Wanysis away pece and pece, than the land 20
 Strekis all tyme towart the left hand,
 And the left syde lang sall thou, but dowl,
 Cirkill, and saile mony seis abowt :
 On the rycht syde the cost and wallis evaid ;
 For thai partis vmquhile, as it is said,
 Be force of storme war in sownder rife,
 And a huge deip gat thair holkit belife.
 Behald quhat change and sa wncouth a cast
 May be misknaw, throw tymis lang bypast ;
 For, quhen that baith thai landis war all ane,
 The seis rage draif in, and maid thaim twane, 30
 And force of streme from the syde of Itale
 The ile of Cecill devidit hes all haile ;

Ane narrow fyrth flowis, baith evin and morne,
 Betuix thai costis and citeis in sounder schorne.
 The richt syde thairof with Scilla vmbeset is,
 And the left with insaciabill Charibdis,
 Quhar, in hir bowkit bysme, that hellis belth,
 The large fludis suppis thrise in ane swelth,
 And wther quhilis spowtis in the air agane,
 Drivand the stour to the sternis, as it war rane.
 Bot Scilla lurkand in derne hiddillis lyis
 Within hir cave, spreidand hir mouth feil syis 10
 To souk the schippis amang the rolkis vnsure.
 Lyke till ane woman hir ovir portratur,
 A fair virgyns body doun to hir scheir ;
 Bot hir hynd partis ar als grete, wele nere,
 As bene ane heiddyous huddoun, or a quhale,
 Quharto bene cuplit mony meirswyne taile,
 With empty mawis of wolfis rawenus.
 Eschew, thairfor, this passage dangerus ;
 For bettir is thou seik the cost about
 Of Pachinnus in Cecill than stand in dout, 20
 And turne thi cours on bawburd, a wele far way,
 Than anis to be into sa hard assay
 As for to se the wgly monstir fell,
 Scilla, and heir the cragis rowt and zell
 For barking of see doggis in hir wame.
 And mairatour, gif outhir wit, or fame,
 Or traist may be gif Helenus the prophete,
 Or gif with verite Phebus inspiris his sprete,
 This a thing, son of the goddes, I the teche,
 Abuse all wther, this a thing I the preche, 30
 And principallie repetis the samyn agane,
 And seir tymis monis heir in plane :

First of Juno thou worschep the grete mycht,
 And glaidlie hallow with sacrifice all at rycht
 The power of Juno, and that mychty princes
 To pleis lawlie with offerandis the addres :
 And on sic wise quhen thou hir favouris hes get,
 And hes also thi cours fra Cecill set
 Towart the boundis of Italie our see,
 Syne, quhen thou art careit to that cuntree,
 And cumin is to the citie of Cumas,
 And by the lakis dedicat to goddis doith pas 10
 Outthrow the soundand forest of Averno,
 Vnder ane roche, law within a caverne,
 Thair sall thou fynd the godly prophetes,
 Full of the spreit divine, that schawis expres
 The revelationis and fatis for to cum,
 In palme tree leifis thame notand all and sum,
 Writand wp euery worde as sal betyde,
 Direckand the leifis per ordour furth on syde.
 Quhat evir this virgine describe in hir endyte,
 Without the cave closit sche layis the wryte : 20
 Thai leifis remainis onsterit of thair place,
 Ne partis nocht furth of reule, quhill percace
 The pipand wynd blaw wp the dur on char,
 And drife the levis, and blaw thame out of har
 In at the entre of the cave agane,
 That all hir first laubour was in vane :
 Bot, fra the blast and 3et perturbit thus
 Thai thyn leifis, scho is so dangerus,
 Neuir eftir denzeing hir within the cave
 To gadder togiddir thame with the wynd bewave, 30
 Ne for to put thame into reul agane,
 Nor joyne hir writis as thai did first remane.

oft the pepill but ansueir gayis thair wayis,
 wariis the sait of Sibyll all thair dayis.
 nocht, for loss of tyme that may betyde,
 how pas to that prophetes, thocht the tyde
 prosper wyndis chaullance the to the sail,
 nocht thi fallowis cry out, hillir haill !
 urd ! ane fair wind blawis betuix twa schetis !
 k hir or thow wend, thocht thine hert betis,
 nning hir woyce, sche plesit schaw the evin
 lestyneis, by hir awn mouthis stevin. 10
 sall riply declair to the in hy
 naneris of all pepill in Italy ;
 batellis for to cum sche wil the schaw,
 on quhat wise all danger thow sall withdraw,
 how thow may all laubourus pane sustene ;
 chep this haly religious woman clene,
 sall the grant ane prosper cours at hand.
 is the effect, schortlie to onderstand,
 I am leuit with my wordis the to charge :
 , pas on, and by thi fatis large 20
 ame of mekle Troy bair wp to hevin !
 ir that this prophet, with his freindlie stevin,
 devyne answeris thus prenosticate,
 wegthy giftis of massy goldin plate
 our schippis chargeit he beir anon,
 greit riches of polist evir bone ;
 ervalis howis ladis and prymys he
 huge charge of siluir in quantite,
 caldronis, and vther seir weschall ma,
 ir land maid at Dodonea.
 e he gaif a thik clowit habirgeon,
 infald hawbrik wes all gold begone,

The prophet
 gifis the
 Troyans
 gyftis.

30

Ane rownd ryche helme with creist and timbrit fair,
 The armour quhilom Neoptolemus bair ;
 Syne to my fader, effering to his age,
 Riche rewardis he gaif of hie parage ;
 Therto also he eikis and gaif ws then
 Gentill horsis, pilottis, and lodismen :
 He ws suppleit with rowaris and marenaris,
 And armour plente at anis for all our feris.

CAP. VII.

*Off Helenus and of Andromache,
 And how fra thaim departing gan Enee.*

**Helenus
 oracioun to
 Anchises.**

In the mene quhile Anchise, my fader, in hy
 Redy for to saille chargis mak our navy, 10
 Les than, percace, it mycht our cours delay,
 Geif so the wind blew fair that other day.
 Quham till this wise interpretour of Phebus,
 Helenus, with great honour carpis thus :
 O thou Anchises, that worthy wes, quod he,
 With fair Venus conionit for to be,
 And twys deliverit by purviance devyne,
 And twice eschapit of Troy the sair rewyne,
 Lo ! 3ounder for the Awsonia or Itaile ;
 Onto 3one cost syde 3ondir sall thou saile. 20
 And natheles, thocht it be necessar
 Out our the see to 3ondir grond 3e fair,
 That part of Itaile is ane far way hyne,
 Quhilk is prouidit 3our kin be Apollyne.

Wend on, says he, thow happy and fortunat
 Of thi devote son by the godlie estait.
 But quharto suld I mak langer delay ?
 As I haif said, farewele, pas on 3our way.
 Quhat nedis with my speche 3ou tary more,
 Or stop this fare wind blawing euin before ?

 This nocht the les, Andromacha, wo begone,
 The lattir tyme we suld depart anone,
 Brocht to us brusit clathis, and riche wedis,
 Figurit and prynnit al with goldin thredis, 10
 And to Ascanus a prowde tawbert gaif,
 Sic as wes honorable him to weir and haif ;
 Him and his feris of hir nedill werk
 And wovin drowreis furnest, worth mony merk.
 And thus sche said : my child, resaue alswa
 Thir remembrance wrocht with my handis twa,
 In takin lang tyme to thinkin apon me,
 Thine vnclc Hectoris wyfe, Andromache :
 Tak thir with the as lattir presandis seir
 Of thi kind native freindis gudis and geir. 20
 O levis me ! the lykest thing leving,
 And verray ymage of my Astianax 3ing !
 Sic ene had he, and sic fair handis tway,
 For all the warld, sic mouth and face, perfay ;
 And, gif he wer on lyf quhill now in feir,
 He had bene evineld with the, and hedy peir.

 Quhat will 3e mair ? quhen we behuffit depart,
 Teris bristing furth on force, and with sair hart,
 To thaim I said : Deir freindis, weill 3e be,
 Weill mott 3e leiff in 3our felicite, 30
 Quham till the prosper fortoun is brocht to end ;
 Bot we from werd to werd and chance mon wend.

Your rest is found, you nedis seuch throw na seis,
 Nor seik feildis of Itale, that euer ws fleis :
 Similitude of Exanthus, and Troy 3e see,
 Quhilk your awn werkis has beildit vp on hie ;
 God grant in bettir tyme it be begunnyn,
 And neuir eft with Grekis force ourcumyn !
 Gif in Tibir to entir me betidis,
 And, on the feildis neir by Tibir sydis,
 May behald wallis vpsett for my men3e,
 Or may the freindlie ceties sumtyme se, 10
 Lat ws of Epirus and of Italie,
 Cummyne baith of Dardanus geneologie,
 And quham to eik the chance of fortoun is ane,
 Make bot ane Troy of athir realmis twane ;
 And this sam lyge with our posterite
 Sall euir remane in faith and vnite.

CAP. VIII.

*Quhair first Eneas Itale did espy,
 And mony strange wentis he salis by.*

Furth on, with this, outthrow the see we slyde,
 By the fairland Cerawnya fast besyde,
 Quhar fra, out our the fludis for to saill,
 The schortast way and cours lyis to Itaill. 20
 Doun gois the son be than, and hillis hie
 Wox dirknyt with schaddowis of the sky ;
 We sort our airis, and chesis rowaris ilk deill,
 And at ane sound or cost we likit weill

A discription
 of time.

We strike at nycht, and on the dry strandis
 Did bawm and beik our bodies, feit, and handis.
 Sone on our irkit lymmis, lethis, and banis
 The naturall rest of sleip slaid all at anis ;
 And, or the speir his owris rollit rycht
 Sa far about that it wes skars mydnycht,
 Nocht sweir, bot in his deidis diligent,
 Palynurus furth of his couch vpsprent,
 Lisnyng about, and harknyng our all quhar,
 With eris prest to kep the wynd or air. 10
 Of every sterne the twinkilling notis he
 That in the stil heuin move cours we se,
 Arthuris huyfe, and Hyades betaiknand rane,
 Syne Watling streit, the Horne, and the Charle wane,
 The feirs Orion with his goldin glaif ;
 And, quhen he hes thaim every one persaisf
 Into the cleir and serene firmament,
 Furth of his eft schip a bekyn gart he stent :
 We rais, and went on burd in our the waill,
 Syne slakis doun the schetis, and maid saill. 20
 Be this the dawning gan at morne wax reid,
 And chasit away the sterris fra euery steid ;
 The dym hillis on far we did espy,
 And saw the law landis of Italy.
 Italy ! Italy ! first cryis Achates,
 Syne all our feris of crying mycht nocht ceis,
 Bot with ane voce attanis cryis, Itail !
 And halsing gan the land with hey and hail.
 Than my fadir, ammyrall of our flot,
 A mekle tankert with wyne fillit to the throt, 30
 And thairon set a garland or a crown,
 And to the goddis maid this orisoun,

anchises
ratione to
he Goddes
or ther
ocour.

Sittand in the hie eft castell of our schip,
With full devoit reuerence and worschip :
O 3e, quod he, goddis haldis in pouste
Weddir and stormis, the land eik and the se,
Grant our wayage ane esy and reddy wind,
Inspire 3our fauoris that prosper cours we find.

discrip-
one of the
list of
salye.

Scars this wes said, quhen, evin at our desyre,
The sesonable air pipis vp fair and schire ;
The havin apperis, and thiddir nerer we draw,
And of Mynerva the strang tempill saw, 10
Set in the castell apon ane hillis hycht.
Our fallowis fangis in thair salis tycht,
And towart the cost thair stevins did addres.
A port thair is, quham the est fludis hes,
In maner of a bow, maid bowle or bay,
With rochis set forgane the streme full stay,
To breik the salt fame of the seis stour :
On athir hand, als hie as ony tour,
The big hewis strekis furth like a wall ;
Within the havin goith loune, but wind or wall, 20
And at the port the temple may nocht be sene.
Heir first I saw apon the plesand grene
A fatale takin, four horsis quhite as snaw,
Gnyppand gersis the large feildis on raw.
Ha ! lugeing land, battell thow ws portendis,
Quod my fader Anchise ; for, as weill kend is,
Horsis ar dressit for the battell feil syse ;
Weir and debait thir stedis signifyis.
Bot, sen the sammyn four futtit beistis eik
Bene oft vsit, full towartlie and meik, 30
To draw the cart, and thoill bridill and ren3e,
It is gud hope pece follow sall, sayis he.

Than wirschep we the godheid and greit mycht
 Of Pallas, with clattering harnes fers in ficht,
 Quhilk hes vs first rasaut glaid and gay ;
 Our hedis befor the altar we aray
 With valis brown, eftir the Troiane gise,
 And, onto Juno of Arge our sacrifice
 Maid reuerently, as Helenus ws bad,
 Obseruyng weill, as he commandit had,
 The seremonyis lele. Syne, but langer delay,
 Fra that perfurnist was our offerand day, 10
 Anon the nokkis of our rays we writh ;
 Doun fallis the schetis of the salis swith ;
 The Gregionis herbry and fronteris suspek
 We left behind, and eftir, in effect,
 Of Taurentum the firth we se, but les,
 Biggit, as thai say, be worthy Hercules ;
 And, our forgane the todir syde also,
 Rais vp Lacinia the tempill of Juno ;
 Of Caulon cite eik the wallis hie,
 And Scillacium quhar schip brokin mony be. 20
 Syne, far of in the see flude, we gan espy
 The birnand Ethna into Sicilly,
 And a fell rage rowtand of the see
 A lang way thens, and on the rolkis hie
 We hard the jawpis bet, and at the cost
 A hiddous braying of brokin seis bost :
 Apon schald bankis boldynis hie the flude ;
 The stour vp bulleris sand, as it war wode.
 My fadir than cryis : How ! feris, help away,
 Streik airis attanis with all the force 3e may : 30
 Na wondir, this is the selcouth Caribdis ;
 Thir horrabill craigis and rokkis heir, I wis,

A discription
of Etna.

Helenus the prophete full weill did ws delare.

The samyn wise as thai commandit ware
 Thai did anon, and Palynurus first
 Hard halis the scheit on syde, and fast gan thrist
 The foirschip to the wallis and the tyde,
 Saland on bawburd toward the left syde ;
 Towart the left, with mony heis and haille,
 Socht all our flot fast baith with routh and saill.
 The swelland swirl wphesit ws to hevin ;
 Syne wald the wall swak ws doun full evin, 10
 As it apperit, vndir the see till hell.
 Thrise the holkit craigis hard we 3ell,
 Quhair as the swelth had the rolkis thirlit ;
 And thrise the fame furth spout, that so hie quhirlyt,
 It semit wattir the sternis, as we thocht.

Be this the son went to, and ws forwrocht
 Left desolat ; the wyndis calmit eik ;
 We, nocht bekend quhat rycht cours mycht we seik,
 War warpit to seewart be the outward tyde
 Of Ciclopes onto the costis syde. 20
 The port, quham to we cappit, was full large,
 And, fra all windis blast, for schip or barge
 Sovir all tyme : bot neur the les, fast by,
 The grisly Ethna did rummyll, schudder and cry ;
 Sum tyme thrawing out, hych in the skyis,
 The blak laithly smuke that oft did rise
 As thunderis blast, and rekand as the pyk,
 With gledis sperkand as the haille als thik :
 Wpsprang the blesis and fyrye lumpis we se,
 Quhilk semit for to lyk the sternis hie ; 30
 Sum tyme it rasis gret rochis, and oft will
 Furth bok the bowalis or entrallis of the hill,

And lowsit stanis vpwarpis in the air
 Round in a sop, with mony crak and rair ;
 The stew of birnand heit law fro the ground
 Wpstrekis thair, that doith to hevin rebound.
 The rumour is, doun throung vndir this mont
 Enchelades body with thondir lyis half bront,
 And hyddous Ethna abuife his belly sett ;
 Quhen he list gant or blaw, the fire is bett,
 And from that furnis the flamb doith brist or glide :
 How oft he turnis our his irkit syde 10
 All Sicill trumbillis, quaking with a rerd,
 And vgly stew ourquheltis hevin and erd.

That nycht, lurkand in woddis, we remane,
 Of ferefull monsteris sufferand mekle pane ;
 Bot quhat causit sic noyes na thing we saw ;
 For nother lycht of planetes mycht we knaw,
 Nor the brycht pole, nor in the air ane sterne,
 Bot in dirk cludis the hevinis warpit derne ;
 The mone wes vndir walk and gaif na lycht,
 Halding full dyme for myrknes of the nycht. 20

CAP. IX.

*Off the Greik clepit Achemenides
 Rehersing Enee the natur of Ciclopes.*

The secund day be this sprang fra the est,
 Quhen Aurora the wak nycht did arest,
 And chais fra hevin with hir dym skyis donk :
 Than suddanlie, furth of the woddis ronk,

We se a strange man, of form vnknaw ;
 A lenar wucht, na mair pynit, I ne saw,
 Nor 3it sa wrechitlie besene a wy ;
 Towart the cost, quhar at we stude in hy,
 His handis furth he strekis askand supple.
 We him behald, and all his corss gan see
 Maist laithlie full of ordour, and his berd
 Rekand doun the lenth neir of a 3erd.
 His talbert and aray sewit with breris ;
 Bot he was Greik be all his vthir feris,
 And vmquhile wes, as eftir weill we kend,
 To Troy intill his faderis armour send.
 This ilk man, fra he beheld on far
 Troiane habitis, and of our armis was war,
 At the first sycht he stentit and stude aw,
 And fra his pace begouth abak to draw ;
 Bot sone eftir cum rynnand in a race
 Doun to the schoir, weping and asking grace.

10

Achemeni-
des piteful
oratyon
to the
Troians.

O 3e Troianis, be all the planetis, quod he,
 Be all the sternis and the goddis hie,
 And be the hailsum spreit of hevinis lycht,
 I beseik tak me with 3ou, cative wucht,
 And leid me in quhat land at euer 3e pleis :
 That may suffice ; that war my hertis eis.
 I knaw me ane of the Grekis navy ;
 In weir to Troy contre, I grant, socht I ;
 For the quhilk deid, gif that of our trespas
 Sa gret the offence and the iniuris was,
 Rent me in pecis, and in the fludis swak,
 Or droun law vndir the large seis wrak.
 Gif that I perishe, it is 3it sum confort
 That I of mennis handis deis at schort.

20

30

Quod he : and thairwith, gruling on his kneis,
 He lappit me fast by baith the theis.
 We him exhort to schaw quhat wes his name,
 And of quhat kynrent and blude cuming at hame,
 And syne to tell quhat fortun had him betyde.
 My fadir Anchise na ma wordis wald byde,
 Bot furthwith gaif that 3oung man his rycht hand,
 And assuris his spreit with that presand.
 He at the last his dreid hes done away,
 And on this wis begouth to carp and say : 10
 Of the realme Ithachia I am, but les,
 And of the company of fey Vlixes,
 And Achemenides onto name I hait,
 Cumin with my fader onto Troy of lait,
 Bot a puir wageor, clepit Adamastus ;
 Wald God 3it the sam fortoun remanit to ws !
 My falloschip vnwitting for3et me heir,
 Quhen thai thir crwell marchis left for feir,
 And in the Ciclopes huge caue tynte me ;
 A gousty hald within, laithlie to se, 20
 Full of vennum and mony bludy mes.
 Bustuus hie Poliphemus set at des
 Thar remanis, that may the sternis schaik ;
 3e goddis deliuer this erd from sic wraik !
 For he is vgsum and grisely for to se,
 Hutit to speik of, and aucht nocht nemmit be.
 Thir wrechit mennis flesche, that is his fude,
 And drinkis worsum, and thair lopperit blude.
 I saw myself, quhen, gruffingis amyde his cave,
 Twa bodeis of our sort he tuke and raif ; 30
 Intill his hiddius hand thaim thrimbillit and wrang,
 And on the stanis out thair harnis dang,

The cruell
 natur of
 Cyclopiæ.

Quhill brane, and ene, and blude all popillit out :
 I saw that crewell fend eik thar, but dout,
 Thar lymmis ryfe and eit, as he wer wod,
 The 3oustir tharfra chirtand and blak blud,
 And the hait flesch ondir his teth flikkerand.
 Bot not wnwrokin, forsuith, this feist he fand ;
 Nor Vlixes list nocht lang suffir this,
 Ne this king of Ithachie himself nor his
 Mychtyne for3et, into sa gret a plycht.
 For samyn as that horrible fendlech wicht 10
 Had eit his fill, and drunk wyne he him gave,
 Sowpit in sleip, his nek fourth of the cave
 He straucht, fordrunkin, ligging in his dreme,
 Bokkis furth and 3iskis of 3oustir mony streme,
 Raw lumpis of flesch and blude blandit with wyne ;
 We the gret goddis besocht, and cavillis syne
 Castis, quhat suld be euery mannis pert ;
 Syne all attanis about and on him stert,
 And, with ane scharpit and brint sting of tre,
 Out did we boir and pyke his mekle E, 20
 That lurkit allane vnder his thrawn front large,
 Als braid as is ane Gregioun scheild or targe,
 Or lyk onto the lantrin of the mone :
 And thus at last haif we revengit sone
 Blythlie the gostis of our feris deid.
 Bot 3e, wnhappy men, fle from this steid,
 Fle, fle this cost, and smyte the cabill in twaine !
 For, quhow grislie and quhow greit I 3ow sane
 Lurkis Poliphemus, 3ymmand his beistis rowch,
 And all thair pappis milkis throuch and throuch, 30
 Ane hundreith vtheris, als huge of quantite,
 Endlang this ilk costis syde of the se,

Greit Ciclopes inhabitis heir and thair,
 And walkis in thir hie montanis our allquhair.
 The mone hes now fillit hir hornis thrise
 With new lycht sen I haif, in this vise,
 My lyf in woddis ledd, but sycht of men,
 In desert hirnys and seir wild bestis den,
 And fer out fra my cavern did espy
 The gryme Ciclopes, and oft thair grisely cry
 And eik stampyng of thair feit maid me trumbill. 10
 My wrechit fuid wes berreis of the brymmil,
 And stanit heppis, quhilk I on buskis fand,
 And rutis of herbis I holkit furth of land.
 And weseand all about, I se at the last
 This navy of 3ouris drawand hiddir fast,
 Quham to I me betaucht, and gan awow
 Quhat flot at euir it wes; for wait 3e quhow
 It is eneuch that I eschapit haue
 3one crowell pepill: I set nocht of the lave;
 For, rather 3e or I fall in sik wraik,
 Quhat deith 3e pleis, the lyf fra me gar taik. 20

CAP. X.

*Off Poliphemus, and mony strange cost,
 And quhow Enee his fadir in Cicill lost.*

Scars this wes said, quhen sone we gat ane sycht
 Apone ane hill stalkand this hiddous wycht,
 Amang his beistes, the hird Poliphemus,
 Doun to the costis beikend draw towart ws,

A discription
 of the mon-
 stours and
 horrybyl
 Poliphemus.

A monstir horrible, vnmesurable and mischaip,
 Wanting his sycht, and com to stab and graip
 With his burdoun, that wes the greit fir tre,
 Femand his steppis, becaus he mycht nocht see ;
 The wollit scheip him followand at the bak,
 Quharein his plesour and delite gan he tak ;
 About his hals a quissill hung had he,
 Wes all his solace for tinsale of his E.
 And, with his staff fra he the deip flude
 Twichit, and cuming at the seis syde stude, 10
 Off his E dolt the flowand blude and attir
 He wische away all with the salt wattir,
 Grassilland his teth, and rummesand full hie :
 He wadis furth throw myddis of the see,
 And ȝit the wattir wet nocht his lang syde.

We far from thens affrayit, durst nocht byde,
 Bot fled anon, and within burd hes brocht
 That faithfull Greik quhilk ws of succurs socht,
 And prively we smyt the cabill in twane :
 Syne, kemband with airis in all our mane, 20
 Wp welteris wattir of the salt se flude.
 He persaut the sound, quhar at he stude,
 And towart the dyn movis his pace anone ;
 Bot quhen he felt at we sa far war gone,
 Sa at his handis ws areik ne mycht,
 Nor the deip see Ionium, for all his hycht,
 Ne mycht he waid equallie ws to arest,
 A felloun bray and huge schout wp he kest,
 Quhare throw the see and all the fludis schuke ;
 The land all haill of Itaile trumbillit and quhoik ; 30
 And how cavernis or furnys of Ethna round
 Rummist and lowit, fordynnit with the sound.

Bot than, furth of the woddis and hillis hie,
 Walknit with the cry a huge peple we se
 Of Ciclopes cum hurland to the port,
 And fillit all the cost sydis at schort.
 Thai elriche brethir, with thair lukis thrawin,
 Thocht nocht awalit, thar standing haif we knawin ;
 Ane horrible sort, with mony cam scho beik,
 And hedis semand to the hevin areik :
 Sic lyke as quhar that, with thair hie toppis,
 The big akis strekand in the air thair croppis, 10
 Or than the cipres berand hych thair bewis,
 Growand in the woddis, or hie wp on hewis
 In schawis ald, as men may se on fer,
 Hallowit to Dyane or jit to Jupiter.
 The scherp dreid maid ws so to cache haist,
 Withdrawand fast, as thocht we had bene chaist,
 And for to sett our saill quhiddel we best mycht
 To follow the wynd, and hald na cours is rycht.
 Aganis the consall of Helenus, oure feris
 Perswadis to hald furth evin the way that steris 20
 Mydwart betuix Caribdis and Scilla,
 A littill space fra deid by ather of twa ;
 For, bot we hald that cours, forowtin faill
 Bakwartis, thai said, on Ciclopes mon we sail.

Bot lo ! anon a fair wynd, or we wist,
 Rais in the north, blawin evin as we list,
 From the strait bay of Pelorus the mont :
 And sone we swepit by, at the first bront,
 The mouth of flude Pantagias full of stanis,
 The sound Megarus, and Tapsum ile atanis. 30
 The names of thir costis, Achemenides,
 The companjeon of wnhappy Vlaxes,

Rekyunis to ws as we past ane by ane ;
 For we returne the samyn went agane
 Quhar thair navy had wauerit by thair rais.

Within the firth of Sicill, forgane the face
 Of the flud Plemerton full of wallis,
 Thar lyis ane iland quhilk our eldaris callis
 Orthigia, quhar that the fame is so
 That Alpheus, ane of the riveris two
 Of the ciete of Elis in Archaid,

Vndir the see gan thidder flow and waid 10
 Throu secret conditis ; and now eik, as thai say,
 Arethusa, at thi mouth or ischay,
 It enteris rynning in the Cicell se.

The gret goddis of that place wirschep we,
 At command of my fadir ; and fra thyne
 The fertile grownd of Helory passit syne,
 Quhilk flude watteris all the feild about.

Thar on the craigis our navy stude in dowl,
 For on blind stanis and rolkis hirssillit we, 20
 Tumblit of mont Pachynus in the see ;

And far fra thens the loch Camerina,
 Quham the fatis forbiddis to do away,
 Apperis to ws, and of Geloy the feildis,
 Quhar at the gret ciete Geta wpbeild is,
 Havand the surname fra the flud fast by.

Syne heich Agragas far of we gan espy,
 Ane hill and cetie with large wallis of force,
 Quhar wmqhile bred war the maist werlyke hors :
 And the also, Selynus, I left behynd,
 For all thi palm treis, with the followand wynd. 30
 The dangerus schaldis and costis wp pykit we,
 With all his blynd rolkis, of Libie.

Thar the port of Drepanoun, and the raid,
 Quham to remember mi hert may neur be glaid,
 Rasauit me, quhar that, allace, allace !
 I leis my fadir, all comfort and solace,
 And all supple of our travale and pane.
 Thair, thair, alaik ! sa feill dangeris bygane,
 And tempest of the see, O fadir most deir,
 Anchises, desolate quhy left thow me heir
 Wery and irkit in ane fremmyt land ?
 O weillaway ! for nocht wes all, I fand,
 That thow eschapit sa mony perrellis huge.
 Helenus the divyne, as we with him gan luge,
 Quhen horrible thingis seir he did adwert,
 Schew nocht befor to me thir harmis smert,
 Nor 3it the fellow and akwart Celeno.
 This wes extreme laubour of pane and wo ;
 This wes the end of all his lang wayage :
 And hiddir syne, warpit with seis rage,
 Apon 3our costis, as I fra thens wes dryfe,
 Sum happy chance and God maid me arrive.

Eneas lost
 his fader.

10

The prince Eneas, on this wise, allane
 The fatis of goddis and rasis mony ane
 Rehersing schew, and syndry strange wentis ;
 The quene and all the Tirianis takand tentis.
 And at the last he cesit, and said na moir,
 Ending his taill as 3e haif hard befor.

20 Conclusioun
 of Eneas
 langorations
 to the Quene

Finis Libri Tertii.

Incipit Prologus Libri Quarti.

THE PROLOG
OF THE FOWRT BUIK OF ENEADOS.

This Proloug
treatis the
strength of
loue, the in-
commoditys
and remead
of the same.



ITH bemys schene, thow bricht Cytherea,
Quhilk onlie schaddowist amang steris
lite,

And thi blindit wingit son, Cupide, 3e twa
Fosteraris of birnyng, carnale, hait delite,
Your joly wo neidlingis most I indite,
Begynnyng with ane fen3et faynt plesance,
Continewing with lust and endit with pennance.

In fragill flesche 3our fekill seid is saw,
Rutit in delite, welth, and fude deligate,
Nursit with sleuth, and mony vnsemelie saw. 10
Quhar schame is lost, thair spredis 3our burgeonis
hait;
Oft to revolf ane vnlefull consait
Ripis 3our perellus frutis and oncorn;
Of vickit grane quhow sall gud schauf be schorn?

The hunt of
vnlesum
loue.

Quhat is 3our force bot febling of the strenth?
3our curius thochtis quhat bot musardry?
3our fremmyt glaidnes lestis nocht ane houris lenth;
3our sport for scham 3e dar nocht specify;
3our frute is bot vnfructuus fantasy;
3our sary joyis bene bot jangling and japis, 20
And 3our trew seruandis silly goddis apis.

3our sweit myrthis ar myxt with bittirnes ;
 Quhat is 3our drery gemme ? a mery pane ;
 3our wark onthrift, 3our quiet is restles,
 3our lust lyking in langor to remane,
 Friendschip turment, 3our traist is bot a trane :
 O luif, quhiddir ar 3ow joy or fulichnes,
 That makis folk sa glaid of thair distres ?

The commo-
dytys of loue.

Salomonis wit, Sampson thow rubbist his force,
 And David thow hyreft his prophesy ;
 Men sayis thow bridillit Aristotle as ane hors,
 And crelit wp the flour of poetry ;
 Quhat sall I of thi mychtis notify ?
 Fare weill, quhar that thi lusty dart assalis,
 Wit, strenth, ryches, na thing bot grace avalis.

10 Exempills of
scripture and
gentles
storyis.

A remayd.

Thow chene of luif, ha benedicite !
 How hard strenis thi bandis every wycht ?
 The God abufe, from his hie maieste,
 With the ibund, law in a maid did lycht :
 Thow vencust the strang gyant of gret mycht ;
 Thow art mair forcy than the deid sa fell ;
 Thow plenest paradise, and thow heriet hell.

20 The feare of
God is the
best remedy
against
vilesum
loue.

Thow makis febill wycht, and lawest the hie ;
 Thow knittis friendschip quhar thar bene na parage ;
 Thow Jonathas confidderat with Dauid ;
 Thow dantit Alexander for all his wassalage ;
 Thow festinit Jacob fourteyn 3eir in bondage ;
 Thow techit Hercules go lerne to spyn,
 Reik Dyoniore his mais and lyon skyn.

The damage
of inordinate
loue.

For luffe Narcissus pereschit at the well ;
For luff thow stervist maist dowchtie Achill ;
Theseus, for luf, his fallow socht to hell ;
The snaw quhite dow oft to the gray maik will.
Alace ! for luff quhow mony thaim self did spill !
Thy fury, luf, moderis taucht, for dispyte,
Fyle handis in blud of thar 3oung childer lyte.

O Lord, quhat writis myne autor of thi force,
In his Georgikis ! quhow thine vndantit mycht
Constrenis so sum tyme the stonit hors, 10
That, by the sent of a mere far of sycht,
He braidis brayis anon, and takis the flycht ;
Na bridle may him dant nor bustius dynt,
Nothir bray, hie roche, nor braid fludis stynt.

The bustius bullis oft, for the 3owng ky,
With horn to horn wirkis vther mony ane wound,
So rummesing with hiddouis lowand cry
The feildis all doith of thar roustis resound ;
The meik hartis, in belling, oft ar found
Mak fers bargane, and rammys togiddir ryn ; 20
Baris twyt thar tuskis, and fret vtheris skyn.

A petefull
history of
Leander and
Hero.

The reuthfull smert and lamentable cace
Quhilk thar he writis of Leander 3ing,
How for thi luiff, Hero, alace, alace !
In fervent flamb of hait desyre birnyng,
By nychtis tyde, the hevynis lowd thundring,
And, all with storme trubillit, the seis flude
Bettand on the rolkis, and rowtand as it war wode,

Set he him nocht to swym our, weil away !
 The fyrrth betwixt Sestos and Abidane,
 In Europ and in Asia citeis twa ;
 His fadir and modir mycht him nocht call agane ;
 O God, quhat herme ! thar was he drint and slane ;
 And quhen his lufe saw this mischeif, attanis
 Out our the wall scho lap, and brak hir banis.

Lo, quhow Venus can hir seruandis acqute !
 Lo, how hir passionis vnbridillis all thar witt !
 Lo, quhow thai tyne thaim self for schort delyte ! 10
 Lo, quhow from grace to all mischeif they flit,
 Fra weill to sturt, fra pane to deid ! and 3it
 Thar bene bot few example takis of vther,
 Bot wilfully fallis in the fyre, leif brother.

They are
 wise that can
 tak ex-
 ample of
 other to fle
 vyce and
 followe
 vertue.

Be nevir ourset, myne author teichis so,
 With lust of wyne, nor werkis veneriane ;
 Thai febill the strength ; rewelys secreit baith twa
 Strif and debait engeneris, and feill hes slane ;
 Honestie, prowes, dreid, schame and luk ar gane
 Quhar thai habound ; attempir thaim forthy.
 Childir to engener ois Venus, and nocht in vane ; 20
 Haue na surphat, drink nocht bot quhen thow art dry.

The moderat
 vs of vyne
 and venus.

Quhat ? is this luif, nys lufferis, at 3e mene,
 Or fals desait, fair ladeis to begyle ?
 Thame to defoull, and schent 3our self betwene,
 Is all 3our lyking, with mony subtell wyle.
 Is that trew luif, guid faith and fame to fyle ?
 Gyff luff be vertu, than is it lefull thing ;
 Gyf it be vice, it is 3our ondoing.

Quhat loue
 is.

The
d'uisiōne
of loue.

Lust is na luif, thocht ledis lyk it weil ;
This furius flamb of sensualite
Ar nane amoris bot fantasy 3e feill ;
Carnale plesance, but sycht of honeste,
Hatis him self forsuith, and luffis nocht the ;
Thar bene twa luffis, perfyte and imperfyte,
That ane lefull, the tother foull delite.

Naturall
loue.

Luffe is ane kyndlie passioun, engenerit of heit
Kendlit in the hert, ourspredand all the cors ;
And, as thow seis sum persoun waik in spreit, 10
Sum hert hait brenyng as ane vnbridillit hors ;
Lyke as the pacient hes heit of our gret force,
And in 3oung babbeis warmnes insufficient,
And in to agit fail3eis, and is out quent.

Inordinat
loue.

Rycht so in luffe thou may be excessive,
Inordinatlie luiffand ony creature ;
Thi luff also it may be defective,
To luff thi awin and gyf of vtheris na cuir ;
Bot quhar that luff is rewlit with mesure, 20
It may be lyknit to ane haille mannis estait,
In temperat warmnes, nother to cald nor hait.

All loue
against God
is wickednes.

Than is thi luiff inordinat, say I,
Quhen ony creatur mair than God thow luffis ;
Or 3it luffis ony to that fyne, quharby
Thi self or thaim thow frawart God removis :
For till attemptir thine amouris the behuffis ;
Luf euery wycht for God, and to gud end,
Thame be na wise to harm, bot to amend.

This is to know, luif God for his gudnes,
 With hert, haill mynd, trew service, day and night ;
 Nyxt luif thi self, eschewand wekitnes ;
 Luf syne thi nychtbouris, and wyrk thame nane Loue shuld
be reulyd
by reason.
 vnricht,
 Willing that thow and thai may haif the sycht
 Of hevinis blis, and tyst thaime nocht tharfra,
 For, and thow do, sic luif dow nocht a stra.

Faint luif, but grace, for all thi fenzeit layis,
 Thi wantoun willis ar verray vanite ;
 Graceles thow askis grace, and thus thow prayis ; 10
 Haif mercy, lady, haif reuth and sum piete !
 And scho, reuthles, agane rewis on the.
 Heir is na peramouris found, bot all haterent,
 Quhar nother to weill nor ressoun tak thai tent.

Callis thow that reuth, quhilk of thar self ne rekkis ?
 Or is it grace to fall fra grace ? Nay, nay ;
 Thow seikis mercy, and tharof mischeif makis :
 Renoun and honour quhy wald thow drive away ?
 A brutall appetite makis jong fulis forvay,
 Quhilk be resoun list nocht thar heit refrane, 20
 Halding opinioun der of a borit bane.

Sayis nocht 3our sentence thus, scant worth a fas,
 Quhat honestie or renoun is to be dram ?
 Or for to droup like a fordullit as ?
 Lat ws in riot leif, in sport and gam,
 In Venus court, sen born thar to I am ?
 My tyme weill sal I spend. Wenis thow nocht so ?
 Bot all 3our solace sall returne in gram,
 Sic thewles lustis in bittir pane and wo.

Vnlefull loue
turnis men
into bestes.

Against ald
echerous
pepyl

Thow ald hasart lychour, fy for schame
That flotteris furth euermair in sluggardry ;
Out on the, ald trat, agit wife, or dame,
Eschamis na thing in roust of syn to ly !
Thir Venus werkis in 3outheid ar foly,
Bot in to eild thai turne in fury rage ;
And quha schameles dowblis thar syn, ha fy !
As doith thir vantouris othir in 3outh or age ?

It is na
wisdom to
gloyr in
wyldnes.

Quhat nedis avant 3ow of 3our wickitnes,
3e that bene forcy alane in villance deid ? 10
Quhy gloir 3e in 3our awin onthriftynes ?
Eschame 3e nocht rehers and blaw on breid
3our awin defame, havand of God na dreid,
Nor 3it of hell, prouokand vtheris to syn,
3e that list of 3our paljardry neur blyn ?

Wald God 3e purchest bot 3our awin mischance,
And war na banareris for to perische mo !
God grant sum tyme 3e turne 3ow to penance,
Refrenyng lustis inordinat, and cry ho !
And thar affix 3our luif, and myndis also, 20
Quhar euer is verray joy without offence,
That all sic beistlie fury 3e lat go hence.

Agaynst
makrellis.

Of brokaris and of sic bawdry quhow suld I write,
Of quhom the filth stinkis in Godis neis ?
With Venus henvifis quhat wyse may I flite,
That strakis thir wenchis hedis thaim to pleis ?
Dochtir, for thi luif this man hes gret diseis,
Quod the bismeir with the slekit speche :
Rew on him, it is merit his pane to meis.
Sic poyd makrellis for Lucifer bene leche. 30

Eschame, zing virginis, and fair damicellis,
 Furth of wedlok for to distene 3our kellis !
 Traist nocht all talis that wantoun woweris tellis,
 3ow to diffLOUR purposing, and nocht ellis ;
 Abhor sic price or prayer wirschip sellis ;
 Quhar schame is lost quyte schent is womanheid.
 Quhat of bewte, quhar honestie lysis deid ?

A gud
 counsall to
 all wemen.

Rew on 3our self, ladyis and madynis zing,
 Grant na sic reuth for evir may caus 3ow rew.
 3e fresche gallandis, in hait desyr brening, 10
 Refrene 3our curage sic peramouris to persew ;
 Ground 3our amouris on cherite all new ;
 Found 3ow on resoun ; quhat nedis mair to preche ?
 God grant 3ow grace in luif, as I 3ow teche !

Nyxt the
 fear of God,
 reason is
 the best
 remedy
 against this
 vice.

Fy on desait and fals dissimulance,
 Contrar to kynd wyth fenzeit cheir smyling,
 Wndir the cloke of luffis obseruance,
 The venom of the serpent redy to sting !
 Bot all sic crymes in luffis caus I resing
 To the confessioun of morall Ihon Gower ; 20
 For I mon follow the text of our mater.

Thy dowble wound, Dido, to specify,
 I mene thine amouris, and thi funerale fait,
 Quhay may endite, but teris, with ene dry ?
 Augustyne confessis him self wepit, God wait,
 Reding thi lamentable end infortunate.
 By the will I repeat this vers agane,
 Temporall joy endis with wo and pane.

He returns
 to Dydo
 womenting
 hyr miser-
 aby l end
 beyng afore
 nobyll
 prudent
 temperat and
 valiant a
 quene
 distroyt by
 furious loue.

Allace, thi dolorus cace and hard myschance !
 From blis to wo, fra sorow to fury rage,
 Fra nobillnes, welth, prudence and temperance,
 In brutall appetite fall, and wild dotage ;
 Danter of Affrik, Quene fundar of Cartage,
 Vmquhile in riches and schynyng gloir ryngyng,
 Throw fuliche lust wrocht thi awin vndoing.

Lo ! with quhat thocht, quhat bitternes and pane
 Luif vnseilly breidis in euery wycht !
 How schort quhile dois his fals plesance remane ! 10
 His restles blis how sone takis the flycht !
 His kyndnes alteris in wraith within a nycht :
 Quhat is, bot turment, all his langsum fair,
 Begun with feir, and endit in dispair ?

Quhat sussy, cuir, and strang ymagynyng,
 Quhat wayis vnlefull, his purpois to attene,
 Has this fals lust at his first bigynnyng !
 Quhow subtell wilis, and mony quiet mene !
 Quhat slycht dissait quently to flat and fene ;
 Syne in a throw can nocht him selfin hyde, 20
 Nor at his first estate no quhile abyde !

The grete
 care that
 louers takis
 for theyr
 schort
 plesour.

Thow swelth, deuorer of tyme vnrecouerable,
 O lust, infernale furnis, inextinguible,
 Thy self consumyng worthis insaciable,
 Quent feyndis net, to God and man odible !
 Of thi trigittis quhat tounge can tell the tribble ?
 With the to wersill, thow waxis euirmoir wycht ;
 Eschew thine hant, and mynnis sall thi mycht.

Se, quhow blind luifis inordinat desyre
 Degradis honour, and resoun doith exile !
 Dido, of Cartage flour, and lamp of Tyre,
 Quhais hie renoun no strenth nor gift mycht file,
 In hir faynte lust so mait, within schort quhile,
 That honestie baith and gud fame wer adew,
 Syne for disdene, alace ! her selfin slew.

Blind lufe is
 agaynst
 honour and
 reason,
 quhilk he
 prenes be the
 example of
 Dydo quene
 of Carthage.

O ! quhat avalit thi bruit and glorious name,
 Thi moblis, tressour, and werkis infinite,
 Thi ceteis beilding, and thi riall hame,
 Thi realmis, conquest, weifare and delite ?
 To stint all thing salue thine awin appetite,
 So was in luif thi frawart destanie ;
 Alace the quhile thow knew the strang Enee !

10

And sen I suld thi trigidy endite,
 Heir nedis nane vther inuocatioun :
 Be the command I lusty ladyis quhite,
 Be war with strangeris of vncouth nacioun
 Wirk na sic wondris to their dampnacioun ;
 Bott till attayne wild amoris at the thai leir ;
 Thi lusty pane begouth on this maneir.

Admonicion
 to gentill
 women.

20

Finis Prologi Quarti Libri.

THE FOWRT BUIK OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

*The thochtfull queyn, with mony amorus claus,
Till hir sister complenis in luffis caus.*

The fourth
boke in the
personne of
Dido queene
of Cartage
plaines at
length the
gret strength
and sindri
affections of
loue.
The Quenes
oracion to
hyr syster
Anna com-
mendyng
and praysyng
Eneas for
hys nobil
vartues and
valyantnes.



DE this the Queyn, with havy thochtis
onsound,
In euery vane nurisis the greyn wound,
Smyttin so deip with the blynd fyre of
lufe,

Hir trublit mynd gan fro all rest remufe.
Compasing the gret prowes of Enee,
The large wirschip feill syse remembris sche
Of his lynage and folkis ; for ay present
Deip in hir breist so wes his figur prent,
And all his wordis fixt, that, for besy thocht,
None eis hir membris nor quyete suffir mocht. 10

The nixt day following, with his bemis brycht
As Phebus did the ground or erd alycht,
Eftir the dawning heth the donk nychtis clud
Chasit fra the sky, and the air new schroud ;
Full evill at eis queyn Dido on this kynd
Spak to hir sister, was of the sammyn mynd.
My sister An, quhat swevynis bene thir, quod sche,
Quhilk me affrayis in sic perplexite ?
Quhat be he, this grete new gaist or strangere,
Onto our realm laitlie is drevin heir ? 20

Quhow wise in speche, and in his commonyng,
 He schawis himself ! O God, quhat wondir thing !
 How stowt in curage ! in weir how vailzeand !
 I trow sistir, and, as I ondirstand,
 My opynioun is nane vncertane thing,
 Thai bene sum lynage of verray goddis offspring ;
 For dreid alwayis and schamefull cowardice
 Degenerit wychtis and bowbartis notifiis.
 Allace ! quhat wondir fatale aventuris
 Has him bywaif ! quhat travale, pane and curis,
 How huge battelis, be him eschewit, tald he !
 Now, certis, wer it nocht determyt with me, 10
 And fixt in my mynd vnmovably,
 That to no wycht in wedlok me list I
 Cupill nor knyht, sen my first luif is gane,
 By deid disseuerit, and left me allane ;
 War nocht also to me is displesant
 Genyus chalmer or mätimone to hant ;
 Parchance I mycht be vencust in this rage,
 Throw this a cryme of secund mariage.
 Annes, I grant to the, sen the disceis
 Of my sary husband Siche, but leis, 20
 Quhar that our hous with broderis deid wes spreit,
 Only this man hes movit my entent,
 And hes my mynd inducit to forvay :
 I know and felis the wemmys and the way
 Of the ald fyre and flamb of luffis heit.
 Bot rather I desyre baith cors and spreit
 Of me the erd swelly law adoun,
 Or than almychty Jove with thunderis soun
 Me smite full deip into the schaddowis dern,
 Amang pail paill gaistis of hellis hole cavern, 30

A batell
 betwyx
 honesty,
 schamfulnes,
 and loue, in
 the which
 the quene
 enclines a
 lytel to
 reason sup-
 pressing
 fengetly hyr
 awyn
 appetite.

In the profound pot of deith and dirk nycht,
 Or I becum sa schamfull wrechit wycht
 That I my honestie fyle or womanheid,
 Or brek 3our lawis ; na, quhill I be deid !
 He, that me first to him in wedlok knyt,
 My first flour of amouris tuk, and 3it
 For euir mar with him he sall thaim haif,
 And he most keip thaim with him in his graif.
 Thus saying, the brycht teris anon out brist,
 And fillit all hir bosum or scho wist.

Annes answerit : O thow, sa mot I thrife,
 To thi sistir derar than hir awin lyfe, 10
 Quhiddir gif thow will allane, in wedowheid
 Euir murnand thus waist away thi 3outheid !
 Nother 3it the confort of sweit childring thow knawis,
 Nor the plesour felis of Venus lawis ?

Annes
 ansuer to the
 quene ex-
 horting the
 quene with
 dyuers argu-
 mentes to
 mariage with
 the nobyll
 and valeante
 prynce
 Eneas.

Quhat ! wenys thow assis cald and gaistis in graif
 Of all sic waling ony feist sall haif ?
 In cais that in thi dule affoir thir dayis,
 Thi lord new deid, the list inclyne na wayis
 Nothir prence nor duke to tak as for husband ;
 Suppois thow lychtlyit thame of Lybie land, 20
 Hyarbas king, and othir heris all,
 Quhilkis in the riche sul3e trivmphall
 Of Aphrik boundis duelling wydequhair ;
 Quhat ! wilt thow als debating euermair
 Agane this likand luif, cumis of plesance ?
 Considdiris thow nocht, and has in remembrance,
 Amyddis quhais ground heir thow remanis ?
 On this hand, ceteis of Getulianis,
 A kynd of peple invincible in battell ;
 Heir the vndantit folk of Numyda duell ; 30

And, on that vther part, wmbeset, I wis,
 We ar with bustius and vnfreindlie Syrtis ;
 And 3ondir the desert regioun alsua,
 Ay full of thrist, in burnand Libia,
 And wydequhar thens the wild peple of Barchay.
 The weris moving from Tyre quhat sall I say,
 And the gret brag and mannance of our brother ?
 Be dispositioun of goddis, I wene, non vther,
 And by the purviance of Juno, to our supple,
 The Troiane schippis by prosper wind our see
 Heth hiddir sett thair coursis fortunate.
 O sistir myne, consididir in quhat estate 10
 This cietie, quhilk thow beildis sall vprise !
 Persaue quhow that this realm may, on sic wise,
 Bene wphiet throw sa nobill a mariage !
 Behald quhow meikle the gloir of Cartage
 Sal be extollit, and increas in every thing,
 Throw help in armes of the Troianis offspring !
 Quharfor the nedis beseik goddis of thair grace,
 With sacrifice, to be favorable in this cace.
 Do sett alhail thi cuir and diligence
 To causing him mak with the residence, 20
 And fenze causis to tary him, and withhald
 Sa lang as thus, during the winter cald,
 The sey ragis throw wattry Orion,
 And quhill the stormis be all our blawin and gon :
 And quhill his schippis, with the tempest schaik,
 Be bet, byd spair nother fyr, elm, nor aik.

CAP. II.

*Dido inflambit in the lusty heit,
With amorus thochtis trublis all hyr spreit.*

With thir wordis the spreit of Dido queyn,
The quhilk befor in luif wes kendillit greyn,
Now all in fyre the flamb of luif furth blesis ;
Hir dowtsum mynd with gud hoip so sche hesis
That all the schame and dreid was blaw away ;
And to the temple furth held thai baith tway.
Eftir the seremonyis of thir payane gise,
Beneuolens and gud luk, syndry wise,
Thai beseik and thai sers at ilk altar ;
And twintiris, walit for sacrifice, heir and thar 10
Thai brittinit ; and sum in honour did addres
Of the law ledar Ceres, the goddes ;
To Phebus, and to Bacchus part also ;
Bot principally onto the quene Juno,
Quhilk heth in cuir the band of mariage.
Hir self, most gudlie quene Dido of Cartage,
Held in hir rycht hand a cowp full of wyne ;
Betuix the hornis twa furth zett it syne
Of ane vntamyt zounge quoy, quhite as snaw :
And, other quhilis, wald scho raik on raw, 20
Or pas tofore the altaris, with fatt offerandis
Ay chargit full, and oft, with hir awin handis,
Renew and beit the sacrifice all day,
And riche giftis gif Troianis, and wald ay
The beistis costis, as thai debowalit wer,
And thair entrallis behald flekkir and steir,

According the ald vsans to that effect,
Sum augury to persaif or gud aspect.

O walaway ! of spamen and diuinis
The blind myndis, quhilkis na way diffynis
The force nor strenth of luif with his hard bandis !
Quhat awalit thir sacrifice or offerandis ?
Quhat helpis to vesy templis in luiffis rage ?

Behald onhappy Dido of Cartage
In this meyne sessoun birnyng hait as gleid ;
The secret wound deip in hir mynd gan spreid,
And of hoit amoris the subtell quent fyre
Waistis and consumis merch, banis, and lyre.
Our all the cetie enragit scho heir and thar
Wandris, as ane strikin hynd, quhom the stalker,
Or scho persaif, from far betis with his flane
Amyde the woddiss of Crete, and lattis remane
The braid heid, vnknow the best was hit ;
Scho skipping furth, as to eschew the bitt,
Gan throw the forrest fast and gravis glyde ;
Bot euir the deidlie schaft stikkis in hir syde.

10

20

**Exclamation of the
strengthen of
luf, against
speymen,
diuins and
ther sacri-
ficya.**

Sum tyme the quene Enee with hir did leid
Throw out the wallis onto euery steid,
The tresour all and riches of Sydony,
Schawing to him ; and offerit all reddy
The cetie of Cartage at his commandment :
Begyn scho wald to tell furth hir intent,
And in the myd word stop, and hald hir still :
And quhen the evin coyme, it wes hir will
To seik wayis hym to feist, as sche did air ;
And, half myndles, agane sche langis sair
For tyll inquire and heir the sege of Troy,
And in a stair behaldis hym for joy.

30

The strength
of love in the
Queen being
solitary and
alone.

Eftir all wes voydit, and the lycht of day
 Ay mair and mair the mone quenchit away,
 And the declyning of the sternis brycht
 To sleip and rest perswadis euery wycht,
 Within her chalmer allane scho langis sair,
 And thocht all waist for lak of hir lufair.
 Amyd ane woid bed scho hir laid adoun,
 And of him absent thinkis scho heris the soun ;
 His voce scho heris, and him behaldis sche,
 Thocht he, God wait, fer from her presence be ; 10
 And sum tyme wald scho Ascanius, the page,
 Caucht in the figur of his faderis ymage,
 And in hir bosum brace, gif scho tharby
 The luif vntellable mycht swyk or satisfy.
 The werk and wallis begovn ar nocht wpbrocht ;
 The 3oungkeris deidis of armes exercis nocht ;
 Nodir fortreis nor turratis suir of weir
 Now graith thai mair ; for all the werk, but weir,
 Cessis and is stoppit, baith of pynnakles hye,
 And byg towris, semyt to ryse in the skye. 20

Lone makis
 people
 negligent.

CAP. III.

*Till Venus carpis Juno the goddes,
 And of thair speche and sermon mair and les.*

Als wyth as Juno, with sic malice ourtane,
 Persauit hir deir freind that remeid was nane,
 Nother fame nor honour the rage resist mycht,
 Saturnus douchtir with sic wordis on hycht

Begouth to carp onto Venus, I wys :
 A huge honor and lavde 3e sall of this
 Report, and rycht large spulze beir away,
 Thow and thi child forsuith, quod sche, baith tway ;
 O Lord, quhow gret powar and notable mycht,
 Gyf that, of twa hie goddis throw the slycht,
 A silly woman sall ourcummin be !
 Nocht swa, I wis, has thow dissaut me,
 Bot that I knaw thow had in feir and dreid
 Our cetie, and held the lugeing suspect, in deid, 10
 Of our renownit hie burgh of Cartage.
 But on quhat wis sall cesing all this rage ?
 Or now quhat nedis sa gret strif and kontak ?
 Fer rather perpetuall pece lat ws mak,
 And knyt wp band of mariage thertill,
 Sen thow hes gottin all thine hartis will ;
 For Dido birnis in hait luif all at anis,
 The brym fury glidis throw out hir banis.
 Lat ws thir peple to ws common, forthy,
 Be freyndlie favoris govern equaly ; 20
 So that it lesum be Dido ramane
 In spouses bund, and serue a lord Troiane,
 And suffir Tirianis, and all Libie land,
 Be gyf in drowry to thi son in hand.

Junos anset
 oracion to
 Venus.

Venus
 answers.

Than Venus, knawing hir speche of fenzeit mynd,
 To that effect scho mycht the Troiane kynd,
 And weris to cum furth of Itail alswa
 Withhald and keip fra boundis of Libia,
 Answerit and said : quhat wickit wycht wald ever
 Refuse sic proffer, or 3it with the had lever 30
 Contend in batale, or stand at debait ?
 Gif that, as thow rehërsis, the deid algait

Als sovirlie mycht follow fortunable ?
 Bot I affeir me les the fatis onstable,
 Nor Jupiter, consent nocht, ne aggre,
 That bot a citie to Tyrianis suld be
 And eik to folkis from Troy in vayage cuming,
 Or list appreif thai peplis all and summyng
 Togiddir middle, or jone in lig or band.
 Thow art his spous ; till the to tak on hand
 Is lefull with request his mynd to assay.
 Pas on befor, I follow the, perfay. 10

Than Juno quene sik answeir maid agane :
 This laubour I tak on hand, all myne allane.
 Bot on quhat wise, sen tyme is convenable,
 The fassoun how this stant to do most able,
 Hark, at schort wordis that poynt I sall 3ow say.
 Eneas and onsilly Dido, baith tway,
 To forrest grathis in hunting furth to wend,
 To morrow, als fast as Titan doith ascend,
 And our the warld gan his bemis spreid.
 Quhen that the rangis and the faid on breid 20
 Dynnis throw the gravis, sersing the woddis wyde,
 And setis sett the glen on euery syde,
 I sall vpon thaim a mirk schour doun schail
 Of weit and wynd, mydlit with felloun haill,
 And all the hevin with thunderis blast sa steir
 That all thair falloschip sall withdraw for feir.
 Enclosit with a mist als dirk as nycht,
 Dido and eik the Troiane duke full rycht,
 Alanerlie, bot be thaim selfin twane,
 Togiddir sall entir in ane caif of stane ; 30
 Thar sall I be reddey, and, but delay,
 Gif thi mind be ferm therto the ilk day,

In sovir wedlok I sall conione hir thar,
 To be his propir spous for euer mair :
 Apon this wise thar wedding sall be wrocht.

Affermis all hir will, contrarying nocht,
 Of Cetheron Venus the goddes brycht,
 Lauching scho fund had so controvit a slicht.

CAP. IV.

*Quhou that the Quene to hunteyn raid at morow,
 And of the first day of hyr joy and sorow.*

Furth of the see, with this, the dawning springis.
 As Phebus rais, fast to the 3ettis thringis
 The chois galandis, and huntmen thaim besyde,
 With ralis and with nettis strang and wyde,
 And hunting speris stif with hedis braid ;
 From Massylyne horsmen thik thiddir raid,
 With rynning hundis, a full huge sort.
 Noblis of Cartage, hovand at the port,
 The quene awatis that lang in chalmer dwellis :
 Hir fers steid stude stamping, reddy ellis,
 Rungeand the fomy goldin bitt jingling ;
 Of goldin pall wrocht his riche harnissing ;
 And scho, at last, of palice ischit out,
 With huge menze walking hir about,
 Lappit in ane brusit mantill of Sydony,
 With gold and perle the bordour all bewry,
 Hingand by hir syde the cais with arrowis ground ;
 Hir brycht tressis envelopit war and wound
 Intill a kuafe of fyne gold wyrin threid ;
 The goldin buttoun claspit hir purpour weid.

10

20

The quenis
 tryne with
 hir com-
 panye pas-
 syng to
 huntynge.

And furth scho passit with all hir company :
 The Troiane peple forgadderit, by and by
 Joly and glaid the fresche Ascanius 3ing.
 Bot first of all, most gudlie, hym self thar king,
 Enee gan entir in falloschip, but dout,
 And vnto thaim adionynt his large rowt.
 Lyk quhen Apollo list depart or ga
 Furth of his wintring realm of Lisia,
 And leif the flude Exanthus for a quhile,
 To vesy Delos his moderis land and ile, 10
 Renewand ringis and dancis, mony a rowt ;
 Mixt togiddir, his altaris standing abowt,
 The peple of Crete, and thaim of Driopes,
 And eik the payntit folkis Agathirces,
 Schowtand on ther gise with clamour and vocis hie ;
 Apoun thi top, mont Cynthus, walkis he,
 His wavand haris, sum tyme, doing down thring
 With a soft garland of lawrere sweet smelling,
 And wmquhile thaim gan balmyng and anoynt,
 And into gold addres, at full gude poynt ; 20
 His grundin dartis clattering by his syde.
 Als fresch, als lusty did Eneas ryde ;
 With als gret bewtie in his lordlie face.

And eftir thai ar cumin to the chace,
 Amang the montanis in the wild forrest,
 The ryning hundis of cuplis sone thai kest,
 And our the clewis and the holtis, belyf,
 The wild bestis down to the daill thai drive.
 Lo ! ther the rais, rynning swyft as fyre,
 Drevin from the hychtis brekkis out at the swyre ;
 Ane vther part, syne 3onder mycht thow see [30
 The hirdis of hartis with ther heidis hie,

Ourspyennerand with swyft cours the plane vail,
 The hepe of dust wpstouring at thair taill,
 Fleand the hundis, leiffand the hie montanis.
 And Ascanyus, the child, amyde the planis,
 Joyus and blyth his sterltling steid to assay,
 Now makkis his renk 3ondir, and now this way,
 Now prekis furth by thir, and now by thaim ;
 Langyng, amang faynt frayit beistis vntame,
 The fomy bair down from the hillis hycht.
 Or the dun lyon descend, recontir he mycht.

Ascaneus
stoutnes.

10

In the meyn quhile, the hevinnis all about
 With fellon noyis gan to rummyll and rowt.
 A bub of weddir followit in the taill,
 Thik schour of rane myddillit full of haill.
 The Tyrian men3e skalis wydequhair,
 And all the galandis of Troy fled heir and thair ;
 And eik with thaim the 3ong Ascanyus,
 Nevo to king Dardane and to Venus.
 For feir, to diuers stedis throw the feildis
 Thai seik to haldis, housis, hirniss and beildis :
 The riveris rudlie ruschit our hillis bedene.
 Within a cave is enterit Dido queyn,
 And eik the Troiane duke, all thaim allane,
 By aventure, as thai eschewit the rane.
 Erth, the first modir, maid a takin of wo,
 And eik of wedlok the pronuba Juno,
 And of thair cupling wittering schew the air :
 The flamb of fyreflaucht lychnyt heir and thar,
 And on the hillis hie toppis, but les,
 Sat murnyng nymphis, hait Oreades.
 This was the foremost day of hir glaidnes,
 And first morow of hir wofull distres.

A tempest
raised by
Juno.

20

30

For nother the fassoun nor the maner sche
 Attendis now, nor fame, ne honestie ;
 Nor, from thens furthwart, Dido ony moir
 Musis on luif, secret, as of befoir,
 Bot clepis it spousage ; and, with that fair name,
 Clokit and hyd hir cryme of oppyne schame.

CAP. V.

*Of Fame that monstre, and kyng Hyarbas fury,
 And how fra Jove was send the god Mercury.*

The fame heiroy, belif, gan wax and spreid
 Throw cheif ceteis of all Affrik on breid :
 Fame is mischeif, quham na harme ondir the lift
 In motioun nor sterage is mair swift. 10
 Movand scho growis, and, passand our all quhair,
 Hir strenth inccessis and waxis mair and mair.
 Litill, for feir, the first tyme semys sche ;
 Sone eftir risis to the sternis on hie ;
 Apon the ground scho walkis fra steid to steid,
 And wp amang the cluddis hydys hir heid.
 Throw greif of goddis commovit, and nocht glaid,
 Erd, the greit modir, bair this child, as is said,
 Last sistir to Seyos and Enchelades,
 Ane huge, horrible, and strang monstir, but les, 20
 Spedy of futt, and on wingis swift as wynd.
 How mony fedderis bene on hir body fynd,
 Als mony walkrife ene lurkis ther ondir,
 Als feill toungis, that for to tell is wondir,

With als feill mouthis carpis scho and beris,
 Als mony has scho prik wpstandand eris.
 By nycht scho fleis amynd the hevin throw out,
 Circuland the schaddow of the erd about
 With huge fard, nother cuir gifand nor keip
 Hir ene anis to rest nor tak a sleip.
 All day scho sittis, wacheand besely,
 Apon the top of nobillis housis to spy,
 Or on thir princis palice with towris hie,
 And with hir noyis gret ceteis affrais sche : 10
 Als weill remembring fenzeit and schrewit sawis,
 Als scho the treuth and verite furth schawis.

This ilk wenche, that tyme, with mony a taill,
 Glaidlie this rumour gan throw the peple skail,
 Telland the thing wrocht, and nocht wrocht togiddir :
 Quhow of the Troiane blud wes cumin hiddir
 Enee, with quham the fair Dido be wed
 Dedenit, and as husband go to bed ;
 And quhow the winter sessoun betwixt thaim tway
 Thai spend in lang revell, lust, and play, 20
 Of thar realmis na thing remembring,
 In fowll delyte ibund be Cupyd king.
 This menskles goddes in euery mannis mouth
 Skalis thir newis est, west, north, and south.
 Hir cours, anon, but langar tarying,
 Addressis scho ontill Hiarbas king ;
 With hir sawis his mynd inflaming as fyre,
 Provoking him to wroth and fellow ire.
 To Amon he was son, beget alswa
 Apon the maid revist Garamantida : 30
 Within his large realmis huge and braid
 Ane hundreth templis to Jupiter he maid,

Ane hundreth altaris, quhairon the walkrife fyre
 He dedicate, al tymis birnand schyre ;
 Set wachis in honour of goddis perpetually ;
 Of beistis blude the fat ground neuir dry,
 Strowit with garlandis and flowris of diuers kynd.
 This ilk king, wod wroth, half out of mynd,
 And for thir schrewit rumouris soir amovit,
 In presens of the goddis quhilk he luiffit,
 Befoir the altar, to Jupiter, as thai say,
 Hevand wp handis, devoitlie thus gan pray :

Hyarbes
 oration to
 Juppiter.

Almychty Jove, quod he, quham to, feil sise,
 On brusit beddis hie feist and sacrifice
 Of Maurusia the peple hantis thus,
 Offering to the the honour of Bacchus,
 Consideris thow this ? or quhiddir, fadir, gif we
 For nocht the dreidis, quhen thow lattis thundir fle ?
 And gif thi fireflaucht, the blind clowdis within,
 To flei our myndis in vane makis noyis and dyn ?
 3one woman, lait exile and vagabound
 Com to our boundis, that by price bocht the ground
 A litil village to big, and quham to we
 For to manure gave the strand of the see,
 Quham to our lawis and statutis we gart mak,
 Our marriage gan lychtly and forsaik,
 And in hir regne has tane Enee for lord.
 And now that secund Paris, of ane accord
 With his wnworthy sort, scant half men bene,
 Abuif his heid and halfettis, weil besene,
 Set lyk a mytyr the Troiane foly hat,
 His hair enoynt weill prunzeit ondir that,
 By reif mantemys hir suld ouris be ;
 Becaus onto thi tempillis dayly we

Bringis offerand, and in vane hallowis thi name.

With sic wordis said king Hyarbas at hame
 Making his prayeris, and gripping the alter ;
 Hym hard anon almychtie Jupiter,
 And his ene turnis towart the riall wallis
 Of Cartage, and thir luiffaris, quhilkis so fallis
 At thai thar fame and gud renown forzet.
 Syne thus said to Mercurius, but let,
 And with sic maner charge gan him direct :

Pas, son, in haist, graith thi wingis in effect ;
 Slyd with thi feddrame to 3one Troiane prence,
 Quhilk now in Cartage makis residence,
 Gevand na cuir of ceteis in Italy,
 To him igrant by fatale desteny ;

10 Jupiter
 sendys Mer-
 cury to Eneas
 to exhorte
 hym to de-
 part fra
 Carthage to
 Italye.

Do beir my message swiftlie throw the skyis,
 Say to him thus my wordis on sic wise :
 His derrast moder promist ws nocht that he
 Of his gyding sa faynt a man suld be,
 Nor, for sic causis, him delyuerit twise
 Furth of the Grekis handis his enemyis ;
 Bot at he suld haue bene wise, sage, and graif,
 Hie senzeoreis and greit empyre to haif,
 And Itale dant, quhilk brandisis in battell,
 And, by his deidis, declair and cleirlie tell
 Him cuming of Teuceris hie genology,
 And to subdew the warldis monarchy.
 Of sa gret thingis thocht na wirschep him steris,
 Nor for his honour list nocht laubour as efferis,
 3it than the fadir aucht na wise to invy
 That Ascanys bruke Romis senzeory.
 Speir quhat he beildis, or quhow that he dar duell
 Amang a peple quhilk sall be his enymyis fell ?

20

30

His lynnage to cum in Itaile forzettis he,
 And gevis na compt of Lavyne the contre.
 Bid him mak saill; this is all in effect;
 Thiddir on our message thus we the derset.

Said Jupiter: and Mercur, but arest,
 Drest to obey his gret faderis behest;
 And first ontill his feit fast bucklit he
 His goldin wingis, quhairwith he dois fle,
 Quhen so him list, abuif the fludis on hycht, 10
 Or on the erd, with greit fard and swyft flicht.
 Syne tuk his wand, quharwith, as that thai tell,
 The pail sawlis he cachis furth of hell,
 And vther sum tharwith gan schet full hote
 Deip in the sorofull grislie hellis pote;
 Quhairwith he makis folk sleip, magre thar heid,
 And revis fra othir all sleip, and to the deid
 Closis thar ene, and brekkis the stringis tway:
 Throw help therof he chasis the windis away,
 And trubly cluddis dividis in a thraw. 20
 Tho furth he fleis, till at the last he saw
 The heich top and sydis braid wnevin
 Of hard Atlas, bering on his croun the hevin;
 The misty cloudis circuland his heid about,
 Quhairon of fyrrin treis stant mony rowt,
 With wind and storm full oft to schaik and blaw;
 His schulderis heildit with new fallin snaw;
 Furth of the chyn of this ilk hasart ald
 Gret fludis ischis, and stif ische schoklis cauld
 Doun from his sterne and grisly berd hingis.
 Heir first Mercur, with evynly schyning wyngis, 30
 Gan him arest, and with haill fard fra thens
 Wnto the see fludis maid his descens;

Lyke till a foull that, endlang the cost syde,
 About the strandis of fische plentius and wyde,
 Fleis by the watir, scummand the fludis law ;
 Betuixt the hevin and erd, the sam vise, flaw
 Mercury, clepit the child Cillenys,
 Descending from his modir grantschyr thus ;
 The sandy costis and desertys of Lyby,
 And eik the windis, persing by and by.

And, with the wengit solis of his feit,
 As he of Cartage first tred on the streit, 10
 Eneas foundand towris he did espy,
 And garrand beild new lugeingis besyly :
 Belt he was with a swerd of mettall brycht,
 Of quham the schawbert with broun jasp was picht ;
 His riche array did our his schulderis hing,
 Bet on ane purpour claith of Tyre glittering,
 Fetisly stekit with prynnit goldin thredis ;
 Of mychty Didois gift wrocht all his wedis.
 Mercurir recontris him, and said anone :
 Of Cartage now the prowde wallis of stone 20
 Thow foundis, quod he, and biggis at all devise
 A cetie, exersit intill a wifis service,
 Thyne awin realm and materis forzetting, allace !
 Hiddir onto the, from his brycht hevinlie place,
 The gouvernour of goddis hes me sent,
 Quhilk rewlis at will hevin, erd, and eliment.
 He bad me throw the skyis beir this charge :
 Quhat beildis thow heir in Liby or Cartage ?
 Or to quhat fyne or beleif takis on hand
 To waist thi tyme into this fremmyt land ? 30
 Gif that na lavde, ne honour mofe the list
 Of sa hie thingis as ar to the promist,

Mercuris
 oration to
 Eneas
 desyryng him
 to obey
 goddis com-
 mand and
 depart to
 Italy to the
 gret honour
 and profyt
 of hys
 posterityte.

Nor thy selfin thow will nocht occupy
 To purches thine awin renoun ne glory,
 3it than, behald Ascanews wpwaxing,
 And the gret hope of his seid and ofspring,
 Quhamtil the realm and kynrik of Itail,
 With Romys boundis, bene destinate, sans fail.

On sic wise thus carpis Mercurius,
 And in the middis of his sermon, thus,
 He vanist far away, I wait neuer quhair,
 Furth of this mortall sycht, in the schyre air. 10

CAP. VI.

*How Eneas grathis him to depart,
 To quham Dido heir carpis with sair hart.*

Wyse men
 are oft times
 parturbet
 with affec-
 tions of
 mind, neuer-
 theles they
 giue place to
 reison at the
 last.

Bot than Enee half wod and doum stude, als
 Wpstert his hair, the voce stak in his hals.
 Sair he langis to fle and to depart ;
 And that sweith contre, on the tother part,
 To leif full laith was hym, or go at large.
 Astonist he was to site so hie ane charge,
 Or dissobey the gret goddis behest.
 Allace! quhat suld he do ? oneth he wist ;
 Or with quhat wordis suld he now assay
 The amorus quene for to requyre and pray, 20
 Or on quhat wise his tale he mycht begyn ;
 Baith to and fra compasing, his breist within,
 Feill purposis for every part about.
 And, at the last, thus as he stude in dowl,

This ressoun semyt hym fynallie the best :
 He callis to hym Mynestheus and Sergest,
 And strang Cloanthus; and bad thai suld, in hy,
 Do graith his schippis and navine secretly,
 And gaddir his folkis towart the cost togiddir,
 Armour and all thing necessar bring thiddir,
 And to dissymill, gif ony askit quhy
 Thai thus addressit thar geir so suddanly :
 Hym self, he said, the meyn quhill, suld assay
 To purches leif to pas and go away, 10
 And wait his tyme to speik therof maist able,
 Quhen that the quene Dido, maist honorable,
 Suld nocht beleif sa sone he suld depart,
 Nor sa grete luif dissevir mycht be na art.
 At his command thai all glaidlie furth went,
 And besely begouth speid his entent.

Bot sone the quene persavit all the slycht :
 Quhay may begile a luiffar, day or nycht ?
 Thar departing at hand first sche espyis,
 Dreding all sovир thing, as is the gise 20
 Off every luffar all time to stand in feir ;
 This ilk cursit fame, we spak of eir,
 Bair to the amorous quene noyis, and gan rown,
 The schippis ar graithand, to pas thai mak thaim bown.
 Quhairfor, impatient, and myndles in hir rage,
 Scho wiskis wild throw the town of Cartage ;
 Sic vise, as quhen thir nunis of Bacchus
 Ruschis and relis our bankis, brayis, and bus,
 Quhen, every thrid 3eir, of thair payane gyse,
 Thar goddis feist thai hallow with lowd cryis, 30
 That, all the nycht, the mont of Citherone
 Resoundis of thair clamour, quhar thai gone.

The furious-
 nes of Ioue
 noted.

And at the last, 3it thus, of hir free will,
Eftir lang musing, sche spak Eneas till :

With dissimulance wenyt thow, wnfaithfull wycht,
Thow mycht haif hid fra me sa fals a flycht,
And, myne vnwitting, steill furth of my land ?
That nother our greit luiff, promys, nor rycht hand
Gyffin me wmquhile may the heir withhald,
Nor cruell deith of Didois cors so cald ?

The Quenes
oration to
Eneas desir-
ing hym
wyth syndry
pyterful argu-
mentis to
remanew
with hyr,

Gyf thow depart, and forthir quhat wald thow do,
In wintir sessoun preis graith thi navy, lo ! 10

And the addres to pas throw the wod se,
Myd tyme quhen stormis and windis blaw maist hie;
Art thow so cruell ? I put the cace, also,
That to nane wncouth landis thow list go,
Nother to fremmyt place, nor steddys will,
Bot at ald Troy war 3it wpstandand still ;
Aucht thow, 3it than, leif this weifair and joy,
And in sic perrell seik throw the se to Troy ?
Quhat ! will thow flee fra me ? alace ! alace !

Be all thir teris tringling our my face, 20

And be that rycht hand wmquhile thow me gaif,
Sen to myself nocht ellis left I haif,
Now wrechit cative ; be our trouth plychting eik,
And be our spousage begunnyn, I the beseik,
Gif euir ony thank I deseruit towart the,
Or ocht of myne to the was leif, quod sche,
Haif mercy of our lynnage reddy to spill ;
Gyf tyme remains 3it thow heir prayeris will,
This fremmit mynd, I pray 3ow, do away.

For the I haif bene hatit, this mony a day, 30
With all the peple of Affrik, and with the king
That rewlis the land of Numyda and ring ;

For the my awin Tyrianis ar with me wraith ;
 For the is womanheid went and worschep baith,
 And my first fame, lawde, and renownye,
 Quhairby I was rasis to the sternis hie.
 Reddie to de, and my selfn to spill,
 My sweit gest, quhom to thou leif me will ?
 My gest, ha God ! quhow all thing now in vane is,
 Quhen of my spous nane vther naim remanis !
 Bot quhairto suld I my deid langar delay ?
 Sall I abyde quhill thow be went away, 10
 And quhill my awin brothir, Pigmaleon,
 Bett down the wallis of my cetie anon,
 Or stern Hyarbas, king of Getule,
 Leid me away into captiuite ?
 Bot, at the leist, tofoir thi wayfleing,
 Had I ane child consavit of thi ofspring,
 Gif I had ony 3owng Eneas small,
 Befoir me to for to play within my hall,
 Quhilk representit by simylitude thi face,
 Than semyt I nocht, this wise, allace ! allace ! 20
 Aluterlie dissaut nor desolat.

Thus said the queen Dido in feble estait.
 Bot apon Jovis message fermlie he
 Stud musing so he movit nocht ane E ;
 Refrenyng his will, hydand in hart his thocht,
 And, at the last, thir few wordis hes furth brocht.
 O gentil quene, that sall I neur deny,
 Thi gud deid and desert is mair worthy
 Than thow with wordis or tong may expreme ;
 Nor it sall neur me irk, na 3it misseme,
 The worthy Dido to hald in fresche memory,
 So lang as that my self remember may I,

Eneas
 gentyll
 and humane
 answer to the
 quene shaw-
 ing that he
 departs not
 be hys gud
 wyll, but be
 the command
 of God,
 quhilk

every crea-
ture abuld
be all reason
obey, desyr-
ing hyr to
be content,
thanking
hyr for hir
kyndnes
and gentyl-
nes in his
aduerasyte.

Or quhill the spreit of lyf this body steris.
As the mater requiris, a litill heris :
I purpois nocht to hyde thiftuislie
My vayage, nor, as 3e wene, secretlie
Away to steill ; quhat nedis thow sa to feyne ?
For I pretendit nevir, be na meyne,
With 3ow to mak the band of mariage,
Nor in that 3ok, ne freindschip in Cartage,
3it coyme I nevir ; but gif the fatis, but pleid,
At my plesour sufferit me lyf to leid, 10
At my fre will my werkis to modify,
The cetie of Troy than first agane suld I
Restoir, and of our deir freindis remanis
Gadir togiddir, and to the vencust Troianis
Raparal with my handis agane thair wallis,
And beild wp Priamus palice that doun fallis.
Bot sen Apollo, clepit Gryneus,
Gret Italie to seik commandis ws,
To Itail eik oraclis of Licia
Admonist ws, but mair delay, to ga ; 20
Thare is my lust now, and delite at hand,
Thare is my cuntre, and my native land.
Gyf the, of Cartage the burgh and towris swa,
Quhilk art ane woman of Phenicia,
And the aspect of ceteis Affricane
Delytis, and withhaldis heir to remane,
Quhat wrang is it, caus of invy or schame,
Thocht Troianis seik to Itail for thar hame ?
Or is it nocht als lesum and ganand
That fynalie we seik to wncouth land ? 30
Als oft as day is gone, and the dirk nycht
With hir donk schaddow hydys of the erd the sycht,

Als oft as schyning sternis doith wprise,
 My faderis gost, Anchises, als feill syse
 Into my sleip mannis me tharto fast,
 And oft his feirfull ymage doith me agast ;
 And in lyk wise, the child Ascaneus,
 Quhais deir heid suffer iniuris is hard to ws,
 Quham of the realm of Itail I defraud,
 And fra the ground to him promist withhad ;
 Be athir of our hedis this I sweir.
 Now laitle eik of goddis the messingeir, 10
 From hie Jupiter in haistie message sent,
 Down throw the air brocht the ilk commandment :
 On fair day lycht, my awin self did I see
 Mercur, the God, entir in this cetie,
 And his wordis with thir same eris hard I.
 With thi complayntis ony langar, forthy,
 Lat be to vex me, or thi self to spill,
 Sen I seik nocht to Itail with fre will.

CAP. VII.

*Off the scharp wordis queyne Dido did say,
 And how Eneas bounis fast away.*

Dido, agrevit ay quhill he his taill tald,
 With acquart luik gan towart him behald, 20
 Rolling wmqhile hir ene, now heir now thar,
 With sycht wnstable wavering our all quhair,
 And all enragit thir wordis gan furth braid :
 Nother wes a goddes thi moder, as is said,

JueneDido's
nuectyf
ration
against
Encea.

Nor 3it king Dardanus cheif stok of thi kyn,
 Thow trouthles wycht ; bot, of ane cald hard quhyn,
 The clekkit that horrible mont, Caucasus hait :
 Thow sowkit neuir womanis breist, weill I wait,
 Bot of sum crewell tiger of Araby
 The pappis the fosterit in the wod Hircany.
 To quhat effect suld I hym langar perswaid ?
 Or quhat bettir may beleif than he hes said ?
 Quhiddir gif he murnit quhen we wepit and walit ?
 Quhiddir gif he sterit his ene, as ocht him alit ? 10
 Quhiddir gif, for reuth, he furth 3et anis ane teir ;
 Or of his luif had piete ? Na, nocht, to 3eir.
 How sall I begyn, quhat first, quhat last to say ?
 Now, now, nothir gretest Juno, wallaway !
 Nor Saturnus son, hie Jupiter, with just ene
 Has our quarrell considderit, na oursene ;
 For no quhare now faith nor lawte is fund.
 I rasavit hym schip brokin fra the se grund,
 Wilsun, and misterfull of all warldis thing,
 Syne, myndles, maid hym my fallow in this ring : 20
 His navy lost reparalit I, but faill,
 And his feris fred from death alhaill.
 Allace ! enragit or enchantit am I ;
 Quhen now Appollo, with his socery,
 And quhilis, he sais, the kavillis of Licia,
 And quhilis, fra Jupiter sent down alsua,
 The messinger of goddis bringis throw the skyis
 Sa feirfull charge and command on this wise :
 Lyk as the goddis abuf nocht ellis rocht,
 Bot on thi passage war all thar cuir and thocht : 30
 Nother will I hald the, nor thi wourdis contrar :
 Pas on thi way, towart Itale thow fair :

Seik throw the fludis with windis to that ring.
 Forsuith, gif reuthfull goddis may ony thing,
 Amyd thi way, I traist, on rolkis blak
 Thow sall deir by the treuth thow to me brak,
 And clyp oft my rycht naim, Dido, Dido !
 With fyre infernale, in thine absence also,
 I sall the follow ; and, fra the cald deid
 Reif fro my membris this saull, in every steid
 My gost sal be present the to aggrise :
 Thow sall, wnworthy wycht, on this wise
 Be punist weill ; and tharof wald I heir ;
 The fame tharof sall cum vnto my eir,
 Wnder the erth, amang the schaddowis law.

10

And this spokin, hir sermond with the ilk saw
 Brak scho in twane, full dolorus in hir thoct ;
 The lycht scho fled, and, als fast as scho mocht,
 Turnis frawart hym, and wiskit of his sycht,
 On seir materis leffand him pensive wycht,
 And purposing to haif said mony thingis.
 The damecellis fast to thar lady thringis,
 That was in deidlie swoun plat for dispair :
 Wp thai hir hint, and to her chalmer bair,
 Quhilk wes of marbill wrocht, and in hir bed
 Laid softlie down apon riche carpettis spred.

20

Bot 3it, allthocht the rewthfull Eneas
 The dolorus quene to meis full besy was,
 To do hir comfort, and hir diseis asswage,
 And with his wordis retourn hir sad curage,
 Bewaling mekle hir sorrow and distres,
 Proplexit in mynd by gret luif ; na the les,
 The command of the goddis, by and by,
 He execute, and vesitys his navy.

30

Eneas lyk a
 wys and con-
 stant prynce
 ouercummis
 his affec-
 tyons with
 reason.

Than besely the Troianis fell to wark,
 And mony gret schip, ballingar, and bark,
 Langis the cost brocht in, and bet full weill.
 Now fletis the mekle holk with tallonit keill ;
 The burgeonit treis on buird thai bring for airis,
 Weltis down in woddis gret mastis, and no thingsparis,
 Saysing half vnwrocht, so ithand thai war fare bown.
 Rynnand heir and thar, and wending fast of town,
 3e mycht haif sene thaim haist, lyk emetis gret
 Quhen thai depulze the meikle bing of quheit, 10
 And in thar byk it caryis, all and sum,
 Provyding for the cald wintir to cum ;
 The blak swarm our the feildis walkis 3arn,
 Tursand throw the gers thar pray to hiddillis dern :
 Sum on thar nek the gret corn wpwreilis,
 And our the furris besyly tharwith spelis ;
 Sum constrenyng the vtheris fast to wirk ;
 And sum the sleuthfull chasteis, that thocht irk
 Of thair laubour ; quhill euery rode and went
 Wox of thar ithand werk hait, quhair thai went. 20

CAP. VIII.

*How Dido send hir sistir Enee to pray,
 And of the grisly singis did hir affray.*

Quhat thocht thow now, Dido, seand thir things ?
 How mony sobbis gaif thow and womentingis ?
 Quhen thow, out of thi castell from the hycht,
 The large costis beheld thus at a sycht

Ourspred with Troianis, in fervent besynes
 Gan spedelie for ther vayage addres,
 And of thair clamour befoir thine ene did se
 Dyn and resounding all the large se ?

O witles luif ! quhat may be thoct or do,
 At thow constrenis nocht mortale myndis theito ?
 Scho is compellit to fall agane in teris,
 And Eneas assay with new prayeris ;
 And condescendit hir provde hert to submyt
 Onto the strenth of luif thus anis 3it ;
 Les scho wnwar, but caus, hir deid purvayit,
 Hir list na thing behind leif wnassayit.
 Till hir scho gan hir sister call in hy :

Exclamacion
 of the
 strength of
 loue.

10

Annes, quod scho, thow seis quhow besyly
 Our all the cost, for this vayage haist thai,
 And now the wind blawis weill to saill away :
 The marynaris glaid layis thair schippis onder cros.
 O sister ! in tyme couth I haif trowit this los
 And sa gret dolour, I had prouidit, but weir,
 That this displesour suld haif bene eith to beir.
 And na the les, for me, wnhappy wycht,
 Do this a thing, Annes, with all thi mycht :
 Sen 3onne ilk faithles man, deir sister, the
 Was wount to cherise, and hald in gret dantie,
 And als his secretis vnto the reveill ;
 His sweit entres sum tyme thow knew full weill,
 Nane bot thow only the tyme of his cummyng.
 Pas on, sister ; in my naim this a thing
 Say lawlie to my prowde fa, and declair,
 That in the port Aulyda I neur swair
 With the Grekis the Troianis to distroy,
 Nor I non navy send to sege of Troy ;

20

30

Didels
 oratione to
 hyr syster
 Annes, to
 desyre
 Eneas to
 remane.

Nor 3it his fadir Anchises graif schent ;
 I nother the muldis nor banis tharof rent.
 Quhy doith he refuse my wordis and prayeris
 To lat entir in his dull vntretable eris ?
 Quhiddir haistis he sa fast fra his behuif ?
 Beseik him grant ontill his wrechit lufe
 This lattir reward, sen allgaittis he will fle :
 Tary quhill wynd blaw soft, and stable se.
 His auld promis na mair will I hym craif,
 Nor band of wedlok, quhilk he hes dissaif ; 10
 Nor 3it him pray go nocht to Italy,
 Nor leif fair realmis, vnto him destany.
 A litill delay I ask, but vther eis,
 Ane space my furour to asswage and meis ;
 Quhill that my frawart fortoun and estate
 Of my belief schaw me I am frustrat,
 And teche me for to murne mare patiently.
 This lattir gift onlie at hym ask I.
 Haif mercy, sistir, of thi sistir deir ;
 Quhilk seruice quhen thow hes done, without weir, 20
 I sall the recompens weill twenty fald,
 And, quhill my deid, the same in memour hald.
 With siclik wordis hir request scho maid.
 Hir supplication, with teris full vnglaid,
 Reportis hir sister, and answeyr brocht agane,
 How all hir prayeris and desyr war in vane :
 For all thair weping mycht him not anis steir ;
 Nane of thair wordis likis hym till heir,
 Thocht he of nature was treftable and curtes.
 The fatis war contrair thar desyre nethles, 30
 And his benyng eris the goddis dittit,
 That of thar asking thar was nocht admittit.

And like as quhen the anciant aik tre,
 With his byg schank, be north wynd oft we se
 Is vmbeset, to bet him doun and ourthraw,
 Now heir, now thair, with the fell blastis blaw,
 The souchand bir quisland among the granis,
 So that the hieast branchis, all attanis,
 Thair croppis bowis towart the erth als tyte,
 Quhen with the dint the maister stok is smyte;
 And, natheles, the ilk tre, fixit fast,
 Stikkis to the rochis, nocht doun bet with the blast; 10
 For quhy? als far as his crop hych on breid
 Strekis in the air, als far his ruite doith spreid
 Deip ondir erth, towart the hell adown.
 The samyn wise was this gentill baroun,
 Now heir, now thair, with wordis wmbesett,
 And in his stout breist, full of thochtis hett,
 Off reuth and amouris felt the perturbance.
 Bot euir his mynd stude ferme for ony chance
 Wnmovit quhair his first purpos wes sett,
 That all for nocht the teris war furth 3et.

Than suithlie, the fey Dido, all affrayit,
 Seand fatis contrar, efter deid prayit;
 Scho irkit of hir life, or to tak tent
 For to behald the hevinis firmament.
 Thairfor, in takin hir purpois to fulfill,
 And leif the lycht of lyf, as was hir will,
 As on the altaris birnand full of sence
 The sacrifice scho offerit, in hir presence,
 A grislie thing to tell, scho gan behald
 In blak adill the hallowit wattir cald
 Changit and altir, and furth 3et wynis gude
 Anon returnit into laithlie blude.

20 Dido falling
 in dispare
 sekis occa-
 sione to slay
 hir self.

30

This visioun scho to nane reveill wald,
 Nor 3it till An, hir deir sister, it tald.
 In wirschep eik, within hir palice 3et,
 Of hir first husband was a temple bett
 Of marble, and hald in full grete reuerence,
 With snaw quhite bendis, carpettis, and ensence,
 And festuall burgeonis arrayit, on thar gise ;
 Quharin wes hard vocis, speche and cryis
 Of hir said spous, clepand hir full lowd,
 Evir quhen the dirk nycht did the erd schrowd ; 10
 And oft with wild skrek the nycht oule,
 Heich on the ruif, allane, was hard 3oule
 With langsum voce and a full petius beir.
 And eik bygane the feirfull sawis seir
 Off the devynis, with terrible monysingis,
 Affrayit hir be mony grislie singis.
 And in hir sleip, wod wroith, in every place
 Hir senyt crwell Eneas did hir chace ;
 And evir, hir thocht, scho was left all allane,
 And, but company, mony far way had gane, 20
 To seik hir folkis in a vilsum land.
 Lyke king Pentheus, in his wod rage dotand,
 Thocht he beheld gret rowtis stand in stail
 Of the Ewmenydes, fureis infarnaill,
 And in the lift twa sonnis schyning cleir,
 The cetie of Thebes gan dowble to him appeir ;
 Or lyk Orestes, son of Agamemnone,
 On theatreis, in farcis mony one,
 Rowpit and sung quhow he his modir fled,
 With fyre brondis and blak serpentis ourcled, 30
 And saw the furyis, and grislie goddis feid,
 Sittand in the temple port to wreik hir deid.

CAP. IX.

*How Dido queyne hir purpos to couert,
Of enchantment did contrifet the art.*

Thus quhen Dido had caucht this frenasy,
Ourset with sorow and sic fantasy,
And determyt fermlie at sche wald de,
The tyme quhen, and maner quhow it suld be,
Compasing in hir breist ; but mair abaid
Ontill hir dolorus sistir thus scho said,
Hir purpois by hir visage dissimbland,
Schawand by hir cheir gud hope and glaid sembland :

Sister germane, quod scho, away 3our smert,
Beis of 3our sisteris weifair glaid in hert. 10
I haue the way fundin, quhareby 3on syre
Sal be to me renderit at my desyre,
Or me deliuer from his luif all fre.
Neir by the end of the gret occiane see,
Thar as the son declynis and gois down,
At the far syde of Ethiop regioun,
A place thar is, quhare that the huge Atlas
On schuldir rollis the round speir in compas,
Full of thir lemand sternis, as we se :
Thar dwellis, sistir, as it is schaw to me, 20
Ane haly nun, a full gret prophetes,
Born of the peple of Massylyne, I ges,
And wardane of the riall temple, thai say,
Set in the gardyngis hecht Hesperida,
And to the walkryf dragon meit gaif sche,
That kepit the goldyn apillis in the tre,

The quenes
fen 3et
oracion to
hyr syster in
going to
death.

Strynkland to hym the wak hony sweet,
 And sleipryfe chesbow seid, to quickin his spreit.
 This woman hechtis, with hir enchantmentis,
 From luiffis bandis to lous all thair intentis
 Quham so hir list, and bind othir sum also
 In langsum amouris, vehement pane and wo :
 The ryning fludis thar wattir stop can scho mak,
 And eik the sternis turne ther cours abak ;
 And on the nycht the deid gaistis assemble ;
 Ondir thi feit the erd rair and trembill 10
 Thow most see, throw hir incantatioun,
 And from the hillis treis descending down.
 To witnes, the gret goddis draw I heir,
 And thi sweit heid, my awin sistir deir,
 Agane my will full sair constrenit am I
 Art magik to exerce or socery.
 Rycht secretlie into our innar clos,
 Vndir the oppin sky, to this purpois
 Pas on, and of treis thow big a bing
 To be a fyre, and tharvpon thow hing 20
 3one manis swerd, quhilk that wickit wycht
 Left stikkand in our chalmer this hyndir nycht,
 His coit armour, and vthir clething all,
 And eik that maist wrechit bed coniugall,
 Quharin I perischit and wes schent, alace !
 For so the religious commandit has,
 To wmdo and distroy all maner thing
 Quhilk may 3one wareit man to memour bring.
 This said, sche held her toung ; and thar withall
 Hir visage vox als paill as ony wall. 30
 Thocht Annes wenit nocht hir sistir wald
 Graith sacrifice for hir deid body cauld,

Nor that sic fury was in hir brest consavit ;
 For by no ressoun dreid scho, nor persavit
 Now moir displesour or harmes apperand
 Than for Sicheus deid, hir first husband :
 Quhairfor, sche has hir command done ilk deill.
 Bot quhen the greit bing was wpbeildit weill
 Of aik treis and fyrryne schyddis dry,
 Within the secret clos, ondir the sky,
 The place with flouris and garlandis stentis the quene,
 And crownis about with funerall bewis greyn : 10
 Abuse the mowe the fairsaid bed was maid,
 Quharein the figure of Enee scho laid,
 His clething, and his swerd at he had left,
 Remembring weill the thing that followit eft.
 Feill altaris stude aboute the fyre funerall,
 And the religious nun, with hair doun skail,
 Thre hundreth goddis with hir mouth rowpit sche ;
 Herebus, the grislie of the deip hellis see,
 Chaos, confoundar of elimentis, als wa,
 And the thrinfald goddes Proserpina, 20
 The thre figuris of the virgin Dyane.
 And euir the wattir strinkles sche agane,
 Contirfeit to be of Avernus the well,
 Quhilk loch is situat at the mouth of hell.
 Springand herbis, eftir the cours of the mone
 War socht, and with brasin hukis cuttit sone,
 To get ther mylky sop and vennom blak.
 Thai seik also, and out gan rent and tak
 The lump betuix the new born folis ene,
 And fra the modir bereft the luif sa grene. 30
 The quene herself fast by the altar standis,
 Haldand the melder in hir devote handis,

Hir ta fut bair, and the bandis of threid
 Nocht festynit, bot hung by hir lowis weid ;
 And, remembring scho was in poynt to de,
 The goddis all into witnes drew sche,
 The sternis and planettis, gydaris of fatis,
 And gif ther ony dieite be, that watis,
 Or persavis luifaris inequhale of behest,
 To haif in memour hir just caus and request.

CAP. X.

*Quhat sorow dreis queyne Dido all the nycht,
 And quhow Mercur bad Enee tak the flycht.*

A descrip-
 tion of time.

The nycht followis, and euery wery wicht
 Throw out the erd has caught anone richt 10
 The sound plesand slepe thame likit best ;
 Woddis and rageand seis war at rest ;
 And the sternis thar myd cours rollis down ;
 All feyldis still, but othir noyis or sown ;
 And bestis and birdis of diuers culloris seir,
 And quhatsumevir in the braid lochis weir,
 Or amang buskis harsk leyndis ondir the spray,
 Throw nychtis silence slepit quhar thai lay,
 Mesing ther besy thocht and curis smart,
 All irksum laubour forzet and out of hart. 20
 Bot the onrestles fey spreit did nocht so
 Of this wnhappy Phenician Dido :
 For neuir mair may scho sleip a wynk,
 Nor nychtis rest in ene nor breist lat synk :

The hevvy thochtis multiplis euir onane ;
 Strang luif begynis to rage and ryse agane,
 And felloun stormis of ire gan hir to schaik :
 Thus fynaly scho out bradis, alaik !
 Rolling allane sere thingis in hir thocht.

Ha ! quhat do I ? quod scho, all is for nocht.
 Sall I thus mockit, and to hething drive,
 My first luiffaris assay agane belyve ?
 Or sall I laulie sum lord Numydane
 Pray and beseik of mariage now agane, 10
 Quham I sa oft lychtlyit to spous or this ?
 Na, will I nocht : quhat ? sall I than, I wis,
 Follow the Troiane navy in strange landis,
 And redely obey all thar commandis ?
 I hoip it sall proffit, na litill thing,
 My gret help done thaim and suppowelling ;
 For amang kynd folkis this is na dreid,
 Weil is remembrit the auld thankfull deid.
 But thocht, in cace, to do this war my will,
 Quhay wald me suffer my purpois to fulfill, 20
 Or in thir prowde schippis me rasaue ?
 Thus drevin to hething, and all thi grace bywaif,
 Tynt woman, allace ! beris thow nocht 3it in mynd
 The manswering of fals Laomedonis kynd ?
 And mairattour, quhat ettill I for to do ?
 Ane Queyne, allane to steill away thus, lo !
 Accompanyit bot with mery marynaris ?
 Or than with all my Tirianis, as efferis,
 And all my power assemblit me about,
 On schipburd entir with all that huge rout 30
 Quhilk furth of Sydone skarslie draw I mycht,
 Sall I thaim cache agane our seis lycht ?

A delibera-
 cyon
 quhedder
 the quene
 shal follow
 the Troyans
 or sla hir sel

Bid thaim mak sail anone, and a new rais ?
 Na, rather de, as thow deseruit has,
 And with a swerd mak of this dule ane end.
 O sister germane, thow me first taucht and kend,
 Alace the quhile ! and offerit me to my fo ;
 Thow with thir harmes ourchargit me also,
 Quhen I fell first into this rage, quod sche,
 But so to do my teris constrenit the.
 Was it nocht lefull, allace ! but company,
 To me but cryme in chalmer allane to ly, 10
 Or leid my lyfe lyke to thir beistis wild,
 And nocht bene thus with thocht nor harmes fild ?
 Allace ! vnkeipit is the trew cunnand
 Hecht to Sicheus assis, my first husband.

Sic gret complayntis fro hir brest brist can.
 Bot Eneas, sovir to depart or than,
 And all his neidfull thingis graithit, by and by,
 Heich in his eft schip sound slepand can ly ;
 Quham to in visioun the sam god did appeir, 20
 In siclyk figur as that he did eir,
 Onto Mercurius lyke in all fassioun,
 Baith cullour of visage and of vocis soun,
 In forme of a 3onkeir with membris fair,
 Plesand of cheir, and 3allow glitterand hair.
 Hym thocht agane he monist on this vise :

Son of the goddes ! how is this heir thow lyis ?
 Quhat ! may thow wndir sa gret dangeir sleip,
 And all forvayit taikis nother cuir nor keip
 For to behald quhat perrellis about the standis,
 Nor harknis the fair wynd blawis of landis ? 30
 Scho quham thow knawis, within hir breist full hait
 Sorowfull vengeance compasis and dissait,

And certanlie determit for to de,
 In diuers stowris of ire brandischis sche.
 Quhy will thow nocht fle spedely be nycht,
 Quhen for to haist thow hes laisar and mycht ?
 Thow sall, anon, behald the seis large
 All wmbeset with toppit schip and barge,
 The feirfull brandis and blesis of hait fyre,
 Reddy to birne thi schippis, lemand schyre,
 And all the cost belive of flambis scald,
 Gif, quhill to morow, tary in this land thow wald. 10
 Haue done, speid hand, and mak na mair delay :
 Vareable and changeand thingis bene wemen ay.
 And saying this, into the dirk nycht
 He gan hym hyde, and vanist out of sycht.

Eneas, of this haistie visioun affrayit,
 Gan stert on fut, and fast his feris assayit :
 Awalk anon, get wp my men in hy,
 Tite to 3our wardis, span airis besely,
 Schaik down the salis sone, and lat ws wend.
 From the hie hevin the god agane is send, 20
 Lo ! spurrand ws to haist and fle away,
 And biddis smyte the twyne cabill in tuay.
 O blissit wycht ! quhat god at euer thow be,
 We sall obey thi charge, and follow the,
 And thi command fulfill agane blythlie ;
 Beseiking the assist to ws freindlie
 Help and support, with prosper influence
 The hevin and sterris dres our vayage hence.
 And with that word, his scherand swerd als tyte
 Hint out of scheith, the cabill in twa gan smyte. 30
 The same maner of haist caucht all the laif :
 Thai hurll away, ankeris wphint and raif ;

Mercurius
 aperys to
 Enee in hys
 slepe.

Left the costis desert on athir sydis ;
 The stable se ondir the schippis slidis ;
 The stour of fame wpwelt thai egirly,
 And swepis our the haw fludis in hy.

CAP. XI.

*How quene Dido beheld Enee depart,
 And quhat scho said with harmes at hir hart.*

*Dido seying
 Eneas de-
 partis fallis
 in a fury, and
 makis a
 imectyf
 oracyoun
 to Jupyter
 against the
 Troyans.*

Be this, Aurora levand the purpour bed
 Of hir lord Tython, heth the erd oursprede
 With new dayis lycht : and quhen the quene
 The first greking of the day has sene,
 And fra hir hie windois gan aspy,
 With bent saill furth carying, the navy ; 10
 The costis and the schore all desolait
 Behaldis eik, but othir schip or bait ;
 Hir fair quhyte breist, thar as sche did stand,
 Feil tymis smat sche with hir awin hand,
 And, ryfand hir brycht haris piteously,
 Jupiter, quod sche, sall he depart, ha, fy !
 And lefull till a wauengeour strangeir
 Me and my realm betrump on this maneir ?
 Sall nocht my menze to harnes ryn in hy
 Our all the town, and follow besely ? 20
 Speid, tak zone schippis, on burd fast to the raid,
 Haist sone, and cast on thame fyre blesis braid,
 Schute dartis thik, and quell thame with your glavis !
 Quhat said I ? or quhare am I ? now thow ravis :

Quhat wodnes, fey Dido, movis thy mynd?
 Now art thou hit with frawart weirdis vnkynnd.
 Sa till haif done than had bene mair ganand,
 Quhen thow hym gaif the ceptour of thi land.
 Ha! now behold his gret prowes, quod sche,
 His reuthfull piete and faith! Is not 3one he,
 Quham, as thai say, the goddis of his land
 In his navy careis our sey and sand?
 Is not 3one he, quham on his schulderis thai say
 For reuth his agit fadir bair away? 10
 Mycht I nocht caught and rent in pecis his cors,
 Syne swak the gobbatis in the sey by fors
 Of hym and all his fallowis? Weill I mocht:
 And eik 3one same Ascaneus mycht I nocht
 Haif trinschit with a swerd, and maid a meis
 To his fadir thairof to eit at deis?
 Forsuith, in cace the awentur of battaill
 Had bene doutsum: wald God it war assaill!
 Quham sall I dreid, now reddy for to de?
 Wald God I mycht, in 3one navy I se, 20
 The hait fyre brandis set on every boir,
 Fill all with flambis reid, and forthermor
 Baith fadir and son with hail generatioun,
 That I had brint, distroyit, and brittin down,
 And thaim abufe syne deid myself had laid!
 O thow brycht son, that, with thi bemis glaid,
 All erdlie laubour clengis, circuland about;
 And thow Juno, mediatrix, but dowt,
 Of all thir hevvy thochtis, and weill thaim knawis;
 And thow Proserpyne, quhilk, by our gentile lawis, 30
 Art rowpit hie, and 3ellit lowd by nycht,
 In forkit wayis, with mony muddy wycht;

Of our levingis sum revengear mot spring,
 With fire and swerd to persew and doun thring
 The laboraris descend from Dardanus.
 Now fra thyne furth, all that succedis to ws,
 Quhen evir thai may find tyme, with strenth and mycht
 Batale to batale mot thai debait in feicht ;
 Thir costis mot be to tharis contrar ay,
 And to thar stremis our seis fraward, I pray,
 Thar ofspring eik amang thaim self mote debait.

Thus, said scho, and with that word, God wait, 10
 Hir faynt spreit in all partis writhis sche,
 Seikand the way, alsone as it mycht be,
 For to bereif hir self the irksome life.
 Tho callis scho to hir Barcen belife,
 Nuris wmqhile to Seche hir husband ;
 For hir awin nuris in hir native land
 Was beryit into assis broun or than.
 Deir nuris, quod sche, feche my sister An ;
 Bid hir in haist with watter of a flude
 Hir body strinkle ; the bestis, and the blude, 20
 And clengeing graith, scho knawis, with hir bring :
 Se on this wise scho cum, forzet na thing ;
 And thow thi self thi halfettis als array
 With haly garland. My will is to assay,
 And now performe the sacrifice in hy,
 That onto Pluto dewlie begwn haif I ;
 To mak end of my dolorus thochtis all,
 And birn 3on Troians statw in flamb funerall.
 Thus said Dido ; and the tother, with that,
 Hichit on furth with slaw pace lyke ane trat. 30

CAP. XII.

*Heir followis of the fumus queyne Dido
The fatale dint of deth and mortal wo.*

Bot now the haisty, egir, and wild Dido,
Into hir cruell purpos enragit so,
The bludy ene rolling in hir heid,
Wan and full pale for feir of the neir deid,
With cheikis frekkit, and all of tichwris bysprent,
Quaking throw dreid, ruschit furth, or sche wald stent,
Onto the innar wardis of hir place,
As wod woman clam on the bing, allace !
And furth scho drew the Troiane swerd, fute hait,
A wappin was neuir wrocht for sic a nate. 10
And sone as scho beheld Eneas clething,
And eke the bed bekend, a quhile weping,
Stude musing in hir mynd ; and syne, but baid,
Fell in the bed, and thir last wordis said :

O sweit habit, and likand bed, quod sche,
Sa lang as God list suffir and destanye,
Ressaue my blud, and this saull that on flocht is,
And me deliuer from thir hevy thochtis.
Thus lang I leiffit haue, and now is spent
The terme of lif that fortoun has me lent ; 20
For now my gret gost ondir the erth man go.
A rycht fair cite haif I beild also ;
Myne awin werk and wallis behald haue I ;
My spous wrokin of my brothir enemy,
Fra hym byreft his tressour, and quyt hym weill.
Happy, allace ! our happy, and full of seill
Had I bene, only geif that neuir nane
At our cost had arrivit schip Troiane.

And saying thus, hir mouth fast thristis sche
 Doun in the bed : Onwrokin sall we de ?
 De ws behuffis, sche said, and quhou, behald !
 And gan the scharp swerd to hir breist wphald ;
 3a, thus, thus likis ws to sterf and depart :
 And, with that word, raif hir self to the hart.
 Now lat 3one cruell Troiane swelly and see
 This our fyre funerall from the deip see ;
 And of our deid turs with hym fra Cartage
 This takin of mischeif in his vayage.

The quenes
 last oracyon
 afore hir
 deth, rehers-
 ing the
 articles scho
 had done in
 hyr lyfe
 tyme.

10

Quod sche: and, thairwith, gan hir seruandis behald
 Hir fallin and stekit on the irn cald ;
 The blud outbullerand on the nakit swerd,
 Hir handis furthsprent. The clamour than and rerd
 Went to the toppis of the large hallis ;
 The noyis ran wyde out our the cetie wallis,
 Smate all the toun with lamentable murnyng.
 Of gretting, gowling, and wifly womenting
 The rufis did resound, bray, and rair,
 Quhil huge bewaling all fordinnit the air ;
 Nane vther wise than thocht takin and doun bet
 War all Cartage, and with enymyis ourset,
 Or than thair natiue cetie, the toun of Tire ;
 And furius flamb, kendillit and birnand schire,
 Spreding fra thak to thak, baith but and ben,
 Als weill our tempillis as housis of vther men.

20

Hir sistir An, spreitles almaist for dreid,
 Herand sa feirfull confluence thiddir speid,
 With nalis rifand reuthfully hir face,
 And smyttand with hir neffis hir breist, allace !
 Fast ruschis throw the myddis of the rout,
 And on the throwand, with mony spreich and schoute,

30

Annas lamentis
hyr sisters
death.

Callis by name : Sistir germane, quod scho,
 Hoch ! was this it thow fenzeit the to do ?
 Has thow attemptit me with sic dissait ?
 This bing of treis, thir altaris and fyris hait,
 Is this the thing thai haif onto me dycht ?
 Quhat sall I first complene, now desolate wycht ?
 O deir sister, quhen thow wes redy to de,
 Ha ! quhy has thow sa far dispisit me
 As to refuse thi sistir with the to wend ?
 Thow suld haif callit me to the samyn end, 10
 That the ilk sorow, the samyn swerd, baith tway,
 And the self hour mycht haue tane ws away.
 This funerall fire with thir handis biggit I,
 And with my voce did on our goddis heir cry,
 To that effect, as crewell to be absent,
 Thou beand thus sa dulefully heir schent !
 Sistir, allace ! with my counsell haif I
 The and my self, and peple of Sydony,
 The heris all, and eik thi fair cetie
 Destroyit and ondown for ay, quod sche, 20
 Feche hiddir sone the well wattir lew warm,
 To wesche hir woundis, and hald hir in my arm,
 Syne with my mouth at I may sowk, and se
 Gif spreit of life left in hir body be.

This saying, the hie bing ascendis onane,
 And gan embrace half deid hir sistir germane,
 Culzeand in hir bosum, and murnand ay,
 And with hir wympill wipit the blude away.
 And scho agane, Dido, the deidlie quene,
 Presit for till wplift hir hevvy ene, 30
 Bot therof falis ; for the grislie wound
 Deip in hir breist gapis wyde and wnsound.

Thrise scho hir self raxit vp for to rise ;
 Thrise on hir elbok lenys, and als feil sise
 Scho fallis bakwart in the bed agane ;
 With ene rolling, and twynkilling wp full fane,
 Assayis scho to spy the hevinis lycht ;
 Syne murmuris, quhen scho tharof gat a sycht.
 Almychty Juno haiffand reuth, by this,
 Off hir lang sorow and tarisum deid, I wis,
 Hir maid Iris from the hevin hes send
 The throwand saull to lous, and mak ane end 10
 Of all the juncturis and lethis of hir cors ;
 Becaus that, nothir of fatis throw the force,
 Nor ȝit by naturall deid perischit sche,
 Bot fey, in haisty furour inflambit hie,
 Befoir hir day had hir self spilt,
 Or that Prosperine the ȝallow haris gilt
 From hir foretop byreft, or dubbit hir heid
 Onto the Stigian hellis flude of deid.
 Tharfor dewy Iris throw the hevin
 With hir salfron wingis flew full evin, 20
 Drawand, quhair scho went, forgane the sone cleir,
 Ane thowsand culloris of diuers hewis seir ;
 And abufe Didois heid arest can :
 I am commandit, quod sche, and I man
 Vndo this hair, to Pluto consecrait,
 And lows thi saull out of this mortale stait.
 This sayand, with rycht hand hes scho hint
 The hair, and cuttis in tua, or that sche stint ;
 And thair with all the naturall heit out quent,
 And, with a puft of aynd, the lyfe furth went. 30

Finis Libri Quarti.

Incipit Prohemium Quinti Libri.

THE PROLOG
OF THE FYFT BUIK.



LAD is the ground of the tender florist
grene,

Birdis the bewis and thir schawis
schene,

The wery hunter to fynd his happy
pray,

The falconer the riche riveir our to flene,

The clerk reiosis his buikis our to seyne,

The luiffar to behald his lady gay,

3oung folk thaim schurtis with gam, solace, and play;

Quhat maist delytis or likis every wycht,

Therto steris thar curage day or nycht.

Knichtis delytis to assay sterand stedis, 10

Wantoun gallandis to traill in sumptuus wedis ;

Ladeis desyris to behald and be sene ;

Quha wald be thrifty courteouris sais few credis ;

Sum plesance takis in romanis that he redis,

And sum has lust to that was never sene :

How mony hedis als feil consatis bene ;

Tua appetitis vneith accordis with vther ;

This likis the, perchance, and nocht thi brodir.

Plesance and joy rycht halesum and perfyte is,

So that the wys therof in prouerb writis, 20

Ane blyth spreit makis greyn and flurist age.
 Myn author eik in Bucolikus enditis,
 The 3ounge infant first with lauchter delytis
 To know his modir, quhen he is litil page ;
 Quha lauchis nocht, quod he, in his barnage,
 Genyus, the God, delitith nocht thair table,
 Nor Juno thaim to keip in bed is able.

The hie wisdom and maist profound ingyne
 Of myne author Virgil, poet divyne,
 To comprehend, makis me almaist forvay, 10
 So crafty wrocht his werk is, lyne be lyne.
 Thairon aucht na man irk, complene, nor quhryne ;
 For quhy ? he alteris his stile sa mony way ;
 Now dreid, now strif, now luf, now wo, now play,
 Langer in murning, now in melody,
 To satisfy ilk wichtis fantasy ;

Lyke as he had of every thing a feill,
 And the willis of every wycht did seill ;
 And therto eik sa wislie writis he
 Twiching the proffet of the commond weill, 20
 His sawis bene full of sentence every deill,
 Of morale doctryne, that men suld viciis fle ;
 Bot gif he be nocht joyous lat ws se ;
 For quha sa list seir glaidsum gemmis leir,
 Full mony mery abaitmentis followis heir.

Now harkis sportis, mirthis, and mery playis,
 Full gudlie pastance on mony syndry wayis,
 Endite by Virgile, and heir by me translait,
 Quhilk William Caxtoun knew neuir all his dayis ;
 For, as I said tofoir, that man forvayis ; 30

His febill prois bene mank and mutilait ;
 Bot my propyne coym fra the pres fuit hait,
 Vnforlatit, not jawyn fra tun to tun,
 In fresche sapour new fro the berrie run.

Bacchus of glaidnes, and funerall Proserpyne,
 And Goddes of triumph clepit Victory,
 Sall I 3ow call, as 3our naim war divyne ?
 Na, na, it suffisith of 3ow full small memory ;
 I bid nothir of 3our turmentis nor 3our glory ;
 Bot he quhilk may ws glaid perpetually, 10
 To bring ws till his blis, on hym I cry.

Sen erdlie plesour endis oft with sorrow, we se,
 As in this buik nane examplis 3e want,
 Lord, our protectour, to all traistis in the,
 But quham na thing is worthy nor pissant ;
 To ws thi grace and als grete mercy grant,
 So for to wend by temporall blythnes
 That our eternail joy be nocht the les !

Finis Prologi Quinti Libri.

THE FYFT BUIK OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

*Enee fra Cartage salis, and quhow belif
He with the tempest wes in Sicill drife.*



IN the meyn quhill tho gan Eneas hald
Sovirle his cours throw the gray fludis
cald,
His navy with north wind scherand the
seyis :

Towart Cartage he gan behald, and seis
Be than the wallis lemand brycht and schyre
Of the vnhappy Didois funerall fyre.
Quhay had this gret fyre maid, and to quhat end,
Thai marvalit, for the causis war vnkend ;
Bot by the sorowfull takin, nocht the les,
The Troianis in thare breistis tuk ane ges
Quharfor it was ; for weill wist Eneas
In violait luif quhat strenth of dolour was,
And knew also quhat thingis mycht be controvit
By wemen in fury rage that stranglie lovit.

Bot fra the schippis held the deip see,
That now na mair sycht of the land thai see,
Salf hevin abuif, and fludis all about,
A wattry cloud, blak and dirk, but dout,

10

*The grete
dolour of
qvenis when
loue is
violated.*

Gan ovr thair heidis tho appeir ful rycht,
 And down a tempest sent als dirk as nycht;
 The streme wolx wgsom of the dym sky.
 Palynurus, the maister, gaif a cry
 From the eft castell heich, as thair he stude;
 Quhairfor, allace! sa mony cluddis wnrude,
 Quhod he, bylappit has the hevinis, lo?
 Fader Neptune! quhat ettlis thow to do?
 This being said, commandis he every feir
 Do red thair takillis, and stand hard by thair geir, 10
 And wychtly als thair airis wp to haill:
 Himself infangis the le scheit of the saill,
 And efter said: maist curageous Enee,
 Althocht gret Jove, our helpar, wald hecht it me,
 I traist nocht with this weddir to wyn Itail.
 The wind is contrar, brayand in our bak saill,
 Hard in our berd wpblawand wondir sair,
 And all with bubbis wmbeset is the air;
 Nor we may nocht strife nor enforce sa fast
 Agane the storme, bot stowtar is the blast; 20
 And sen that fortoun maisters ws, tharfor
 Lat ws follow thairon, and ryn befoir,
 Quhiddir that the windis callis ws sett saill.
 Nocht far thens, as that I beleif, sans fail,
 The freindfull, brotherlie, costis of Erisis,
 And sovir portis of Sicill bene, I wis,
 Gyf I remember the methis of sternis weill.
 Tho, quod reuthfull Eneas, sa haif I seill;
 I saw lang syne the windis ettil that way,
 And the, in vane, agane thame strife perfoy: 30
 Tyte turn 3our salis, and set thidder 3our went.
 Thair is na land mair lykand to myne entent,

A schippe
 manes
 oration.

It is no
 wisdom
 to fecht
 agaynst
 fortune.

Nor quhare me list sa weill and profitable
 Our wery folkis to resting and estable,
 Than in that contre quhairin doith remane,
 Full deir to me, Acestes of blude Troiane,
 And in his boundis, derast abuf the laif,
 My faderis banis embrasis, laid in graif.
 This being said, towart the port thai stevin,
 The followand wind blew strek thair sail full evin ;
 Fast our the wallis slidis the navy,
 And in schort quhile arivit ar blythly 10
 At the strandis and costis weill bekend.

Bot, on the hie top of a hill ascend,
 Acestes gan behald, and had gret wondir,
 And to the cost, als fers as ony thundir,
 To meit his freindis schippis did he speid,
 A beir skyn of Affrik aboun his weid,
 Full grym of luik, with dartis kene and rude ;
 His modir Troiane of Crinosus the flude
 Consavit hym and bair, as it is said.
 Not forzetting his ald kyn, blyth and glaid 20
 Of thair return was he, and merely
 Thaim welcumand ressavit by and by ;
 Gaif thaim of rurale metis with glaid semblance,
 And cherist thaim with freindlie purviance.

CAP. II.

*Eneas in Sicill, but langar tary,
 Maid for his fadir the service anniuersary.*

The nixt morow, als sone as the brycht day,
 The son wprisand, chasit the sternis away,
 VOL. II. P

That my fadir wald eftir this ressave
 This sacrifice quhilk I begunnyn haif,
 Within our cetie quhilk we mon beild, God wait,
 In thai tempillis onto hym dedicait.
 Acestes, cumin of Troy, for his wirschep,
 Twa oxen sall 3ow gif for every schip.
 Our Penates and Troiane goddis, forthy,
 Bring furth hiddir wnto the maniory ;
 Do feche me eik thai goddis to this cost,
 Quhilk wirscheppit ar by Acestes, our host. 10
 And forthermair, gif that the nynt day
 Rise fair and cleir, with his brycht morow gay,
 And gan his bemys our the erd spreid,
 First sall I ordane for my Troianis, in deid,
 Quha has the swiftast schippis of our navy,
 With all thair force to strife for the maistry ;
 And eik, quha best on fuit can ryn, lat see,
 To preif his pith, to wersill, and beir the gre ;
 Or dartis cast, and best schute arrowis lycht ;
 Or, lyke a douchty companion, into ficht 20
 With bustius bastoun daryne strive, or mace.
 Lat every man adres hym to this place,
 And mak hym redy agane the sammyn day,
 For till optene, and beir the prise away.
 Annerd herto, ilk man, rycht fauorabilly,
 And hald 3our pece but othir noyis or cry,
 And do 3our heidis with fresche bewis array.
 And sayand this, he gan his templis tway
 Covir with myrthus, that is his moderis tre.
 The sam wise did gret Helymus, perde ; 30
 Rycht so hym self king Acestes the auld,
 Rycht so the child Ascaneus so bald ;

A division of
the gaymes
proponed.

Quham followis all the laif in lyke maneir.
 The prince Enee, from the consall in feir,
 With mony thowsandis walkand hym about,
 Went to the tomb amynd the thikkast rout,
 Quhair first, eftir thair payane ryte and gise,
 Twa flacouns full of wyne in sacrifice
 Apon the erd he ȝet, and vther twane
 Full of new mylkit mylk, and syne agane
 Twa full of hait bluid was of the offerandis,
 And purpour flouris strowis with his handis ; 10
 Syne said : Haill, haly fadir ! haill agane
 ȝe assis cald, ressaut all in vane,
 Wmquhile contenit my faderis saull and gost.
 Allace ! was it nocht lefull, thow vnlost,
 The boundis of Itail, with the, and fatale landis
 For to haue socht, and eik onto the strandis
 Of Tibir in Ausonya, quhair euir it be,
 Arrivit sound, in falloschip with the ?
 Scars said he thus, quhen, of the holl grave law,
 A gret eddir slydand gan furth thraw, 20
 In sevin lowpis linkit, and tymis sevin
 Circulit the tomb about, sweitlie and evin,
 And glydand syne amang the altaris anone ;
 Of freklyt spraiklis all hir bak schone,
 As golden mailȝeis hir scalis glitterand brycht,
 Lyke to the ranebow amang cluddis licht,
 Drawand alwayis, forgane the son cleir,
 A thowsand culloris of diuers hewis seir.
 Eneas of the sycht abasit sum deill.
 Bot scho at last, with lang faird, fair and weill 30
 Crepis amang the veschell and cowpis all ;
 'The drink, and eik the offerandis gret and small,

A wonderus
 apperyng of
 a serpent.

Snokkis and likkit ; syne full the altaris left,
 And, but mair harme, in the graif enterit eft.
 Quairfor Enee begouth agane renew
 His faderis hie saull queith ; for he nocht knew
 Quhiddir that this wes Genyus, the god of that steid,
 Or than the seruand of his fadir deid.
 Five twinteris britnit he, as wes the gise,
 And als mony swyne, and tydy quyis
 With hidis blak ; and into cowpis syne
 In gret plente ȝet furth the hallowit wyne, 10
 Rowpand the saull of gret Anchises gone,
 And his gost fred from the flud Acherone.
 His feris eik, euery man in thair degre,
 Of sic thing as thai mycht get gret plentie,
 Blythlie thair offerandis addressis to inbring,
 Chargis the altaris, and brittynnys stirkis ȝing.
 Sum vthir per ordour caldrouns gan wpsett,
 And, scatterit endlang the greyn, the colis hett
 Wndir the speitis swakkis, to roist in threit
 The raw spaldis ordanit for the muld meit. 20

CAP. III.

*Off the gemmis proclamying, and the play,
 Quhais first derene four schippis did assay.*

Cummyn be this was the desirit day ;
 The nynt morow wpspringis fresche and gay,
 And Pheton gan his fadderis chair furth drive.
 The fame of this trivmphe he gan spreid belive,

That, for wirschip of Acestes, thar king,
 All folkis environ did to the costis thring,
 Glaidlie occupiand all the strandis about ;
 Sum, to behald Eneas court and rout,
 And sum, also, to strive for the maistry.
 At the begynning, the wageouris by and by,
 And the rewardis, in myddis of the feild
 Befoir thair ene war sett, at all beheld

Rewardis
 preponit to
 the victouris.

The gilt trestis, and the grene tre,
 The lawreir crownis, for the prise and gre, 10
 With palmes schene in takin of victory,
 Fair armouris of triumph and myche glory,
 The robbis fyne of purpoure richely dycht,
 Seir talentis eik of gold and siluer brycht :
 Thairwith, the trumpet blew, as bene the gise,
 Apon ane hycht, declaris and notifyis
 The gemmys to be exercit for that day.

With airis squair, the bargane gan assay
 Four galeis chosin first of all the flote.
 The swifte Pristis with spedy routh, fute hote, 20
 Furth steris the stern Mynestheus onane,
 Quhilk eftir bycome a lord Italiane,
 Of quhais ofspring and genology
 The peple ar discend clepit Memmy.
 The busteus barge, yclepit Chimera,
 Gyas, with felloun fard, furth brocht als wa,
 Sa huge of birth a cetie semit sche,
 Quham a gret numbir of 3ovng Troiane men3e
 On thrynfald ordour causis furth to glyde ;
 The airis rayis thre rawis on athir syde. 30
 The thrid schip, yclepit Centaurus,
 Furth haldis with hir patrone Sergestus,

Quham fra the famell come hait Sergia.
 The sovir se schip tho, namyt Scilla,
 Cloanthus gydis ; eftir quham, 3it syne,
 In Rome the peple bene callit Cluenthyne.

Weill far from thens standis a roche in the see,
 Forgane the fomy schoir and costis hie,
 Quhilk, sumtyme with the boldnand wallis quhite,
 Is by the jawp of fludis coverit quyte,
 Quhen the south est wind, in the wintir tyde,
 Gan with his stormy cluddis the sternis hyde ; 10
 And, in the calm or lown weddir, is sene
 Abuf the fludis hie, a fair plane grene,
 A standand place quhar skarthis with ther beikis,
 Forgane the son, glaidlie thaim pronze and bekis.
 In this place stikkit has the prince Enee
 A mark or wittir of ane greyn aik tre,
 In terme and taikin onto the maryneris,
 Quhairfor to turn agane, as thaim afferis,
 And sett about thar lang cours, thai mycht knaw.
 By cuttis than per ordour, all on raw, 20
 Thair place thai chesit at the costis bay.
 The patrouns in eft castellis, fresche and gay,
 Stude, all in gold and purpour schyning brycht ;
 The remanent of the roweris, euery wycht,
 In pople tre branschis dycht at poynt,
 With spaldis nakit, schene with oil anoynt,
 Apon thair settis and thortis all attanis
 Thair placis hint, arrayit for the nanis,
 With armis reddy outour thair airis fald,
 Abidis lisnand the takin to behald, 30
 Thair hartis on flocht, smyttin with schame sum deill,
 Bot glaid and joly, in hope for to do weill,

Rasis in thair breistis desyre of hie renoun.
 Syne, but delay, at the first trumpettis soun,
 From thair marchis attanis furth thay sprent.
 Vpsprang the clamour, and the rerd furth went,
 Heych in the skyis, of mony maryner.
 The fomy stour of seis rais thair and heir,
 Throw fers bak drauchtis of feil gardeis squair.
 Thai seuch the fludis, that, souchand quhair thai fair,
 In sondir slydis ; ourweltit eik with ayris,
 Fra thair foirstammys the buller brayis and raris. 10
 Neur so feirs in feild nor in barreir,
 The dowble 3okkit cartis, in feir of weir
 Or for trivmphe, furth of thair stabillis gan rusche ;
 Nor neur sa thik, with mony lasche and dusche,
 The carteris smat thar horsis fast in teyn,
 With renzeis slakit, and sweit dreband bedene :
 For, throw the gild and rerd of men so zeld,
 And egirnes of thar frendis thaim beheld,
 Schowtand, Row fast ! all the woddis resoundis ;
 Endlang the costis the vocis and the soundis 20
 Rollis inclusit, quhill the meikle hillis
 Bemys agane, hit with the brute so schill is.
 Amyd the pres, thus as the rerd wpwent,
 Befoir the laif Gyas schip furth sprent,
 Ourslydand wallis croppis besely ;
 Quhom Cloanthus followis nixt in hy,
 Mair sle in routh, thoch sum deil slaw wes sche,
 For that hir holl wes of sa hevy tre.
 And eftir thaim, elyke, furth in evin space,
 Pristis and Centaur straih for the first place ; 30
 And now hes Pristis the fordaill, and syne, in hy,
 The big Centaur hir warris, and slippis by ;

Now glyde thai baith togiddir furth in front,
Sewchquhand salt fame with thair lang kelis blont.

CAP. IV.

*3it how the schippis strivis on the see,
Of thair nyse rais, and quha than wan the gre.*

With this thai gan towart the meithe approche,
And war almaist cumin to the roche,
Quhen that the patrone Gyas, amynd the flude,
Wenyng hymself victour thair as he stude,
Callis on his steris man, hait Meneit by name :
Quhiddir gois thow so on steirburd ? fy for schame !
Frawart me thow haldis ; set thi cours innermoir ;
Seik hard on burd endlang fast by the schoir, 10
And suffir that the palmes of our airis
Hirsill on the craig almaist, ilk routh, and waris ;
Lat the vtheris hald furth the deip see large :
Quod Gyas. Bot Menetes, for his barge
Of the hid rolkis blind sum deill afferit,
Towart the deip fludis hir stevin ay sterit.
Quhare, dismale, wil thow now ? gan Gyas cry :
Hald to the craig agane, Menyit, fast by.
And tharwith, lo ! Cloanthus he did behald
Hard at his taill, that gan the nar way hald ; 20
For, rycht betwixt the rolk and Gyas schip,
On bawburd fast the innar way he leit slip,
And wan befor the formast schip in hy :
Now is he past the wittir, and rollis by

The roche, and haldis sovirlie throw the see.
 Bot than, God wait, quhat pane in hart can dre
 The 3oung Gyas ! hym thoct all brint his banis ;
 The watir brist from baith his ene attanis ;
 Forȝet wes wirschip and his honestie thair,
 Forȝet wes of his fallowschip the weillfair,
 The anciant trowth of Meneit forȝettis he,
 And swakkit hym our schipburd in the see.
 Hym self, as skyppar, hint the steir in hand,
 Hym self, as maister, gan marynaris command, 10
 And threw the rudir to the costis syde.
 Be than the auld Meneit our schipburd slyde,
 Hevy, and all his weid sowpit with seis,
 Scars from the wattir ground wpboltit he is,
 Syne swymmmand held onto the craggis hycht,
 Sat on a dry rolk, and hym self gan dycht.
 The Troianis lauchis fast seand hym fall,
 And, hym behaldand swym, thai keklit all ;
 Bot maist thai maiking gem and gret riot,
 To see hym spout salt wattir of his throt. 20
 Heir first guid hope arrais to the twa last,
 That is to knaw, Mynestheus and Sergest,
 Gyas schip tharby to ourcum wenying,
 That tariis sum deil for lak of gud stering.
 Tho Sergest gan the first place occupy,
 With schip approcheand towart the roche in hy ;
 And, netheles, hail befoir wan sche nocht,
 Bot thrang hir foirschip formast as sche mocht,
 So that Pristis, hir weriour, all the way,
 Hir forstam by hir midschip haldis ay. 30
 Than, rowmyng to and fra his schip, our all
 Mynestheus gan his feris exort and call :

Now, now, 3e vail3eand feris of worthy Hector,
 Hail stowtlie wp 3our airis, think on 3our glor,
 Think how, the lattir rewyne of Troy, 3ow I
 Haue walit, and brocht with me in company ;
 Now schaw that strenth, now schaw that hie curage,
 Quhilk on the schaldis of Affrik, in stormis rage,
 3e did exers, and the ilk force, I wis,
 3e schew betuixt Scilla and Caribdis,
 Quhair that Ionium clepit is the see,
 And als forgane the stith stremis of Malee. 10
 As to the first place, now bid I nocht craif it,
 Althocht I be Menestheus wont till haue it ;
 Nor I bid nocht to strive and win the gre,
 Howbeit, wald God, that war a gloir to se !
 Do lat thaim bruik the mastery and the price,
 Quhamto Neptune list grant at his devys ;
 Bot gret lak war to return allther last.
 Deir freindis, defend 3ow fra that cankyrit cast,
 And do ourset sa shamefull hard mischance.
 With all thar force than at the vterance, 20
 Thai pinglit ayris wp to bend, and hail
 With sa strang rowthis apoun athir wail,
 The mychty kervell schudderit at euery straik,
 Doun swakkand fludis ondir hir braid bilge of aik.
 So clappis the braith in breistis with mony pant,
 Quhill in thar dry throttis the aynd worth scant,
 And sweit doun triglis in stremys our allquhair.
 Betyde ane chance that ilk tyme fell thaim fair,
 And grantit thaim that honour thai desyrit ;
 For as Sergest, with fers mind all infyrit, 30
 Turnit his stevin towart the rolk our neir,
 Ontill a wickit place his schip did steir,

Menescens
exhortacion

Quhill on the blind craggis, mischevously,
 Fast stikkis scho, chopband hard quhynis in hy,
 And on the scherp skelleis, to hir wanhap,
 Smat with sic fard the airis in flenderis lap ;
 Hir foirschip hang, and sum deill scorit throwout.
 The marynaris stert on fuit with a schout,
 Cryand, byde, how ! and with lang bolmis of tre
 Pikit with irn, and scherp roddis, he and he
 Inforcis of to schowin the schip to saif,
 And brokin airis gadderit on the streme thai haif. 10
 Now quha was blyth bot Menestheus, full zore,
 Quhilk, for the chance, mair egirlie than before,
 With swift fard of airis, and wind at will
 The reddy way held our the fludis chill,
 And frakkis fast out throw the oppyne se.
 Als swiftlie as the dow affrait doith fle
 Furth of hir hole, and rycht darn wyning wane,
 Quhair hir sweit nest is holkit in the stane,
 So ferslie in the feildis furth scho springis,
 Quhill of hir fard the hous riging ringis, 20
 And sone eftir, scherand the lownit air,
 Doun from the hycht discendis soft and fair,
 Not besy wingit, bot planand esely :
 So slaid Menestheus throw the se in hy,
 So followit Pristis, was langeir allther last,
 With felloun fard furth swepand also fast.
 And first Sergest behind sone left hes he,
 Wreland on skelleis and wndepis of the see,
 With brokin airis lerand to haist agane,
 And cryand, Help ! bot that wes all in vane. 30
 Syne Gyas schip, the felloun Chimera,
 Persewis he fast, quhilk gaif hym place als wa,

A compari-
 son.

For scho wes spulzeit of hir sterisman.
 Thair restis na ma bot Cloanthus than ;
 Quham finally to pursew he adrest,
 And pinglis hir onto the vtirmest.

The noyis and brut tho dowblis lowd on hycht ;
 For, on the costis syde, fast every wycht
 Spurris the persewaris to roll besyly.
 Set on hym now ! Haue at hym thar ! thai cry,
 That huge clamour fordynnit all the air.
 The formast thocht thar awn wirschep so fair, 10
 And had disdene bot thai thar honour saif,
 To bruik it quhilk so hard wynnin thai haif
 Or thai thar laud suld los or vassalage,
 Thai had far levir lay thar lyf in wage.
 The fauorable fortoun, and thar happy chance,
 So gan the breistis of the vther avance,
 Thame thocht thai mocht thaim wyn with laubour
 Becaus it semit to thaim that so thai mycht. [lycht,
 And peraventure, with equale stevinis attanis,
 The price thai suld haue baith caucht for the nanis,
 War nocht Cloanthus in the fluidis cauld 20
 With devote prayeris baith his handis gan hald,
 And on the goddis callis, and maid hys vow ;
 O 3e goddis, quhais fludis I ryn throw,
 Ondir 3our empyre rewling the large se,
 I sall glaidlie on this cost syde, quod he,
 A quhyte bull offir in 3our sacrifice,
 So I my vow may bruik and wyn the price ;
 The entrallis eik, far in the fludis brak,
 In 3our reuerence sall I slyng and swak, 30
 And 3et thairin the sweit liquour of wyne.
 And, be his wordis warrin brocht to fyne,

Cloanthus
 oration to the
 see goddya.

Law fra the boddum of the seis deip
 His prayeris war except ; tharto tuik keip
 The nymphis all, clepit Nereades,
 And thai that followis Phorcus, all the pres,
 The maid also quhilk Panopea hait ;
 The fadir of havinis, Portunus, all the gait
 With his big hand schot the schip furth hir went,
 That swifter than the south wind on scho spreit,
 Or as ane fleand arrow to land glaid,
 And in the deip port enterit, but abaid. 10

CAP V.

*Quhow Eneas onto the maryneris
 Gaif every man his reward, as efferis.*

Anchises son Eneas, than, full wise,
 Callis thaim all forrow hym, as was the gyse,
 And, with ane harraldis lowde voce gan declair
 Cloanthus victor was, and on his hair
 Gart set ane crown, was of the laurer grene ;
 And bad vnto ther schippis bair bedene
 Thre 3oung oxin onto every barge,
 Presandis of wyne, and of syluer ane charge.
 Bot principaly to the capitanis he gaif
 Honorable rewardis, as thaim efferit to haif : 20
 To the victor, ane mantill brusit with gold,
 With purpoure seluage writhin mony fold,
 And all byrunnyn and lowpit lustely,
 As rynnys the flude Meander in Thessaly ;

Quhairon wes weif in subtell goldin threidis
 King Troyus son, the fair Ganymedis,
 Wndir the thik wod bewis of Ida
 The swift hartis chasand to and fra,
 And with his dartis baldlie thaim gan beit.
 He semyt porturit pantand for the heit ;
 Quham, with a surs, swiftlie Jovis squyer
 Caucht in his clukis, and bair up in the air.
 The eldar huntaris and his keparis than,
 Clappand thair luiffis and thair handis, ilk man, 10
 Sair awondrit gan the sternis behald ;
 For hundis quest it semyt the lift rife wald.
 Onto hym, syne, Eneas gevin has,
 That by his vertu wan the secund place,
 A habirgeoun of burnist mailzeis brycht,
 With gold ourgilt clowit thrynfald full tycht,
 Quhilk he, sum tyme, with his strang handis two,
 Tirvit and rent of bald Demoleo,
 Quham ondir Troyis wallis vencust he,
 Quhair Symois rynniss swiftlie in the see. 20
 This wirschippfull gift to Mynestheus he gave,
 That was his beild in armes hym to save.
 Sa paysand was this cote that scarslie mycht
 Phegeus and Sagaris, twa seruandis wycht,
 Bair it on thar nek chargit mony fald ;
 Bot, therwith cled, Demoleo ryne fast wald,
 Chasand the Troianis scatterit far on breid.
 The thrid gift syne Eneas gaif, in deid,
 Twa gret caldrons of bras forgit hote ;
 Twa siluer coppis schappin lyk ane bote, 30
 Punsit full weill, and with figuris ingrave.
 And thus thair giftis gottin all thai have.

A com-
parison.

Apon sic wise, full proud of thair reward,
 Ilk ane of thaim, furth pransand lyke a lard,
 Arrayit weill the templs of thair heid
 With purpours garlandis of the rosis reid :
 Quhen fra the scherp rolk, skarslie, with gret slycht,
 Sergestus gan wpreill his schip evil dycht ;
 Of brokin airis feblly with a raw,
 Mokkit and schent, scho cumis hame full slaw.
 Lyke as oft happinis the eddir amynd the way
 Lurkand or glidand in the hait symmeris day, 10
 Quham the hevy schode cart quheill doith ourtak,
 Pressand hir down, and rifand hir teuch bak ;
 Or, with smert dynt or stane cast, half deid neir
 And cut in tua leifis the travaleir ;
 Scho pressand fle, all for nocht, besely
 Lang wrinkliss makis oft with hir body ;
 The ta part fers and fell, with birnand ene
 Streikand hir nek with hissis lowd in tene ;
 The todir part, lamynt, clynsschis and makis hir byde,
 In lowpis thrawin and lynkis of hir hyde : 20
 With siclyke routh this schip slawly furth went,
 Syne maid saill at the last, and, tharwith bent,
 Enteris in the havyn ; and Sergest Eneas
 Rewardis weill, as that his promys was,
 For glaid he was the schip was self wnlust,
 And brocht his feris hailscarth to the cost.
 To hyme ane seruand woman, hait Pholoe,
 Was gif, and, sowkand hir, hir twynnis twa ;
 Of Creit, as to hir kynrent, born was sche,
 And in the craft of Mynerve wondir sle. 30

CAP. VI.

*Into this nixt cheptour followis heyr
The fute mennys renkis and rewardis seyr.*

Gentill Enee, this sport endit and done,
Ontill a fair plane greyn passit sone,
Quhilk was invironit all with hillis hie,
Schaddowit with woddis rank and mony a tre.
Amyd the vale, in maner of circule round,
A playing place wes markit on the ground,
Sic as that clepit bene a theatry ;
Thiddir the heir with mony thowsand gan hy,
And evin amydwart, in his trone gret
For him arrayit, takin was his sete ;
Quhair, with rewardis seir, he did provoke
The grene curage and myndis of 3oung folk,
Sic as lykit swiftlie on fuit to ryn,
Cum bair the price away and wageour wyn.
On athir half than gaderis hym about
Of Troianis samyn and Sicilianis a rout,
And first come Nisus and the fresche Ewrlle ;
Ewrlilius in greyn 3outh and luif sille,
Maist eligant of persoun, for quhais freindschip
And tendirnes come Nisus in fallowschip ;
Quham followis nixt noble Diores the gude,
Cummyn of the stok of mychty Priamus blude ;
And eftir hym thar followis sone anone
Twa otheris samyn, Salyus and Patrone,
Of quham the tane born of Epiria,
And the todir was of Archadia,

10 The second
game for
futmens
rynnnyng.

20

Cummyn of the blude of Tigia that cetie.
 Twa othir 3oung men syne of Sicilie,
 Helymus and Panopes, baith feris
 Onto the king Acestes auld of 3eris,
 Hantit to ryn in wodis and in schawis ;
 Seir other coyme eik, quhais namis wnknaw is,
 For that thai war of law stait and degre.

Amiddis of thaim all, thus said Enee :

Tak tent, freyndis, remember quhat I say,
 Mark this in mynd glaidly and bair away ; 10
 Neur ane of all this fallowschip, quod he,
 Sall wnrewardit hyne depart fra me.

Eneas ora-
 tion promis-
 yng his
 Troyans
 rewardis.

I sall 3ow gevin ilk man, as efferis,
 With brycht hedis, wrocht in Creit, twa schort speris,
 A siluerit ax also, to bair in hand ;
 For 3ow all equale sal be sic presand.
 The thre formast sall beir the price and gre,
 Thar hedis crownit with grene olife tre.
 Quha cumis first, and victour our the laif,
 Ane hors with precius harnysing sall haif ; 20
 The secund, ane arrow cais of Amazone,
 Full of arrowis of Trace, sall haif anone,
 Hingin by a braid tische of gold ilk joynt,
 The buckle claspit with a gemmis poynt ;
 The thrid may go his way, and stand content
 Bot of this Gregioun helm, lo, heir present.

Quhen this was said, thar placis haif thai tane,
 And, fra thai hard the takin, sene onane
 Rycht swiftlie on thair rasis gan thai tak ;
 The stand thai leif, and flaw furth with a crak 30
 As windis blast, etland to the rinkis end.
 Befoir thaim all furth bowtis with a bend

Nisus a far way, stert mair spedely
 Than thud of weddir or thundir in the sky.
 Nixt onto hym, bot nocht neir be far way,
 Followis Salyus ; and, a space eftir thaim tway,
 Eurialus wes the thrid ; quhom syne in feir
 Followit Helymus ; quhamto held euir neir
 Diores, quhidderand at his bak fute hate,
 His tais chopband on his heill all the gait,
 Wrythand with his schuldir to haue thrungin him by,
 And had he anis wonn mair rowm, tho in hy 10
 He suld full sone haue skippit furth befor,
 And left in dowl quha first coyme to the scoir.

Be this thai wan neir to the renkis end,
 Irkit sum deil befor the mark weil kend,
 Quhen that Nisus fallis, vnhappely,
 Apon the glottnit blud quhar as fast by
 The stirkis for the sacrifice, per cace,
 War newly brittnit, quhairof all the place,
 And the greyn gers, bedyt wes and wet.
 As this 3onkeir heiron tred and fut sett, 20
 Joly and blyth, wenyng hym victour round,
 He slaid and stummerit on the slydry ground,
 And fell at erd grufingis amyde the fen,
 Or beistis blude of sacrifice ; 3it then
 For3ettis he nocht Eurialus luif, perfay,
 But kest hym evin ourthortour Salyus way,
 Gruling as he mycht vpon the slydry grene,
 Maid hym lycht windflaucht on the ground vncleue.
 Furth spreit Eurialus formast, and, by supple
 Of his freynd Nisus, the first place wan he ; 30
 With red and fevorable hailsingis furth he sprang,
 As oft befallis, sic tymis, commons amang.

Helymus nixt onto the stand is cumin ;
 The thrid place now and gre Dyor has wunnyn.
 Tho Salyus fillis all the court about
 With lowd ramyngis and with mony a schout,
 And gan, in presens of the nobillis, pray
 Restoir his honour by dissait stollin away.
 The favour defendis Eurialus of his feris,
 And of his ene bristene the semelie teris,
 Sched for disdene he suld swa lose his price :
 The vertu, eik, mair gracijs at all device 10
 Was haldin, that coyme of sa seymly persone.
 That helpit mekle ; and Dyores euer anone
 Chydis for hym fast, for alsmeikle as he
 The thrid place than had wonnyn and the gre ;
 Bot all for nocht may he the last price beleif,
 Gif that to Salyus the first reward beis geif.
 Than the rewthfull Eneas spak and said :
 3our interprice, childering, beis blyth and glaid,
 Remanis sovir to 3ow ; for, out of weir,
 As first was sett the price, sall na man steir. 20
 It most be to me leifull reuth to haif
 Of my freindis mischance his lak to saif,
 Quhilk in his awn defalt tynt not the gre.
 And, sayand thus, to Salyus gaif he
 Ane busteous lyoun skyn of Getuly,
 With goldin clewis, lokkerit and wechty.
 Ha ! than, quod Nisus, gif sic reward sall be
 Gevin vnto thaim that fallis and tynis the gre ;
 Gif 3e list rew on sic, quhat gift conding
 Will thow gif Nisus, ran swift in a ling, 30
 And worthy was the first crown to haif caught,
 War nocht the sam misfortoun me ourraucht

hilk Salyus betyde? and, with that word,
 s face he schew besmotterit for a bourd,
 d all his membris in mude and dung bedoif.
 an leuch that riall prence on hym to goif,
 d bad do feche a riche schield, wrocht quentlie
 m tyme be ane Didymaon maist craftlie,
 d by the Greikis also down was ding
 Neptunus temple post, quhair it did hing;
 is worthy 3oung man with that gift soverane
 wardis he, of sic geir as mycht gane. 10

CAP. VII.

*Off the twa kempis suld strive in the pres,
 The bustius Entellus and Darhes.*

tir thir raissis done, and giftis gif,
 ow cummis heir, said Enee, quha list preif
 streik thair armes furth, and heis on hycht;
 r mais or burdoun arrayit weill at rycht:
 thay hes therto reddy bald spreit lat se.
 r athir party the price ordanit has he:
 r the victor a bull, and all his heid
 'goldin schacaris and rois garlandis reid
 uskit full weill; to hym vencust, alswa,
 riche helm and a fyne swerd, baith twa
 t for his solace. Than, but delay, Darhes 20
 ith busteus force schew his face in the pres.
 he wpstert, anone gret rumour rais
 mang the commons, sayand: lo! quhair he gais,
 llane was wont agane Paris debait;
 ne same is he, quhilk at the tumbe, fute hait,

The third
 game of
 wresling be
 armes.

Quhair beryit was Hector of maist renoun,
 The campioun Butes ourcome and bet down,
 All flat hym speldit on the dwn sand,
 In the deid thrawis : quhilk Butes, to onderstand,
 Fra Bebricy come, of statur huge and rude,
 And hym avancit of king Amicus blude.
 This ilk Darhes, berand his heid on hie,
 Reddy for batale schew furth, at all mycht se,
 His schulderis braid ; and swakkis heir and thar
 Hys armis strecht with gret flappis in the air. 10
 Ane vthir mache to hym was socht and sperit :
 Bot thair was nane of all the rowt at sterit,
 Ne durst presume meit that man on the land,
 With mace nor burdoun to debait hand for hand.
 Joly and glaid therof, baith all and sum
 Into bargane wenyng for to ourcum,
 Befoir Eneas feit stude but delay ;
 The bull he grippis by ane of the hornis tway
 With his left hand, and said wpon this wise :
 Sonn of the goddes, gif na man will rise, 20
 Ne dar hym self aventure in batell,
 Quhy stand I thus ? quhow lang efferis me dwell ?
 Command me leid away the price all fre.
 The Troianis with hym samyn, he and he,
 Murmurit and bemyt on the ilke wise :
 Reik to the man the price promist, all cryis.
 Tho gan the grave Acest with wordis chyde
 Entellus, sat on the greyn sonk hym besyde :
 Entell, quod he, wmqhile the forcyast
 Of campiouns clepit, and the worthyast, 30
 In vane that name thow beris, I dar say,
 Geif thow, sa thoilmuide, sufferis leid away

Sa greit a price, but deryene of batell.
 Quhair is he now, gret Erix, as thai tell,
 Our God renownit and maister all for nocht ?
 Quhair now that fame, our all Secill on flocht
 Quhilum diuulgate, is becumyn and gane ?
 Quhair bene the spulze trivmphall mony ane,
 Within thi hous hingis on every post ?

The todir answerit : nothir for dreid nor bost
 The luif of wirschep nor honour went away is,
 Bot certanlie the dasyt bluid, now on dayis 10
 Walxis dolf and dull throw myne vnweildy age ;
 The cald body has menist my curage.
 Bot war I now, as wmqhile it hes bene,
 3ing as 3one wanton woustour, sa strang thai wene,
 3a, had I now sic 3outhheid, traistis me,
 But ony price, I suld all reddy be ;
 Na lusty bull me till induce suld neid,
 For nothir I suld haue cravit wage nor meid.

Quhen this was said, he has, but mair abaid, [20
 Twa kempis burdouns brocht, and befoir thaim laid,
 With all thair harnes and braseris by and by,
 Of wecht full huge, and schap vnmesurly ;
 Quhairwith wmqhile, the stern Erix was wont
 To fecht in bargane, and gif mony dont,
 In that hard bellane his brawn is to embrace.
 All wolx astonist beheld thaim in that place ;
 So huge wecht, and so gret quantite
 Thai war, that weill thaim semyt for to be
 Of curbulze corvyne sevin gret oxin hydis,
 Styf as ane burd that stude, on athir sydis 30
 Stuffit and couchit full of irne and leid.
 Abufe all vtheris, Darhes, in that steid,

Thame to behald abasit wolx gretumly,
 Tharwith to mell refusing aluterly :
 Bot, full of magnanymyte, Eneas
 Pasis thair wecht als lychtlie as a fas,
 Thair hiddous braseris swakkand to and fro.

Sic wordis gan the auld rehersing tho :
 Quhat wald he haif said, that perchance had se
 Hercules burdoun and wappynnis heir, quod he,
 And on this ilk cost the sorowfull bargane ?
 Thir samyng wappynnis Erix, thi broder germane, 10
 Was wont to beir. Behald thaim smottit quyte
 Of his reid blude, and harnis theron out smyte.
 With thir agane gret Hercules stude he ;
 With thir was I wont mache in the melle,
 Quhill my fresche blude mair fors and strenth me lent,
 Or that wnfreindlie eild had thus besprent
 My heid and halfettis baith with canus hair.
 Bot, gif that Troiane Darhes refusis thair
 With thir our cuntre wappynnis in feild to pas,
 And eik it lykis the curtes Eneas, 20
 So that Acest my soverane that appreve,
 Be nocht afferd, Darhes, no thing the greif,
 Erix macis to the, on syde lay I,
 And thow thi Troiane burdoun also do by ;
 With equale wappynnis lat ws go to sone.
 And, with that word, of his schulderis has done
 His dowble habit ; and his lymmis squair,
 Baith big bonis and bawnis, maid all bair :
 Syne stithlie in the sandis wpstandis he,
 Of hiduus statur and of quantite. 30

CAP. VIII.

*The bargane of the kempis curageous,
The fers Darhes, and stalwart Entellus.*

The prince, Anchises son, Eneas than
 Twa evinlie burdouns walit, as cunnand man,
 And equale armour, but diuersite,
 On schulderis and thair gardeis buklis he.
 Than athir gan contrar vthir stith stand,
 With fingeris fast fakand thair mace in hand ;
 Syne hich abufe thair hedis in the air
 Vnabasitlie rasit thair armis squair,
 And from the straik thair nek drew fer on bak.
 Now, hand to hand, the dint lichtis with a swak ; 10
 Now bendis he wp his burdoun with a mynt,
 On syde he bradis for till eschew the dint ;
 He etlis 3ondir his advantage to tak,
 He metis hym thar, and charris hym with a chak ;
 He watis to spy, and smytis in all his mycht,
 The todir keppis hym on his burdoun wucht ;
 Thai foyne at vthir, and eggis to bargane.
 Lychtar on fuit and agil was the tane,
 And in his lusty 3outh sum deill ensuris ;
 The tother of lymmis biggar and cors mair stur is, 20
 Bot his faynt schankis gan for eild schaik ;
 His goustly cost and membris, euery straik,
 The feble braith gan to bete and blaw.
 Thir hardy kempis all in waist let draw,
 Athir at vthir, mony rowtis gret :
 On holl sydis feill dowble dintis gan beit,

A strange
 bergane
 betuix twa
 val3eand
 men.

And on thair breistis lychtis with huge sound ;
 Oft in the air about their hedis round
 Thair handis wauerit, and the straik went mys ;
 Hard halfettis clappit oft ondir the dint, I wys.
 Entellus standis stif and grave of cors,
 Nocht moiffand fra his first stand in a fors,
 And, with his body only, and walkrife E,
 The straikis on fer enchewis and keppis he.
 Bot Darhes walkis about rycht craftely,
 Of his first purpos frustrat, to espy 10
 Sum avantage, with diuers assaltis algait
 Hym wmbeset sair, and handilland hait.
 Lyk as be gret engynis quha sa wald
 Ane strang cetie assail, or stalwart hald,
 To wyn that strenth, or jit be craftis sle
 To mynd the castell on the rochis hie,
 Lurkand in harnes wachis round about ;
 Now this tocum, now by that way gan lout,
 Quhair best he may cum to his purpose sone,
 Awisand weill the place maist oportone. 20
 Entellus raxit hym, and hevis on hycht
 His rycht hand, for to smyte in all his mycht :
 The todir, seand the dint cum, gan provyde
 To eschew swiftlie, and sone lap on syde,
 That all his force Entellus gan apply
 Into the air ; so that his grave body,
 All hym allane, with huge wecht and sair,
 Ruschit flatlingis to the ground with a rair :
 So as, quhilum, the mekle kosche fir tre,
 On Erimanthus the wod of Archade, 30
 Or in the wod of Ida, with a sound,
 Wp by the rutis rent ruschis to ground.

The 3ounkeris tho of Troy and Sicilly
 Gan sterting all on fute deliuerly ;
 The clamour rais till all the hevin did ring,
 And first to hym ran Acestes the king,
 And, for compassioun, has wphint in feild
 His freind Entellus, onto hym evin eild.
 Bot, nothir astonist nor abasit heiron,
 Mair egirlie the valeant campioun
 Agane to bargane went als hoit as fyre :
 His strenthis now inressis all of ire ; 10
 For schame, also, and for that weill he knew
 His awld prowes, his force dowblit and grew ;
 And ardentlie, with fury and mekle bost,
 Gan Darhes cache and drive our all the cost.
 Now with the rycht hand, now with the left hand, he
 Dowblis dintis, and, but abaid, leit fle,
 That nothir rest nor quiet may he tak.
 Als fast as rayne schour rappis on the thak,
 So thik with straikis this campioun maist strang,
 With athir hand, feill syse at Darhes dang, 20
 And drave him to and fra with mony rout.

The prince Eneas, than, seand this dout,
 Na langer suffer wald sic wraith proceid,
 Na fers Entellus muyde thus raige and spreid ;
 Bot of the bargane maid end, but delay,
 And wery Darhes has withdrawin away.
 With wordis hym to mesing thus he said :
 Vnsilly wycht ! quhow did thi mynd invaid
 Sic gret wodnes ? felis thow nocht 3it, quod he,
 Othir strenth or mannis force has delt with the ? 30
 Seis thow nocht weill thi self that thow art fey ?
 Thairfor to God thow 3eld the and obey ;

Eneas endis
 the game.

Aganis God
na man
shuld con-
tend.

The powar of goddis ar turnit in thi contrair ;
Obey to God. And with that word, but mair,
The bargane he dissoluit : and than Darhes
His trew companjeouns ledis of the pres,
Harland his wery lymmis dolf as leid,
For sorow schaikand to and fra his heid,
And scheddis of bluid furth spittand throw his lippis,
With bludy gammis, led hym to thar schippis ;
The helm and eik the swerd with thaim has tane,
As thai commandit wer, and left alane 10
The bull ontill Entellus ; sa was defynd.

He victour than, and abufe in his mynd,
Prowd and rejosit of this bull, gan say :
Son of Goddes, and Troianis, I 3ow pray,
Behald, and knaw by this takin and sing,
Quhat strenth was in my cors quhen I was ging ;
Se fra quhat deid Darhes is savit vnslane.
Quod he ; and standand the bullis face forgane,
Quhilk of thar dereyne was the price and gre, 20
His stern burdoun behind his bak on hie
With his richt hand gan tais and mesur swa,
It smate hym evin betuix the hornis twa ;
Persit the harn pan, drave out brain in hy ;
Doun duschit the beist deid on the land gan ly,
Sprewland and flikkerand in the deid thrawis.
And he abufe hym werpis sic sawis :
For Darhes deid, Erix, lo ! this, quod he,
A far mair ganand saul, I offir the ;
And, victour, eik my craft and wappinis fair
Wp rendris heir, for now and euir mair. 30

CAP. IX.

*Into this nixt cheptor 3e may aspy
Nyse craft of schoting and of archery.*

Anone Eneas induce gan to the play,
With arrowis for to schute quha wald assay ;
The prise tharof ordanis ; and syne, but let,
With force of mennis handis, wp hes sett
Amyd the grene Sergestus schippis mast ;
Apon the top tharof gart fessyn fast
A fleand dow, intill a cord, quhar at
Thai suld thair arrowis schute. The men, with that,
Conuenit togiddir, and in ane helm of steill
Thair cavillis haif thai cassin fair and weill. 10
And first of all, with freyndlie noyis and sound,
Hippocaon the first place his has found,
That was of kynrent cummyn from Hirtacus :
Quham nixt eftir followis Mynestheus,
Victour afoir amang the schip bargane ;
The greyn olive about his foirheid schane.
The thrid cavi betyd Euritius,
Thi brodir, O maist worthy Pandarus ;
Quhilk wmqhile, for to brek the trewis command,
On the Greikis first set with speir in hand. 20
And of the helmys boddum alther last
The anciant king Acestes lot furth past,
Quhilk, for Eneas saik, durst anis assay
With his awn handis 3oung mennis sport and play.

Than euery man, according thar strenth ful meit,
Thair big bowis gan bend, and at thair feit

The IIII
game of
archary.

Did schaik anon thar arrowis of thar cais.
 3oung Hippocaon, quhilk had the first place,
 A quhidderand arrow leit spang fra the string,
 Towart the hevin fast throw the air did thring;
 The mastis top it hit, and thairin stak,
 Quhill al the tre trimbillit with the swak.
 The foul affrayit flichtiris on hir wingis;
 Of gret rumour than all the feildis ringis.
 Nixt scharp Mynestheus, war and avisye,
 Onto the heid has halit wp on hie, 10
 Baith arrow and ene etland at the merk;
 Bot it was rewth, the foull, for all his werk,
 Ne mycht he twiche; and, netheles, 3it quyte
 The bandis and lyamis in twa did he smyte,
 Quhairwith, by baith the feit, thar fast was sche
 Attachit at the mastis top on hie.
 Scho in the air and dirk skyis flew anone.
 With arrow reddy nokkit than Evritioun
 Plukkis wp in hy his bow, and maid his vow
 Onto his brothir Pandar; with that the dow 20
 Heich in the lift full glaid he gan behald,
 And with hir wingis sorand mony fald;
 His arrow he threw ondir the cluddis blak,
 And persit hir quyte out throw the bak.
 Hir lif scho lost heich wp in the air,
 Down fallis deid, and als brocht with hir thair
 The arrow brochit throw out hir body.
 Acestes now allane stude all redy
 To schute, quhen that the price wes tint and wone;
 And netheles to schute he has begone, 30
 And threw ane arrow in the air on hycht,
 Schawand his craft and his big bowis mycht,

That lowsit of the takil with a spang.
 And sone betyde, and in thar sychtis sprang
 A felloun grislie monstre and woundring,
 As weil was knawin syne at the ending :
 The feirfull spa men therof pronosticate
 Schrewit chancis to betyde and bad estate.
 For quhy, this schaft, fleand in the moist air,
 Brint in a bleis, and in the randoun al quhair
 With low and flambis gan do notify,
 And, all consumyt, vanist in the sky ; 10
 As dois oft sterne schot falling fra the hevin,
 Drawand thairefter a taile of fyrie levin.

Estonist in thair myndis, abasit stude
 The folk of Sicill and all the Troiane blude ;
 And, netheles, maist douchty Eneas
 Refusit nocht the takin, but gan embrace
 Acestes glaidlie, and riche giftis hym gaif ;
 Syne said hym thus : Tak, fadir myne, ressaue
 Sic favorable aspectis benevolent
 As the gret king of hevin has to the sent, 20
 That list with wncouth singis honour the.
 Thou sall haue heir this reward and degre,
 A coup of gold engrave with figuris seir,
 A present wmquhile of my fadir deir,
 Ancyant Anchise, quham Cisseus, of Trace king,
 In remembrance hym gaif in luif taiknyng.
 And sayand thus, his templis all, but weir,
 He gan involue and belt with greyn lawreir,
 And syne has causit all the otheris befor
 Proclame Acestes, and declair victor. 30
 Nor gentill Evrition his gloir invyis nocht,
 Howbeit that he onlie the foull doun brocht,

And in the skyis smate hir deid, 3it than
 The second place he tuke as curtas man.
 Nixt eftir quham the wageour has rassave,
 He that the lische and lyame in schondir drave :
 And last rewardit was he that his flycht
 Into the mastis top festnyt on hicht.

CAP. X.

*How that Ascanius and young childir gent
 Assailzeit wthir, in manir of turnament.*

Eneas syne, the derenys nocht all done,
 Epitides to hym hes callit sone,
 Maister and gydar of Ascanyus 3ong,
 Quhais secret haris warrin 3it wnsprung, 10
 And in his traisty eir thus prevaly
 He rownis, sayand : Pas thi way in hy,
 Se gif Ascanyus has now redy dycht
 His fallowschip of childre and hors lycht,
 Arrayit for the renkis and the play ;
 Bid hym bring hiddir his rowtis to turnay,
 And do his grantschir honour and renoun,
 In his harnes schaw hym self redy boun.
 Said Eneas ; and thairwith gaif command
 About the court the peple on rowm to stand, 20
 That all the feild within suld be patent.

Than sone the childer, arrayit fair and gent,
 Enterit in the camp all sammyn, schyning brycht,
 On steidis pransand in thair faderis sycht ;

And, quhar thai went, all the galandis of Troy
 And Sicill wondris with gret brut and joy.
 Thair haris all war tukkit wp on thar croun,
 That baith with how and helm wes thristit down ;
 Twa javilling speris with blunt hedis sum bair,
 Sum on thair schulderis a cace with dartis fair ;
 The writhe of gold, or chane lowpit in ringis
 About thair hals down to their breistis hingis.
 Thai war in nummeris companeis thre,
 On horsis ridand ; and for ilk menȝe 10
 A capitane walkis rewland all his rowt :
 Twise sax childer followis ilkane about
 In thair parsmentis, arrayit in armour brycht :
 The chiftanis warryne equale of a hycht.
 A ward thar wes of childir quham, full joyus,
 Berand his grantschiris naim ȝoung Priamus
 Led and rewlit, quhilk thi genology
 O Polytes, plantit in Italy ;
 Apon a hors of Trace dapill gray
 He raid, quhais formast feit baith tway 20
 War milk quhite, and his crest on hycht bair he
 With bawsand face, ringit the forthir E.
 The secund, Atis, on a cursour bay,
 Fra quham the Latyne lynage to this day
 Attii bene nemmyt ; and this litle Atis
 With child Ascanyus weill belovit is.
 Lusty Iulus, in bewte did all exceid,
 Come last montit on a Sidoun steid
 Of cullour quhite, quham Dido, the fair lady,
 In hir remembrance gaif hym in luif drowry. 30
 The remanent of the fallowschip, euery one,
 Sicyll horsis gan swiftlie ryde apone,

That from the auld Acestes purchest wer.
 With revel, blythnes, and a maneir feir,
 Troianis rasauis thaim, and rycht glaidly
 Thair visage gan behald, and did espy
 The prent of faderis facis on childir 3ing.

Eftir thay had al circulit in ane ring
 On horsbak, haill the place and feild about,
 And joyusly behaldin all the rowt,
 All redy hufand thar coursis for to tak,
 Epitides on far a sing gan mak, 10
 Smat with a clap, and cryit, go togiddir !
 Than ran thai sammyn in paris with a quhiddir ;
 The rowtis thre brak ; ilkane chesit his feir ;
 And quhen thai by war runnyn, thair hors thai steir,
 And turnis agane incontinent at commandis,
 To preif thar fors with javillingis in thar handis :
 Syne went abak in sondir a far space,
 Ilkane at vthir rynnyng with a rais.
 Sindry coursis and returnis maid thai,
 Fast athir sort gan vtheris rout cumray, 20
 And gan exerce, by semblance, ondir scheild
 The similitude of batale or a feild.
 Sume tyme the bak thai turn, as thai wald fle ;
 Sume tyme at vthir threw dartis, he and he ;
 And, sone eftir, assemble wald with a crak,
 Thair handis schaik, and peis togiddir mak.
 Swa, as thai say, wmquhile the hous in Creit
 Hait Laborynthus, with mony went and streit,
 Had wrinckillit wallis, a thousand slychtis wrocht,
 For to dissave all wncouth tharin brocht, 30
 To wavir and er thar wnreturnably,
 The subtell throwgangis followand sa quently ;

The fyft
 game one
 hors among
 the 3oung
 gentyl men.

Nane vthir wayis, in coursis mony ane,
 Quhirlis thar trace thir 3oung childir Troiane.
 Thai lowk togiddir and contirfutis a chaise,
 In maner of bargane, makand mony a rais
 And seir derenzes in thar sport and play ;
 Als swift as dalfin fische, swymand away
 In the wak see of Egip or Lyby,
 Persand the wallis that playis jolely.
 Thir maneir of renkeis and juperteis of batale
 Ascanyus hantit, and brocht first in Itail 10
 Quhen he with wallis closit lang Albay,
 And taucht the auld Latyns to hant sic play,
 The sammyn gise as he, a child, now wrocht,
 And vthir Troiane childir with hym brocht.
 The Albanis taucht thar childir the samyn way ;
 And mychty Rome syne eftir mony ane day,
 Sik ois rasavit has, and gan wphald
 In wirschip of thar antecessouris auld ;
 And now, childring hanting sic gem and joy
 Bene Troiane rowtis namyt and weir of Troy. 20

CAP. XI.

*How Iris, send fra Juno in grete ire,
 Gart Troiane women set thair schippis in fyre.*

Thus, hiddirtillis, warryne derenys seir
 Exercit in wirschep of his fadir deir :
 And in this tyme gan fortoun first remove
 Fra thame agane hir fekle faith and luif.

For, as Troianis did hallow on this wise
 By dyuers gemmys, as was tho the gise,
 Solempnitlie the seruice anniuersar
 Besyde Anchises grave, furth of the air
 And hevinis hie, Saturnus get, Juno,
 That gan of wraith and malice neuer ho,
 Not satyfyt of hir auld fury nor wroik,
 Rolling in mynd full mony cankarit bloik,
 Has send adown onto the Troiane navy
 Iris ; and, that scho suld go spedely, 10
 The prosper wind gan eftir hir inspyre.
 This virgine sprent on swiftlie as a vyre,
 And throw the cluddis hir trace, quhar scho went,
 Schupe like a bow of diuers hewis ment.
 Sone slaid scho down wnsene of ony wy,
 Gret confluence of peple did aspy ;
 Scho walkis about the costis of the se,
 Havynis and flot left desolat fand sche,
 And all the Troiane wemen did sche ken
 Sittand on the schoir, secret fer fra men, 20
 The gret los of Anchises regrating sair,
 And all togidder gan to weip and rair,
 Behaldand the deip seis sorofully,
 And, with a voce, saying alhalely :
 Allace ! behald, sa mony stremis gray,
 And of thir salt fludis sa braid ane way
 Remanis 3it for till ourslyd and saill,
 By ws wemen irkit of lang travaill !
 Thai all besocht God send thaim sone, ilkane,
 A citie or a toun for to remane, 30
 And tedys thocht the seis laubour to bair.
 Iris heirfor aspyis hir tyme best thair,

As scho that wes in mischef full expert ;
 Amyddis of thaim all in gan sche stert,
 Hir godly figur and hir weid laid by,
 And bycome agit Berois in hy,
 In maner, schap of similitude and face,
 That was Doriclus spous, born of Trace,
 Quhilk wmquhile wes of hie genology,
 Of gret renown, and childir had mony :
 And on sic wyse amang matrouns Troiane
 Transformyt enteris scho, and in is gane.

10

O wofull wrechit wemen all, quod sche,
 Quhilk to the deid, ondir the wallis hie
 Of 3our native cetie and kynd landis,
 War nocht in batale harlit by Grekis handis !
 O pepill vnhappy ! to quhat mischevous end
 Fortoun reseruis 3ow of this warld to wend ?

Iris oracyon
 to the
 Troyane
 women.

Lo ! sen the fall of Troy and dolorus weir,
 Byrunnyn is the sevint somer and 3eir,
 Sen that sa mony seis and alkin landis,
 Sa huge wilsum rolkis and schald sandis,
 And stormis gret ourdrevin and sufferit haif we,
 Lo ! thus saland throwout the mekle se,
 Quhair that we chais Itail, that fleis ay,
 And we ly warpit on the wallis gray.

20

Here bene the brodirle boundis of Erix stout,
 Our freynd Acestes is our host but dout :
 Quha will us warn to beild wp wallis hie,
 And to our cetisanis set heir ane cetie ?
 O native land, and kynd goddis, all in vane
 Reft from our fayis ! Sall neuir nane agane
 Troiane wallis be nemmit nor wpbeild ?
 Sal I nevir se, allace ! in all my eild,

30

Hectoriane fludis, Exanth and Symois ?
 Haue done tharfor, and now with me, I wis,
 Thir fey wnhappy schippis all bedene
 Lat ws go birn ; for, in my sleip zestrene,
 The figur of Cassandra, prophetes,
 Gaif me birnand firebrandis, and said expres,
 Heir suld we rest ; bad ws seik Troy na ferthar ;
 Heir was our dwelling place for euermair.
 Now is the tyme ganand our werk to speid ;
 To tary ma fatale signis quhat suld neid ? 10
 Lo ! 3ondir bene four altaris birnand schire ;
 Neptune, the god, thir hait brandis of fyre
 Distributis to ws, and also hardiment.

And saying thus, to performe hir entent,
 The peralus fyre furth hint scho forsably ;
 With flambis schynand on fer thai mycht aspy
 Hir rycht hand rasit the blesis in to cast.
 Of Troiane wemen the myndis worth agast,
 And all thair hartis sum deill stupifak ;
 Quhen ane, the eldest amang thaim all, spak, 20
 Clepit Pirgo, the quhilk had bene, feil sys,
 To mony of king Priamus childir nurys :

O matrouns, 3one wes nevir Berois, quod sche,
 Born a Troiane, and Dorichus spous, traist me.
 Considdir of hir bewtie signis divyne ;
 Behald so brycht as baith hir ene doith schyne ;
 Quhat sweit savour and smell from hir springis ;
 Quhatkin visage has sche ; quhow think 3e ringis
 Hir vocis soun, or quhat pais gois scho now.
 Myself left Berois, as I come hiddir rycht now, 30
 Liand seik at hame, and full ennoyit wycht
 That scho allane suld want this riall sycht,

And, as scho wald, mycht nocht mak sacrifice
 In Anchises honour and funerall seruice.
 Thus said Pirgo ; bot than the matrouns all
 Stude first in dowl quhat thing thai do sall,
 And with evil willy ene the schippis behaldis,
 On hovir betuix wrachit desyre thaim haldis
 For to abyde within that present land,
 And of the fatis, on the todir hand,
 That vnto vthir realmes dois thame call ;
 Quhen lo ! the goddes, in forme celestially, 10
 Wyth equale wingis fleis wp to the hevin,
 And, in hir went, schup ondir the cluddis evin
 The figur of a ranebow huge gret.
 Than principally begouth thar hertis bete ;
 Of sic wondris astonist, thai all in hy
 Cachit with wodnes begouth raym and cry,
 And from the hallowit ingill reft the fyre.
 Part spulzeis altaris of thair flambis schyre,
 And birnand branchis, fagottis, and fyre brandis
 Into the shippis swak thay with thair handis ; 20
 The flamb wpendling blesis braid at large,
 Throw hechis, ourloft, air, and payntit targe.

CAP. XII.

*Of the fyre slokyne quhilk the navy deris,
 And how in Secill Enee hes left his feris.*

Ontill Anchises grave and theatry
 First brocht Evmolus word quhow the navy

Was all infyrit. Thai luik, and gan behald
 The fyre sparkis wp fleand thik fald
 In a blak sop of reik ; and first Ascanyus,
 As he on hors playit with his feris joyus,
 Als swyft and ferslie spurris his steid fute hote,
 And, but delay, socht to the trublit flote.
 His maisteris, half deid for affray and dreid,
 Mycht nocht withhald hym : thiddir gan he speid,
 And cryit, alace, O wrechit cetisanis !
 Quhat new wodnes be this that 3ow ourtane is ? 10
 Quhow now, quhow now ? quhat meyn 3e for to do ?
 3our enemyis flot, nor Grekis schippis, lo,
 3e birne nocht, bot all hope of 3our weilfair.
 Se, this is I, 3our awn Ascanyus, air
 Onto my fader : and, with that word, his helm
 Befoir thair feit all void down did he quhelm,
 Quhairwith in the derenys cled wes he,
 And counterfait the maner of a melle.
 Eneas than, and all the rowtis Troianis,
 Fast as thai mycht sped thaim thiddir attanis. 20
 Bot than the wemen all, for dreid and affray,
 Fled heir and thair endland the cost away ;
 Socht to woddis and cavis in every rolk,
 Eschamit with thar deid, knew thar awn folk,
 Thair myndis changit, fled the lycht for dispite ;
 Al Junois rage smat from thar breistes quite.
 Bot nocht for this the flambis and birnand bleis
 Did staneh thair fors ondantit, ne appeis :
 The tuffing kendillis betuixt the plankis wak,
 Quhairfra out thrawis the pikky smok cole blak ; 30
 The hait fyre consumis fast the how ;
 Our all the schip discendis the peralus low :

Thar wes na strenth of valeant men to wail,
Nor large fludis on 3et that mycht avail.

Reuthfull Enee than of his schulderis tway
The claith hes rent, and gan the goddis pray,
Wp baith his handis hevand in the sky :
Almychty Jove, quod he, alluterly
Gif thow has nocht all Troianis at haitrent,
Or gif thi reuthfull clemens takis tent,
As thow wes wont, to mennis travale and pyne,
Now, haly fadir, thi maiestie inclyne ; 10
Grant at our navy this fyre may eschaip,
And from distructioun deliuer and outscaip
Thir sobir trumpis, and mene grayth of Troianis :
Or, gif I haif deseruit, with the remanis,
Smyt altogiddir deid with feirfull thundir ;
Lat thy rycht hand heir schaik ws all in sondir.

Eneas
oracion vnt
the goddis.

Scars this wes said, quhen that a blak tempest
Brayis but delay, and all the lift ourkest ;
A huge weit gan doun pour and tumbill ;
Hillis and valis trymblyt of thondir rummyll ; 20
The drumblie schoure, 3et furth our all the air
Als blak as pik in bubbis heir and thair,
Fillis the schippis, quhill thai flet our the walis ;
Wrayngis half brint bedyit in wattir salis ;
That all the fors of fyre wes sloknit out,
And from the perrell salf and out of dout
Wes all the navy, out tak four schippis lost.
And, quhill he rowmis wp and doun the cost,
The fadir Eneas, smyt with this smart cais,
Now heir, now thar, gan huge thingis compaice ; 30
Rolling in mynd quhidder he suld or nay
Remane in Sicill, or thens pas away,

Or gif he suld ȝit seik to Italy,
Lyk as he had forȝet his destany.

Thus as he mvisis, stad in sikkin dowl,
Ane of the eldest herys stude about,
Clepit Nautes, quhom the goddes Mynerve
Our all the laif instrukit hym to serf,

Nautes geues
Eneas a gud
counsall
being in dout
of purpos.

And rendrit had full scherp and ripe of wit,
Sic ansuere gaif, and plane declaris it,
Quhat pretendis this felloun goddes greif,
And eik, according thar fatis, quhat wes relief ; 10
And, confortand Eneas, thus gan say :
Son of the goddes, lat ws follow that way,
Bakwart or fordwart, quhiddel our fatis drive ;
Quhateuir betyde, this is na bute to strive,
All chance of fortoun tholand ourcummyn is.
Heir is thi tendir freind Troiane, I wis,
Wourthy Acestes, of dyvine lynage :
Call hym to the in counsall, wise and sage,
And weill willing to thi purpos to apply.
Leif with hym all may nocht in thi navy 20
Be tursit now, for lak of schippis lost ;
All sic as bene anoyit, and irk almost
Of thi gret purpos, thi deidis, and efferis ;
And thai that bene agit, passit dait of ȝeris,
Or auld matrouns wery of the see ;
Waill out all thaim bene waik and vnweilde,
Or ȝit afferit bene in ilk affray ;
Sic cummerit wychtis suffer, I the say,
To haif ane hald and duell here in this land :
The cetie sal be, as was first cunnand, 30
Acesta clepit, eftir Acestes king.

With sic wordis and prudent sermonyng

Of his wise agit freynd, than Eneas
 On all sydis gan ithandly compas
 Quhat wes to do ; and as the dirk nycht
 Rollit his cart ourthwort the polis brycht,
 Eftir that all wes went to rest and pece,
 The ymage of his fadir Anchises
 Gan from the hevin appeir, and, but abaid,
 Ontil Eneas has thir wordis said :

Anchises
 apperis to
 his sonne
 Enee in his
 slep and
 schawis him
 certan
 thinges
 to cum.

O thow my child, derrer, so met I thrive,
 Quhill that I leiffit, than myn awin live ;
 O son, in Troiane fatis exercit sailrie,
 Hiddir at the command of Jove cummyn am I,
 Quhilk from thi navy stanchit the fire, quod he,
 And from hie hevin at last hes reuth on the.
 Follow the counsale is maist ganand and hend,
 That agit Nautes gaif the, thi trew frend ;
 And chose 3oung men of hert maist curageous
 Turs in Italie with the. I tell the thus :
 A dour peple, and of conditioun fell,
 The nedis in Latium ouercum in battell.
 Bot first, of Pluto the infernale see,
 And deip regioun of hell, the behuvis se,
 To cum and speik with me, myn awin son deir.
 Be nocht agast, my child, and haif na feir,
 For I am nocht withhald, I lat the wit,
 In Tartarus, the sorofull hellis pit,
 Nor drery pottis deip of saulis pail ;
 Bot in the hailsum routis, furth of baill,
 I duell amyde the plane of Elise.
 The chaist virgine Sibile wil conuoy the
 The rycht way thiddir, quhilk at thow sall tak
 By blude offerit of mony beistis blak.

10

20

30

Thair sall thow lern all thi genealogy,
 And quhat cetie is to the destany.
 Adew ; as now na longer duell I may :
 The donk nycht is allmaist rollit away,
 And the fers Orient will that I withdraw ;
 I feill the aynding of his horsis blaw.

Thus has he said ; and with that word, but mair,
 Vanist away, as the reik in the air.

And quhen Eneas saw him pas, he said :
 Quhidder bradis thow now sa fast, without abaid ? 10
 Quhidder hastis thow sua ? Quhy fleis thow me ? allace !
 Quhat is the let I may the nocht embrace ?
 Thus sayand, the assis and coverit fire bet he,
 To Troiane ingill, and the kannos Veste,
 Within his secret closet maid reuerence,
 With hallowit flour devoutly and ensence.

Syne sone assemblit his feris all in pres,
 Bot first of all the anciant Acestes ;
 The will and plesour of Jove, schew thaim cleir, 20
 And eik the charge brocht by his fadir deir,
 And tauld thaim planlie his mynd and desyre.

Eneas
 fulfyllis his
 faderis
 command.

Thai tary nocht at consall ; for this syre,
 Acestes, wes all reddy at command.
 Than all thai folk, quhilk list byde in that land,
 For this new cetie title thai and writis :
 The matrouns first, and sic as nocht delitis
 Nor hes in cuir desyre of hie renoun,
 Thai deput and thai ordanit for this toun :
 Thar hechis and thar ourloftis syne thai beit,
 Plankis and geistis gret squair and meit, 30
 Into thar schippis jonand with mony ane dint,
 Insteid of thaim war with the flambis brint ;

Thair cabillis new, and thar heid towis reparis,
 And gan to forge newlie wrayngis and airis.
 In nomer war thai bot a few menze,
 Bot thai wer quyk and vailzeand in melle.

In the meyn tyme, Eneas with a pleuch
 The cetie circulit, and merkit be a seuch ;
 By cauillis syne the tenementis did depart :
 Heir ordanis Ilioun, and, in zondir art,
 Of Troy commandis beild vthir memorialis.
 Of this new cetie, and thir freyndlie wallis, 10
 Glaid wox Troiane Acestes, and, but mair,
 Did mak proclame thar mercattis and thar fair ;
 And all the heidismen gaderis and set down,
 Stabillis thar lawis and statutes for thar toun.
 Syne, on the top of Erix the montane,
 Full neir the lift thai found of marbill stane,
 A temple til Venus of Idalia :
 And, about Anchises sepulture alsua,
 Ane hallowit schaw on breid, as sanctuar,
 Plantit thai haif, and stabillit preistis thair. 20

CAP. XIII.

*Eneas gan depart, and how Venus
 Maid for her sonne request to Neptunus.*

Be this, has all the peple, euery hyne,
 The feist continewit fully dayis nyne,
 And on the altaris, as wes tho the gise,
 Thair offerandis endit and hie sacrifice.

The stabil air hes calmit weill the see,
 And south pipand windis fair on hie
 Challancis to pas on burd and tak the deip.
 But quhen thai most depart, lord, quhow thai weip!
 Quhat huge valing rais all the costis bay!
 Brasand and halsand thai duell all nycht and day.
 And now thai moderis, and thai vnweildy men,
 Quham til, wmquhile for to behald and ken
 The seis figur wes abhominable,
 And eik the fors tharof intollerable, 10
 Now wald thai wend, for all the seis rage,
 Redy to thole all travale in vayage.
 Quham curtas Eneas with wordis freindlie
 Confortis, and syne, wepand full tenderlie,
 Betaucht ontill Acest his cousing deir.
 Thre velis tho, as was the auld maneir,
 In wirschip of Erix he bad doun quell,
 And a blak 3ow to god of tempestis fell;
 Syne chargit haill thair cabillis wp belive.
 His awin heid warpit with a snod olive, 20
 Heich in a schippis forcastell did stand,
 Haldand a coup of gold intill his hand,
 The bestis entrallis in the se can swak,
 And 3et the cleir wyne furth in fludis brak.
 From the eft schip wprais anone the wind,
 And followit fast the se fararis behind;
 Eik all the flot smat fast with airis the flude,
 Kempand to welt our wallis as thai wer wod.

Venus
 racion to
 Neptune
 or his help
 owarts hir
 on Enee.

In the meyn sesoun Venus, all on flocht,
 Amyd her breist revoluying mony a thoct, 30
 Spak to Neptune with sic peteous regrait:
 Neptune, quod sche, the fell ire and consait

Of quene Juno, with mynd insaciable,
 Constrenis me to condescend thus stable
 In all maner of request and prayeris :
 The quhilk Juno nothir lang dais nor 3eris,
 Nor na divyne sacrifice, may appleis ;
 Scho restis neuer, nor may scho leif at eis,
 Albeit the power and charge of Jupiter
 Resistis sche wait, and fatis ar hir contrar.
 Scho thinkis it nocht aneuch and sufficient
 By wickit malis to doun bet and schent, 10
 And for euer put to destructioun,
 Maister of the peple of Phrygia, Troyes toun,
 And for to be wrokin, be alkin panis,
 Apon thar sary levingis and remanis ;
 Bot, euir in ane, 3it still persewis sche
 The deid banis and cald assis to spulze
 Of silly Troy, quhilk is to rewyne brocht.
 A wondir quhow sche may, intill hir thocht,
 Of sa gret furour haif the causis consaue.
 Thi self is witnes quhow, laitlie, our the laif, 20
 Sa maisterfull storme amynd the Libyan see
 Scho raisit sone, quhil wp to hevinis hie
 The fludis cachit wer, and sair oprest
 Throw help of Eolus windis and tempest :
 Sa gret wrang in thi realm durst sche exers.
 O this detestable wickitnes to rehers !
 Lo ! has scho nocht, newlingis, sa schamfully
 The Troiane matrons gart birn thair navy,
 Be hir wod rage ? and ar, for falt of schippis,
 In wncouth land left from thair fallowschippis ? 30
 In tyme cuming, I the beseik, quod sche,
 Schaw thi mychtis, that sallie throw the se

It may be lefull thai thare salis set ;
 Grant at thai may also attene, but let,
 The flude Tibir, throw Lawrent feildis slidis.
 Admit myne asking, gif so the fatis gidis,
 Or gif that my desyre may grantit be,
 Or 3it werd sisteris list gif thaim that cuntre.

Saturnus son Neptunus tho, I wis,
 That of the deip se fludis dantar is,
 Answerd and said : Citherea the fair,
 It is resoun, and ganand euermair, 10

Neptunus
 answer to
 Venus.

Thow be assurit to rest at thi liking
 In my boundis, and throw out all my ring,
 Quhairfra thow has thi first originale,
 As thi kind ground and cuntre naturale.
 In vthir placis als, furth of my land,
 I haif deseruit thankis at thi hand,
 And oft tyme has sa gret curage, thow knawis,
 Dantit baith of se and busteous wind at blawis :

To witnes draw I of this at I say,
 Exanth and Simois, Troiane fludis twa, 20

That I na les cuir tuik of thine Enee,
 To salf him on the land than on the see.
 For quhen the fers Achil persewit sair,
 Chasand affrayit Troianis heir and thair,
 The gret rowtis to the wallis thrymbland,
 Tofore his face all deid for feir trymbland,
 And mony thousandis on the greyn lay deid,
 The rueris dittit with deid corsis wox reid
 Wnder bodeis bullerand, for sic multitude
 Of slauchter he maid quhil Exanthus the flude 30
 Mycht fynd na way to ryn onto the see.
 Than, apone cace, with Achillis Enee

Matchit in fecht, nowther of strenth nor mycht
 Equale be fer, nor 3it sa weill at rycht
 Fauorit of the goddis as Achilles, perfay,
 By a dirk clud I staw thi son away :
 Quhowbeit, the ilk tyme, my desire was sett
 Law fra the ground all Troy for to doun bett,
 Thai manesworne wallis biggit with my handis.
 As tuichand Enee, quhow euir the chance standis,
 The samyn wise 3it perseveris my mynd :
 Haue thow na dreid ; I sal be 3it als kynd. 10
 Onto thai havynis he sall cum sovirlie,
 As thow desyris, and furthir hym eik sall I
 Ontil Avern, clepit the loch of hell.
 Ane sal alanerlie be lost, I the tell,
 Quham thow sall seik amang the fludis, deid ;
 For help of mony thar sal be gevin a heid.

Eftir that with sic wordis Neptunus
 Had mesit the mude of the goddes Venus,
 Tho gan this fadir of the see, but mair,
 His horsis 3ok to draw his cart or chair ; 20
 With fomy bridle dantand thai fers beistis,
 Thair renzeis and thetis, at thaim arestis,
 With his awin handis leit do slip and slakkis,
 And lychtlie our the fludis croppis frakis
 His watry chair, furth fleand with a sound,
 Quhill all the wallis doukis to the ground.
 Wndir the braing quhelis and asiltre
 The fludis streikis plane our all the see ;
 The bubbis and windy cluddis, heir and thair,
 Gan fle anone furth of the large air. 30
 Than of his court apperit figuris seir :
 The hidduous quhalis, and all the rowtis in feir

Of agit Glaucus with his cannos hair,
 And Palemon, Inoes son and air ;
 The swift Tritones, with trump playing thar spring,
 Phorcus, with all his fallowschip and ofspring,
 And on his left hand furth haldis Thetis,
 With all the nymphis hait Nereidis,
 Sic as Melite, Spio, Penopea,
 Cymodoce, Nyse, and Thalia.

CAP. XIV.

*Throw out the fude merely salis Enee,
 And Palinurus drownis in the se.*

Glaidnes and confort than, into sum part,
 Begouth to kittill Eneas thochtfull hart. 10
 Heis heich the cros, he bad all maik thaim boun,
 And fessyn bonettis beneth the mane saill down.
 Than all sammyn, with handis, feit, and kneis,
 Did heis thar saill, and trossit down ther teis ;
 Now the lie scheit, and now the luf, thai slak,
 Set in a fang, and threw the ra abak,
 Baith to and fra all did thar nokkis wry :
 Prosper blastis furth careis the navy.
 Befoir the laif, as lodisman and lard,
 And all his salis wp, with felloun fard 20
 Went Palinuir ; and haill the remanent
 Was chargit hald the samyn cours and went.
 Be than, the donk nycht had ryne almaist evin
 Hir myd cours or methis in the hevin,

And euery mariner, but langer keip,
 Thair bodeis restis with the plesand sleip,
 Endlang the hechis lyand heir and tharis,
 Or in thar hard settis lenand on airis ;
 Quhen that the swift God of sleip gan slide
 Furth of the sternit hevin, by nychtis tyde,
 And did away the dirknes of the air,
 Removing schaddowit skyis maid all fair.
 Onto the, Palynurus, has he socht,
 And the, all inocent, sorofull slepis brocht. 10
 Heich in the eft schip did this God appeir,
 In figur of Phorbantus, a marineir,
 And freindfullie gan warp sic wordis out :
 Jasyua son, Palynuir, luik about ;
 The sovir seis beris sound our navy,
 The windis blawis full evin and rycht makly ;
 Thow may sovirlie tak the ane houris rest.
 Leyn doun thi heid and sleip, for that is best
 Thi wery ene thow preualie withdraw
 From langsum laubour, and sleip a litle thraw ; 20
 And I my self sall glaidlie, in thi place,
 Beir thine office and steir a litle space.
 To quham Palynuir, scars liftand his ene,
 Ansuerd and said : quhat thing wald thow mene ?
 Biddis thow me be sa nyse I suld misknaw
 This calm salt wattir, or stabill fludis haw ?
 Wilt thou I traist this monstir perrellus ?
 Or quhat in windis sa dissaitfull to ws,
 And this cleir hevin sa oft hes trumpit me,
 Wald thow I lipnit the maist noble Enee ? 30
 Sic wordis he said, grippand the helmstok fast,
 Lenand theron, and by na way nor cast

The strenth
of slepe.

Wald part tharfra, haldand his ene full evin
 Ay to behald the sternis in the hevin.
 Quhen lo ! this god smat baith his tymplis twane
 With a full sleprie and beddyit grane,
 Wet in the myndles flude of hell, Lethe,
 And sowpit in Styx, the forcy hellis see :
 His glotnyt and fordouerit ene two
 He closit has, and sound gart sleip also.
 Bot scarslie gan the first rest of sleip,
 Or he was war, thus on his membris creip, 10
 Quhen on hym lenis this god, and tho he kneild,
 And with a swak, as that the schip gan heild,
 Our burd hym kest amyde the flowand se,
 Rycht all togiddir with the helmstok of tre :
 Than all for nocht vpon his feris he cryis.
 This god flaw up lyke a bird in the skyis.
 And nocht the les the schip held furth hir went
 As sche did air, throw the calm seis spreit,
 But ony harme, and all the navy sone
 By the promiss of the fadir Neptune. 20
 With this allmaist thai careit ar in feir
 Onto the rochis and skelleis weil neir
 Of Syrene, that we Mermadynis clepe ;
 Dangerus wmqhile, for a meikle heip
 Of deid banis lay tharon full quhite.
 So gan the salt jawpis ithandly smyte
 The holl rolkis, and maid a sound full hais.
 Quhen prince Enee persaut, by his rais,
 Quhow that the schip did rok and tailzevey,
 For lak of a gud sterisman on the se, 30
 Hym self hes than sone hint the rudir in hand,
 And throw the fludis steris the schip to land,

Bewaland gretly in his mynd pensife,
For that his freynd wes fall, and lost the life.
Allace ! our mekle thow lipnit has, quod he,
Into the stabillit hevin and calmit see ;
Bair and wnerdit, in ane vncouth land,
Palynurus, sall thow ly on the sand.

Heyr endis the Fyft Buik of Virgill.





THE COMMENT.

I HAUE ALSO A SCHORT COMENT COMPILD
TO EXPONE STRANGE HISTOREIS AND TERMIS WILD.

P. 6. l. 13.—*Innative* is alsmekil to say as *inborn*, or that quhilk cumis till ony person be thar natural inclinacioun of kynd, throw thar forbearis.

P. 6 l. 16.—Ptolome kyng of Egipt, the famous gret clerk, astronomour, and discryvar of the world, that causit lxxij interpretouris to translat the bibill, had sa gret plesour and delyte of bukis that he gadderit togidder in ane librar xxxvj thousand volummys.

P. 10. l. 2.—Thistory of Saul and the spreit of Samuel rasyt by the Phitones is in the first buk of Kyngis, in the xxviiij. c.

P. 14. l. 18.—*Oppetere* is alsmekil to say as *ore terram petere*, lyke as Seruius exponys the sammyn term, quhilk to translate in our tung is, *with mouth to seik, or byte, the erd*. And lo, that is ane hail sentence for ane of Virgillis wordis.

P. 15. l. 3.—As for *animal* and *homo* in our language is nocht a propir term, and thai be bot bestis that exponys *animal* for a beste. Ane beste is callit in Latyn *bestia* and *pecus*, and *animal* betakynnys all corporall substans that has ane saull quhilk felis payn, joy, or ennoy: and vnder *animal* beyn contenyt all mankynd, beist, byrd, fisch, serpent, and all other sik thingis at lyfis and steris, that has a body; for all sik, and euery ane of them, may be properly callit *animal*. And thus *animal* is ane general name for al sik maner thingis quhatsumeuer.

Homo betakynns baith a man and a woman, and we haue na term correspondent tharto, nor yit that signifys baith twa in a term alanerly.

P. 15. l. 7.—*Genus* is that thing quhilk is common, and may be verefyt of mony other thingis different in kynd, or of diuers kyndis: as this word, *a beste*, may be verefeit and is common till al and syndry kynd of bestis; for a hors is a beste, ane ox a beste, a scheip a beste, a dog a beste; and swa of otheris.

Species is that thing or word that is common, or may be verefeit of mony thingis different in numbir: as this word, *a man*, may be verefeit and is common till al maner of man particular; for Jhone is a man, Thomas a man, Wilyam a man; and furth of otheris. Syk lyke, this word, *a hors*, is common to this hors, and that hors; the gray is a hors, the blak a hors, the quhite a hors.

Sexus is the discretioun, diuersitie, or differens in schap, betwix the mail and the female in al maner corporal creatouris: for thocht a man and a woman beyn baith of a kynd and natur, yit ar thai different and diuers in thar schap. Rycht swa is ane hors fra a mair, quhilk ar bath of a kynd; siklyke, a cok from a hen, a kow from a bull; and swa is of all kyndis quhar the mail is distinct fra the femell.

P. 16. l. 29.—This argument excusis nocht the tratory of Eneas, na his maynsweryng, considering quhat is said heirafoir, in the ij. c. of this prolog; that is,

Juno nor Venus goddes neuer wer,
Mercur, Neptune, Mars, nor Jupiter.
Of Fortune eik, nor hir necessite,
Sic thingis nocht attentik ar, wait we.

It followis than, that Eneas vroucht not be command of ony goddis, bot of his awyn fre wyl, be the permission of God, quhilk sufferis al thing, and stoppis nocht, na puttis nocht necessite to fre wyll. He falit than gretly to the

sueit Dydo; quhilk falt reпреfit nocht the goddessis diuinite, for thai had na diuinite, as said is befoir.

P. 17. l. 9.—Heir he argeuis better than befoir.

P. 22. l. 1.—Virgille reherssis not Eneas naim, bot callis him *The Man*, be excellens; as thocht he said, The mast soueran man.

P. 22. l. 3.—Lavyn, Lavinium, Lawrentum, stud viij. mylis fra the mowth of Tibyr, and was cyte of the king Latynus; of quham eftyr in the vij. buyk, quhill the end of this volume.

P. 22. l. 8.—Quhat is Latium, or Latio, luyk eftyr in the vj. c. of the viij. buyk. The cite of quham heir is mention was new Troy, quham Eneas biggit at the mouth of Tibir; and fra Ene bein namyt the Latynis, and nowdir fra the cyte, nor the land.

P. 22. l. 11.—Of Alba cyte luyk eftyr, in the fyfte c. of this buyk, and in the fyrst c. of the viij. buyk.

P. 22. l. 13.—Musa, in Grew, signifeis an inuentryce, or inuention, in our langgage; and of the ix Musis sum thing in my Palyce of Honour, and be Mastir Robert Hendirson in New Orpheus.

P. 22. l. 14.—The poet inqueris quhat maieste or power offendyt of Juno, quhilk is fenyteit to haf many poweris: sche is clepit queyn of goddis, mastres and lady of realmys, president of byrthis, spous and sistir to Jupiter, &c.

P. 23. l. 10.—Samo is an ile in Trace, quhâr Juno was weddit and born, as sais Seruius; and ther, as vitnessyth Sanct Jerom, stud the farest tempil of Greece, dedicat to Juno.

P. 23. l. 10.—Hir *se*, hir *seit*.

P. 23. l. 19.—Lybia, or Liby, is the thrid part of the world, callit Affryk, quham now we call the land or cost of Barbary.

P. 23. l. 27.—The jugement of Paris is common to all knawis the sege of Troy.

P. 24. l. 1.—Hebe, douchter of Juno, and goddess of

youth, seruyit Jupiter of his covp : quhilk, at a fest among the goddis makand hir seruice, slaid and schew hir schame in al thar presens ; for the quhilk lak Jupiter gaif to this Ganymedes, son to kyng Troyus, hir office. Of the ravi-syng of this Ganymede ye haf benayth, in the v. c. of the v. buyk ; and of this Hebe sum thyng in the prolog of the vij. buyk.

P. 24. l. 12.—*And as the Troianis, &c.* First abyuf the poete proponis his entent, sayand, *The batellis and the man, &c.* ; nyxt makis he inoucation, calland on his muse to tech hym thar, *O thou my Muse &c.* ; and ther, lyke as his muse spak to hym, declaris the caussis of the feid of Juno, say-and, *There was ane anchient Cyte, hecht Cartage.* Now heir thridly proceidis he furth on his narration and history, and beginnys at the sevint yeir of Eneas departyng of Troy, as ye may see in the end of this first buik, and efter the deces of his fadir Anchises, quham he erdit in Sycill at Drepanon, as ye haf in the end of the thrid buyk ; the remanent of his auenturis being reseruyt, be craft of poetry, to the banket of queyn Dido, quhar thai be then at lenth rehersit by Eneas in the secund and thryd.

P. 24. l. 25.—This offence was the ravising of Cassandra furth of the tempill of Pallas, as ye haue in the vij. chep-tour of the secund buke following. And sum says this Aiax oppressit hir in the tempill : quhilk Aiax was son to kyng Oylus, prince of Locria, or Locrida, and his pepyll beyn namyt Locrij or Locranys.

Thocht, in verite, Juno was bot ane woman, dochter to Saturn, sistir and spows to Jupiter king of Crete, yit quhen poetis namys hir swa, thai ondirstand sum tyme by Juno the erth and the watir, and by Jupiter the ayr and the fyre : and for als mekyll as the ayr and the fyr is actyve, and the watyr and the erth patient, and that all corporall thyngis beyn engendrit therof, heirfoir bein thaj clepit spowsis. Bot, for that sum tym Juno betakinys alanerly the ayr, and Jove the fyre, than, be raison of ther contegwyte and qua-

lite convenient, bein thai clepit sistyr and brothir : and for that all thyngis, by the influens of the planetis, starnys, and hevinnis abufe, be maid of thir elymentis, therfor bein thaj clepit kyng and queyn, fadir and mothyr to goddis and men. And ferthyr as twychyng this Juno, hir other namys and proprieteis, I refer to John Bocas in the Genealogy of gentille Goddis, onto the nynt buyk therof, and first c. of the sammyn.

P. 25. l. 7.—The cuntre or realm of Eolus, clepit Eolia, lyis betwix Sycill and Italy, vij. ilandis in the sey, of quham thir be the namys : Lipara, Hiera, Strongile, Didyme, Eriphusa, Phenycusa, and Evomynos. And for alsmekeyll as thir ilis bene full of cavernys, with bryntstan blawand and byrnand ondir the erd, that therby, throw the swouch of the fire, may be persauyt a day or twa befor fra quhat part or art the wynd is for to cum; and this Eolus kyng therof, as an naturall man, first be experiens persaut this, and wald schaw the pepill therby, weill twa or thre dais befor, the wynd was to blaw from syk an art: for the quhilk rayson, with the rude pepill, was he namyt kyng or god of windis. And thai put that he had vj sonnys and vj doch-tiris, quhilkis ar nocht ellis bot the xij wyndis, of quham the namys, to begin at the est and go round abowt, bein thir : Subsolanus, Ewrus, Nothus, Auster, Affricus, Zephyrus, Fauonius, Circius, Chorus, Boreas, Aquilo, and Wlturnus.

P. 25. l. 16.—John Bocas, be Eolus set hie in his chare to rewle and dant the windis, ondirstandis Raison set hie in the manis hed, quhilk suld dant, and includ law in the cave or boddom of the stomach, the windis of peruersit appetyte, as lord and syre set be God almychty therto.

P. 26. l. 17.—Ilion, or Ilium, was the cyte of Troy, hav- and his naym fra king Ilus, fader to Laomedon. The hayll cuntre was callit Troy fra king Tros, or Troyjus, fadir to this Ilus. The awld naim thereof is Phrigia, bot oft bein ather of all ther namys takin for other; as Troys, als weill for

the cyte as the realm. And heir, be a maner dispite, Juno, for the pepill or gudis of Ilion, namys the hail cyte.

P. 26. l. 24.—For alsamekill as I hafe said abufe Juno betakinnys the air, in quham blawis thir windis, and by quham the mater quhareof windis bein engendrit beyn productit to ther perfection, therfor justly and of rycht Eolus grantis him to hald his ring of Juno.

P. 27. l. 5.—Eurus is heir taken for the gret est wynd, thocht it be bot the wind est to sowthin; siklyke, Nothus for the mayn sowth, thocht it be south to est: and Affricus is takin for plat west wynd, that is both sowth sowthwest. And thus heir the thre principall gret windis contrarius blew attanys apon thaim, and the north wind also in the nyxt c.; *A blastirrand bub owf from the north braying &c.*

P. 27. l. 17.—Here fyrst namys Virgill Eneas. This cald, sais Seruyus, com of dreid; not that Eneas dred the ded, bot this maner of ded: and also he that dredis na thyng, nor kan haf na dred, is not hardy, but fuyll hardy and beistly.

P. 27, l. 22.—The maner was swa in tha dais, that nobillis slan in feld tuke ther mouth full of erd, to that effect that in the ded thrawis nain myssyttand word nor voce suld be hard of ther mowth.

P. 28, l. 3.—Sarpedon, son of Jupiter and Laodomya, dochtyr to Bellerophon, was kyng of Lycia; of huge statur, and slane by Patroclus.

P. 28. l. 21.—Thar lyes betwix Affryk and the ile of Sardinia, amyd the sey, a hirst or ryg of craggy rolkis, quhilk beyn callit *altaris of suple or help*, becaus therat, on a tyme, the pepill of Affrik and Romanys band vp perpetwall payce. And thir schald bankis of sand, heir nammyt, bein the twa dangeris of the sey Affrican, callit Syrtis, the mair and the les; mar perellus than Yairmuth sandis or Holland cost.

P. 28. ll. 28 & 31.—Off Orontes and Lewcaspis sum thing in the v. c. of the vj. buyk; and of this Pander or Pandarus, in the ix. c. of the v. buyk.

P. 29. l. 6.—Of this Ylioneus, and the othereis Troianys heir nammyt, beyn oft benath maid mensioun.

P. 29. l. 14.—Neptun, or Neptunus, brother to Jove and Pluto, and son to Saturn. For that the partis of his heritage lay in Creit by the sey cost, and for he vsit mekill salyng and rowyng, and fand the craft or art therof, therfor is he clepit god of the sey. He was alsswa ane the first tawcht to dant and taym horssis: and onto hym beyn consecret the fundment of wallis, for alsmekill as it is said he biggyt the wallis of Troy, or than becaus the watyr inclusyt ondyr the erth is oft tymys caus of erdqwkyng, and trim-billyng or moving of the erth, as we se by experiens in watyr brekis. And, perchans, thir thre poweris signefeis the thre granyt ceptour, quhilk his statw in ald days bair in hand, lyk a crepar or a graip wyth thre granys. Tha discryve hym rydand in a cart, quhilk betakinnys the weltyng our of the sey wallys, that rollys, hurlys, and brais, lyke cart quhelis. Quha lykis mair of him, go reid Bocas, in the first c. and tent buyk of the Genealogy of Goddis.

P. 29. l. 29.—Heir is an notabyll doctryn, that nane nobill man suld hastely reveng him eftir his greif. Tharfor was gevin consell to August Octavian, the empriour, that eftir his commotioun, or euer he did or said ocht he suld wryte xxiiij lettiris.

P. 30. l. 3.—This thre granyt ceptour in sum part haf I twychit abuf: it may betakyn alsswa the thre properteis of the water, quhilk is flowand, drynkabyll, and ganand to sayll or swym intyll.

P. 30. l. 13.—Cymothoe, as sais Seruyus, is, in Grew, als mekyll to say in our language as the flowand or rinnand fluid, quhilk may be clepit a ganand dochtir to Neptun, god of seys. Trytton, as sais Bocas, is the bruyt or rowtyng of the wally sey: quharfor justly is he fenyeit trumpet to the occian, and son to Neptun. Nethelas, Plynyus in his natural history reherssis that Triton is a verray monstre of the sey, and that in the tym of Tyberius the emperour syk ay

was hard and seyn. His schap and portatour is discryvit in the x. buyk, in the iiij. c. ; and he slais Mesenus in the iij. c. of the vj. buyk.

P. 30. l. 20.—Noyte Virgill in this comparision and symlytude, for therin and in syk lyke baris he palm of lawd, as I haf said in my proheme. It is to be considerit alsoo that our all this wark, he comparis batell tyll spait or dyluge of watyr, or than to suddan fyr, and to nocht ellis.

P. 30. l. 28.—Cristoferus Landynus, that writis moraly apon Virgill, says thus : Eneas purposis to Italy, his land of promysioun ; that is to say, a just perfyte man entendis to mast soueran bonte and gudnes, quhilk, as witnessyth Plato, is situate in contemplation of godly thingis or dyvyn warkis. His onmeysabill ennymy Juno, that is fenyteit queen of realmys, entendis to dryve him from Itall to Cartage : that is Avesion, or concupissence to ryng or haf warldly honouris, wald draw him fra contemplation to the actyve lyve ; quhilk, quhen scho falis by hir self, tretis scho with Eolus, the neddry part of raison, quhilk sendis the storm of mony warldly consalis in the just manis mynd. Bot, quhoubeyt the mynd lang flowis and delitis heirintyll, fynaly by the fre wyll and raison predomynent, that is, ondirstand, by Neptun, the storm is cessit, and, as followis in the nyxt c., arryvit in sond havin, quhilk is tranquilitie of consciens ; and fynaly Venus, in the vj. c. following, schawis Ene his feris recouerit again, quhilk is, fervent lufe and cherite schawis the just man his swete meditationys and feruor of deuotion, quham he tynt by warldly curis, restorit to hym again, and all his schippis bot on, be quham I ondyrstand the tyme lost.

P. 31. l. 24.—Nympha may be clepit a spows, or a damysell. Bot thai bein taken with poetis for goddessis of woddis, wildirnessis, fludis, or wellis, and Nympha is a generall naym to all syk. Nymphis of wellis, bein callit Naydes ; of hillis or montanyis, Oreades ; of woddis and forestis, Dryades ; of salt fludis, Nereides ; of flouris, Napee and Hamadriades ar fenyteit to grow and de wyth the tre, as quha wald say the sawle of the tre.

P. 32. l. 15.—Ye sall ondirstand, Virgill, in all partis of his proses, quhat maner or fassoun he discrivis ony man at the begynnyng, sa continewys he of that samin person all thro, and Eneas in all his wark secludis from all vylle offyce: bot, as twychand materis of pyety or devotion, thar labowris he euer wyth the first, as ye may se in the begynyng of the vj. buke.

P. 32. l. 23.—Thocht sum wald say, perchans, that in Affrik bein na hartis, therto answeris Landinus, that albeit perchans now ther be nain, in tha dayis tha war not to sey; or thocht in the ferther partis of Affrik be nain, in the hiddir partis, quharto was Eneas dryve, ther beyn mony.

P. 33. l. 7.—Acestes, kyng of Sycilly; of quham in the first c. of the v. buke.

P. 33. l. 15.—Sylla and Charybdis bein twa gret dangeris in the Sycill sey; of quham in the vj. and viij. c. of the thrid buke.

P. 33. l. 18.—Off thir Cyclopes also, in the ix. and x. c. of the thrid buyk.

P. 34. l. 8.—Wyne the eldar the bettir, sa that it be fresch; and euery man knawis vennyson owt of ply tynys the sesson.

P. 34. l. 22.—Jove, or Jupiter, by the gentillis was clepit the mast soueran god, fader of goddis and men, and all the otheris war bot haldyn as poweris dyuers of this Jupiter, callit *juuans pater*, the helply fadir; bot quham we cleip awa I haf writyn in my proloug of the x. buyk. Of Jupiter, as writis Sanct Augustyn in his volume clepit the Cyte of God, in the vij. buke and ix. c. therof, thus writis poetis:

Jupiter omnipotens, regum rex ipse, deusque,
Progenitor genitrixque deum, deus vnus, et omnes.

Jupiter omnipotent, king of kingis, and god, fader and moder of goddis, an god, and all the goddis. Of him largely spekis he alsua, reprevand the gentile opinyons, in the sam volum, in the first buk and xj. c. therof; and in the xij. c. repreuys

the opynion of Plato, that haldis God the sawl of the world.
Of Jupiter sais the poet Lucan :

Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moueris :

Jupiter is all that euer thou seis, and all that euer movis. Bot quhou ther beyn thre syndry Jupiteris, reid John Bocas in his Genealogy of Goddis, in the first c. of the xj. buyk, quhar he tretis of Jupiter, kyng of Crete, quhilk was Jupiter the thrid : and ther, at the full, of all the fiction and fabillis therof, and quhy he is clepit gret god, and of this Jupiter in the recollectis of Troy. Of the secund Jupiter, kyng of Archad, and syne of Athenes, quhich slew Lycaon, and was fader to Dardanus, of quham cam the Troianys, he writis in the first c. of his v. buyk : and of Jupiter the first, callit Lysanyan, and kyng Athenes, in the ij. c. of his ij. buke, quhar he tretis the proprieteis of Jupiter the planeyt. And now to speyk of Jupiter the planete, quhilk is secund in ordour, and vnermaste nyxt Saturn : he is gentyll and meyk, and full of gud influens, and profitabill aspectis, in sa far that gif he conionys with a frawart planete, sik as Mars, or Saturn, he meysis ther wreth ; gif he conionys with a meyn planete, as the Sone, the Moyn, or Mercury, he drawis thaim and makis inclyn to his gudnes. Quhen he conionys with Venus, or is participant with her, as he stud in the ascendent at this tym of Eneas landyng, quhilk is fenyete the commonyng betwix hym and Venus, than, as heir apperis, batakynys all gud ; for Jove is clepit, *Fortuna maior*, and Venus, *Fortuna minor*. He completis his curs in xij. yeris ; and by this constylation betwix him and Venus, Seruius ondirstandis felicite to cum be a woman, as followis be Dido : And that Venus was sorofull, that is to know, discendent, and nocht in hir strenth, signifeis the sorefull departyng and myschans of Dido.

P. 35. l. 22.—Becaus ther is mensioun of Anthenor, quham many, followand Gwydo De Columnis, haldis traitour, sum thing of him will I speyk, thocht it may suffis

for his purgation that Virgill heir hayth namyt him, and almaste comparit him to the mast soueran Eneas; quhilk comparison na wys wald he haf maid for lak of Eneas, gif he had bein tratour. Bot to schaw his innocens, lat vs induce the mast nobill and famus historian and mylky flud of eloquens, gret Tytus Lyuius, quhilk of Anthenor and Eneas sais thir wordis in his beginning: *It is weill wyt that, Troy beand takin, in all the otheris Troianys crudelite was exersit, exceppand twa, Anthenor and Eneas: to quham the Grekis did na harm, bot abstenynt fra all power of batell as twichyng thaim, becaus of the rayson of hospitalite; for thai had beyn ther ald hostis, and all tymys thai war solistaris and warkkaris to rendyr Helen and to procur paice.* Now I beseik yow, curtes redaris, consididir gif this be punctis of traison, or rathar of honour; and wey the excellent awtorite of Virgill and Tytus Lyuius with your pevach and corrupt Gwido. Landinus sais als of this Anthenor that, for his sone Glaucus followit Paris, he depechit him of him, and for that sam caus, quhen he was aftyr slan by Agamemnon, he maid na duyll for his ded.

P. 35, l. 23.—Ilyria hes his naym fra Illyrus, son to Polyphemus, and, as sais Sextus Rufus, it contenys xvij provyncis. It extendis endlang all the gret flud Danubium, callit Hister, on bayth the sydis, and in it is Vngary, Pannony, Sclauony, Bohem, Denmark, and Macydon: and this Lyburnya is bot a part therof, contenand certan ilis. Timauus is a flud in Lumbardy, in the Venytian landis, that cumis furth of the Duch Montanys at ix beginnyngis, quhilk all rynnys in a loch, quham the pepill adiacent callis a sey; and from this loch cumys the flud that rynnys to Padva, byggit be Anthenor, as heir ye may se. Bot it is to be notyt that Virgill sais abuf, in the first c., Eneas coim fyrst fra Troy to Italy; and heir it apperis Anthenor caym befor him: to that sais Seruyus, tha partis quhamto coym Anthenor beyn not haldyn of Italy, bot of Lumbardy, callit Gallia Cysalpina. Or mayr evidently may we say that Ene

was the fyrst coim to Italy by fait, and at the goddis command : Anthenor coym at his awin auentur, and nocht be destine.

P. 36, l. 13.—Venus is clepit Cytherea fra the ile Cythera, besid Creyt, quhar scho was norysit ; or fra the mont Cytheron, quhar scho was gretly wirscheppit.

P. 36, l. 15.—The cyte of Rome, or than of new Troy.

P. 36, l. 17.—The deyfication of Eneas is eftyr, in the last c. of the xiiij. buyk.

P. 36, l. 23.—Of the barganyng or batellis of this Eneas, her in dyuers bukis followand ; and of the beldyng of this cyte, and how lang his ryng endurit, in the last and penult c. of the xiiij. buyk.

P. 36, l. 31.—Ivlus is thre sillabis, spellit wyth *i per se* and *v per se*.

P. 37, l. 4.—The cite Alba, biggit by Ascanius son of Creusa, eftyr Virgill had his naim fra the quhite swyn, as ye may se in the first c. of the viij. buk ; and was clepit Lang Alba, for it was set endlang the band or ryg of a law hill, as writis Tytus Lyuius, and was distroyit by Tullus Hostilius, thrid King of Rom ; and tharof in the xj. c. of the xiiij. buke.

P. 37, l. 6.—Pepill Hectorean, hardy as Hector, or of the kinrent and blude of Hector ; for this Ascanyus was his fift son.

P. 37, l. 11.—Of Romulus ye sall know, that Porcas, the xj. kyng of Alba or Albanys, gat twa sonys, Numytor and Amulyus, betwyx quham he dividit his realm. Bot this Amulyus banyst his brother Numytor, and slew his son Lawsus, and his dochtir, callit Ilya or Rhea, consecrat a nun onto the goddes Vesta, to that effect scho suld haf na succession ; for in tha dais sik nunis, gif thai brak ther virginite, war eyrdit qwyk. Bot this Ilya consauyt and brocht furth twa childyr mayll, quham thai fenye to haf beyn engendyrit of Mars, becaus thai war bellicos and chevalrus, and bygettin of sum dowchti man ; and than

this Amulyus gart put this Ilia to ded, and bad kast tha childyr in Tybyr. Bot the flud bean speyt was flowyn sa far our the brays thai mycht nocht wyn to the croeis of the water, and thus war thai left on the bra; and ane Fastulus, an hyrd, had thaim born to his hows, and maid Acca his wyf, other wys callyt Lupa, nuryce thaim: and, for that Lupa batakinmys a wolf, and scho was callit Lupa, therfor is it said a wolf fosterit Romulus and Remus. And becaus this said Acca or Lupa maid Romulus hir ayr, therfor sais Virgill he was cled in his motheris or nuryce tawbart. And eftyr, quhen thai worth men, thai becam for the nany's briggantis of the wod, and by a maner pollycy or prackytk convenyt that the tayn of thaim sulk tak his brother and all his complices, and sa thai did, and brocht him befor ther vncl the kyng Amulyus, as thocht he wald accus him of a dedly cryme. And quhen thai war in presens cumin, thai bayth attany's rays apon Amulyus and slew him, and ther declaryt ther blud and genealogy; and thereafter brocht haim thar grandsyr Numytor, and restoryt to him his realm: syn went ther way, and for thaim selvyn biggit Roym and wallyt fyrst. And, for thai war bayth of a byrth, thai beguyth debait for the naim of the cyte. Than was appunctyt that on the morn quha saw the mast nobyll syng, or takin Augurian, suld geif the cyte his naim: and Remus fyrst saw vj gripis, and Romulus efter hym xij gripis. Than said the tayn his takyn was most nobyll, for that he saw thaim first; and the tother na, becaus he saw ma: bot quhiddir it was for that debait, or for the goyng our the wallis, as otheris will say, Remus was slayn be Fabyus, chyftan of weyr to Romulus, and the cyte clepit Roma eftyr Romulus. And quhou or quhy that he is callit Quyrites, and of his dowsom end, and of the sonnys eclips the tym of his ded, and quhy he was repute a god, reid Titus Lyuius, John Bocas in the last c. of the Genealogie of Godis, in the ix. buke, and Augustyn in the Cyte of God, in the xv. c. of the iij. buke. And sum thing heireftir in the xij. c. of the vj. buke and the x. c. of the viij. buyk.

P. 37, l. 15.—Sanct Augustyn in his volum clepit *De cerbis Domini*, in the xxix. sermond, mokkis at this word, sayand, Yit is not the end, and the empyr is tranalat to the Almanys: bot Virgill was crafty, sais he, that wald not on his awyn byhalf rehers thir wordis, bot maid Jupiter pronounce thaim; and as he is a half fenyeit god, swa is his prophecy.

P. 37, l. 26.—Pthya was the cuntre of Achylles; Myce, or Mycene, the realm of Agamemnon; Arge the realm of kyng Adrastus, pertenyng eftir to Diomed be raison of his moder; and it is oft tane for all Grece, and the Grekis therfra bein oft clepit Argiui, or pepill of Arge.

P. 37, l. 32.—Of Julius Cesar, quhen I behald his Commentareis, and the gret volum of Lucan, and quhat of hym writis Swytoneus, I thynk bettyr hald styll my pen than wryt lytill of sa large a mater, and sa excellent a prynce. Bot ye sall know that the principall entent of Virgill was to extoll the Romanys, and in specyal the famyllie or clan Julyan, that comin from this Ascanyus, son to Eneas and Crevsa, otherwais callt Iulus; becaus the empyour August Octauyan, quhamto he direkkit this wark, was of that hows and blud, and sistyr son to Cesar Julyus. And therfor, quhen Cesar was slayn by the Sanatouris, Octavyan had revengit his deth, and rang passabilly at the byrth of our Salviour, quhen the starn of Bethliam apperit. Than, to ples Octavian, said the Romanys, that was the sawll of Cesar quhilk was deifyit: and this opynion heir twichis Virgill, and als in his Bucolyqueys.

P. 38, l. 11.—Off the stek and of closyng of the tempill of Janus in tym of weyr and of pace, ye haf in the vij. buyk, in the x. c. And this tempill of Janus was twys closit befor Octauian; anys be Numa Pompilius, and the second tym be Tytus Manlyus; and thris be Octavyan: and this tym heyr markyt was the last tyme, at the cumyng of Cryst, quhen all the warld was in pace. In wytnes therof the angellis sang pace in erd, the tym of bryth; the ij. c. of Sanct Luke.

P. 38, l. 20.—Off Mercury red in the v. c. of the iiij. buke : and that Mercur heir was send down from Jupiter is nocht ellis bot the planet Mercur was at disces, and Jove ascendent ; quhilk signifeit frendschip in hast to cum, bot not to lest lang.

P. 39, c. VI.—In this cheptir ye haf that Eneas met his moder Venus in liknes of a virgyn, or a mayd ; by the quhilk ye sall vnderstand that Venus is fenyteit to be modyr to Eneas, becaus that Venus was in the ascendent, and had domynation in the hevyn, the tym of his natyvite : and, for that the planet Venus was the signifiar of his byrth, and had domination and speciall influens towart hym, therfor is scho fenyteit to be his mother ; and thus it that poetis fenyteis bein full of secreyt ondyrstandyng ondyr a hyd sentens or fygur. And weyn nocht for this, thocht poetis fenyteis Venus the planet, for the caus foirsaid, to be Eneas mother, at thai beleve nocht he was motherles, bot that he had a fayr lady to his moder, quhilk for hir bewte was clepit Venus : and that Venus metis Eneas in form and lyknes of a maid is to be onderstood that Venus the planete that tym was in the syng of the Virgyn, quhilk betekynnyt luf and fawouris of wemen. And of Venus and hir son Cupyd I sall say sum thyng in the x. c. of this sam buke.

P. 39, l. 15.—Mony expondis Achates for thochtfull cuyr or solitud, quhilk all tymys is feyr and companyeon to princis and gret men.

P. 39, l. 19.—The madynnys of Sparta bene the Amazonys.

P. 39, l. 20.—Harpalica douchter to Ligurgus kyng of Trace, hir fader beand tane be the pepil of Getya, assemblit hir power, and with sa gret haist persewit thame, that scho semyt in swiftnes to forryn the swiftast flude of Trace, callit Hebrun ; and, with mair agilite and hardyment than is almaste to be belevit, reskewit hir fader and ourcome hir aduersaris.

P. 40, l. 27.—Thus said scho for to dissimyll hyr self, or

than becaus that in Cypir was scho wirscheppit only wyth insens and flouris, and nayn other sacrifice, sa that it was onlefull ony blud war sched in hir tempyll.

P. 41, l. 2.—Of Agenor ye sal know that Jupiter engendrit Ephaphus, quhilk gat Belus the first, that engendrit this Agenor, and he begat Phenix, fra quham the realm of Tyre was namyt Phenycia, and the pepil bath of Tyre and Cartage Phenycianys, or Punycianys. This Phenix begat Belus the second, otherwys callit Methres, and he was fader to this Pygmaleon, and queyn Dido, otherwys nemmyt Eliassa. This ilk Phenix also engendrit Philistenes, quhilk begat this Sycheus, otherwys callit Sicarbas, spous to this ilk Dido, and gret preste to Hercules.

P. 42, l. 20.—Sum sais scho gave als mekyll gold as wald gang in a bul hid for this grund; sum haldis opynyon that in thai dais the monye was mad of cuyrbulye or leddy, and this castell hes his naim therfra, for, in the langage of Affrik, *byrsa* betekynnys leddy, or a hyd: bot Seruyus is of Virgillis opynion, sayand, Dido maid carve the bull hid in sa small twhangis that it cumpassyt abowt the spas of xxij. stageis, that is thre myllis quarter les.

P. 43, l. 3.—That Eneas heyr commendis his self, it is not to be tayn that he said this for arrogans, bot for to schaw his scyll; as a kyng or prince onknawin in an onkowth land, may, but repreif, rehers his estate and dygnite to mak him be tretyt as afferis. And als, becaus he trastyt he spak with a goddes, that scho suld nocht aschaym to remayn and talk with hym therfor: and becaus scho was a woman, he schew that he was a man of autorite, with quham thai nedis nocht ascham to speyk; for he was that man quhilk, by the common voce, was clepit Eneas full of pyete. And for that Virgill clepis hym swa all thro this buyk, and I interpret that term, quhylys, for *rewth*, quhils, for *devotion*, and quhilis, for *pyete* and *compassion*; tharfor ye sall know that pyete is a vertu, or gud deid, be the quhilk we geif our dylligent and detfull lawbour to our

natyve cuntre, and onto thaim beyn conionyt to vs in neyr degre : and this vertu, pyete, is a part of justyce, and hes ondyr hym twa other vertws ; amyte, callyt frendschip, and liberalyte.

P. 43, l. 10.—Varo sais that Eneas, fra his departing of Troy quhil he coym in the feldis of Lawrentum, all the day saw the starn of Venus ; and quhen he was thiddir cummyn he saw it na mair, quharby he ondirstud that was his grund fatayll.

P. 43, l. 26.—Parentis betakynnys the childis fader and moder baith.

P. 43, l. 29.—The Egill be poetis is feneyit to be Jovis fowle, and that he maid ministration to him of the thunder and wapynnys the tyme of the battale betwix the god Dis and the Gyantis. Bot war it lefull to compar prophane fabillis to haly Scriptour, Sanct John the ewangelist is verray Jovis egill, and clepit son of thundir.

P. 47, l. 13.—

Attrides beyn in Latin clepit thus
Thir nevois reput of kyng Attryus,
That in our langage are the broder tway,
Kyng Agamemnon, and Duke Menalay.

P. 59, l. 18.—Of Typhon, or Typheus, in the xi. c. of the ix. buke.

CAETERA DESUNT.







NOTES
AND VARIOUS READINGS.





NOTES AND VARIOUS READINGS.

Bl. Ed.—The Black letter edition of 1553.

C. MS.—The Cambridge MS., preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge, and printed for the Bannatyne Club.

E. MS.—The Elphinstoun MS., preserved in the Library of the University of Edinburgh, from which the present edition is printed.

R. MS.—The Ruthven MS., preserved in the same collection.

Rudd.—The edition of Ruddiman, published in 1710.

References are also made to Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language.

Page 3, l. 1. A commendation, &c. The quaint side-notes in this and the other vols. are taken from the ed. of 1553, printed by W. Copland. *L. 12, felable*, *Bl. Ed.* reads *selable*.

P. 4, l. 8. sugurate, *Bl. Ed. figurate*. *L. 31, onhermit*; *C. MS. onwemmit*.

P. 5, l. 7, tone; *C. MS. tun*, *L. 8, mone*; *C. MS. son*. *L. 15, Macrobius*, a grammarian who flourished about the middle of the 5th century. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth books of his "Saturnalia" are occupied with an examination of Virgil's poems, the style of which is highly praised as exhibiting all kinds of excellence in composition.

P. 6, l. 2, Henry Lord Saint Clair. Henry Saint Clair of Dysert, by a special Act of Parliament in 1488-9, was recognised as "chieff of that blude" when created a baron, and "thairfor that he be callit Lord Sinclair in tyme to cum." *L. 4, Omeir*; *C. MS. Homeir*. *L. 21, beaw Schiris*; *Bl. Ed. gud readers*.

P. 7, l. 13, Laurence of the Vail. Laurentius or Lorenzo Valla, one of the most distinguished scholars of the 15th century, who died at Rome in 1457. He published "Ele-

gantisæ Latini Sermonis," and translated into Latin Homer's Iliad, Thucydides, Herodotus, &c. *L. 14, greit patrour;* Bl. Ed. *grete clerk. L. 24, Thocht Williame Caxtoun, &c.* Bl. Ed.—*Thoch Wylliame Caxtoun had no compatioun of Virgill in that buk, he preyt in prois.*

The book of Caxton, the father of English typography, which has been so fiercely attacked by Douglas in this and another of his prologues, is a free paraphrase of portions of Virgil's *Æneid*, translated by him from a "lytyl booke in Frenshe, named Eneydos." (See vol. i. p. cxlix.) It does not pretend to be a translation of the Latin poem, but is a kind of romance compiled from the *Æneid* and Boccaccio's "Fall of Princes." It is a work of but little merit, and, as Mr Blaydes observes in his *Life of Caxton*, "it seems to have gained little favour with the lovers of such compilations, for it never reached a second edition. It would appear, however, that a good sale was expected, and an impression more numerous than usual struck off, as few of Caxton's books are so common as "Eneydos." Caxton's own account of his book is very curious:—

"After dyuerse werkes made translated and achieved hauyng noo werke in hande, I sitting in my studye where as laye many dyuerse paunflettis and bookys, happened that to my hande cam a lytyl booke in Frenshe, whiche late was translated oute of Latyn by some noble clerke of Fraunce whiche booke is named Eneydos, made in Latyn by that noble poet and grete clerke Vyrgyle, which booke I sawe ouer and redde therin how, after the generall destruccyon of the grete Troye, Eneas departed, berynge his old fader Anchises vpon his sholdres, his lityl son Yulus on his honde, his wyfe wyth moche other people folowyng, and how he shyped and departed wyth alle thystorye of his aduentures that he had er he cam to the achievement of his conquest of Ytalye, as all a longe shall be shewed in this present boke. In whiche booke I had grete plasyr by cause of the fayr and honest termes and wordes in Frenshe, whych I neuer sawe

to fore lykene none so playsaunt ne so wel ordred. Whiche booke as me semed sholde be moche requysyte to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hystories: How wel that many honderd yerys passed was the sayd booke of Eneydos wyth other werkes made and lerned dayly in scolis, specyally in Italye, and other places, whiche historye the said Vyrgyle made in metre, and whan I had aduysed me in this sayd boke, I delybered and concluded to translate it into Englysshe and forthwyth toke a penne and ynke and wrote a leef or tweyne whyche I ouersawe agayn to corecte it: And whan I sawe the fayr and straunge termes therin, I doubted that it sholde not please some gentylmen whiche late blamed me, sayeng that in my translacyons I had ouer curyous termes whiche coude not be vnderstande of comyn peple, and desired me to vse olde and homely termes in my translacyons; and fayn wolde I satysfye euery man, and so to doo toke an olde boke and redde therin, and certaynly the Englysshe was so rude and brood that I coude not wele vnderstande it. And also my lorde abbot of Westmynster ded do shewe to me late certayn euydences wryton in olde Englysshe for to reduce it into our Englysshe now vsid, and certaynly it was wretton in suche wyse that it was more lyke to Dutche than Englysshe, I coude not reduce ne brynge it to be vnderstonden. And certaynly our langage now vsed varyeth ferre from that whiche was vsed and spoken whan I was borne, For we Englysshem men ben borne vnder the domynacyon of the mone, which is neuer stedfaste, but euer wauerynge, wexyng one season, and waneth and dyscreaseth another season. And that comyn Englysshe that is spoken in one shyre varyeth from another, in so moche that in my dayes happened that certayn marchauntes were in a ship in Tamyse for to haue sayled ouer the see into Zelande, and for lacke of wynde thei taryed atte Forlond, and wente to lande for to refreshe them. And one of theym named Sheffielde a mercer cam in to an hows and axed for mete, and specyally he axyd after eggys: And the

goode wyfe answerde that she coude speke no Frenshe. And the marchaunt was angry, for he coude speke no Frenshe, but wolde haue hadde egges and she vnderstode hym not, and thenne at laste another sayd that he wolde haue eyren, then the good wyf sayd that she vnderstod hym wel. Loo what sholde a man in thyse dayes now wryte egges or eyren. Certaynly it is harde to playse euery man by cause of dyuersite and chaunge of langage. For in these dayes euery man that is in ony reputacyon in his countre wyll vtter his commynycacyon and maters in suche maners and termes that fewe men shall vnderstonde theym. . . . Thenne I praye alle theym that shall rede in this lytyl treatys to holde me for excused for the translatynge of hit. For I knowleche my selfe ignorant of connyng to enpryse on me so hie and noble a werke. But I praye mayster John Skelton late created poete laureate in the vnyuersite of Oxenforde to ouersee and correcte this sayd booke. And taddresse and expowne where as shalle be found faulte to theym that shall requyre it. For hym I knowe for sufficyent to expowne and englysshe euery dyffyculte that is therin. For he hath late translated the epystlys of Tulle and the boke of Dyodorus Syculus, and diuerse other werkes oute of Latyn in to Englysshe not in rude and olde langage, but in polysshed and ornate termes craftely, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ouyde, Tullye, and all the other noble poetes and oratours to me vnknownen. And also he hath redde the ix muses and vnderstande theyr musicallescyences, and to whom of theym eche scyence is appropred. I suppose he hath dronken of Elycons well. Then I praye hym and such other to correcte adde or mynysshe where as he or they shall fynde faulte. For I haue but folowed my cople in Frenshe as nygh as me is possyble. And yf ony worde be sayd therin well I am glad, and yf otherwyse I submytte my sayd boke to theyr correctyon, whiche boke I presente vnto the hye born my tocomynge naturell and souerayn lord Arthur by the grace of God Prynce of

Walys, Duc of Cornewayll and Erle of Chester, fyrst by-goten sone and heyer vnto our most dradde naturall and souerayn lorde and most crysten Kynge Henry the VII."—*Blades' Life of Caxton*, vol. i., pp. 188-190.

P. 7, l. 29. *Sanct Austyne*. St Augustine seems to have been a favourite author with Douglas; in another place he refers to him as "chieff of Clerkes." See also an allusion to his "*De verbis Domini*," and to his "*Cyte of God*" (pp. 291-2), in Douglas' "Comment," and to the latter in Vol. III., p. 3.

P. 8, l. 4, *to see sua spilt*; R. MS. *to here thame spilt*. L. 6, *of all*; C. MS. *at all*. L. 17, *the story*; C. MS. *thys tory*.

P. 9, l. 3. *Goddes*; C. MS. *Godessis*. L. 25, *Jhone Bocas*. The work of Boccaccio, entitled, "*Περὶ γενεαλογίας Deorum libri xv.*," contains the legend of Hercules here referred to; Ed. Basil, 1532, p. 235. L. 28, *in the recollis of Troye*. One of the most favourite romances of the period was "*Le recueil des histoires de Troye*," composed by Raoul Lefevre, chaplain and secretary to Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy. It was translated by Caxton in 1471, and was the first work printed by him under the title of "*The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*." L. 18. *Vnder*; Bl. Ed. *Vthir*.

P. 10, l. 13, *he had nocht write*; Bl. Ed. *he had write*.

P. 11, l. 17, *for the nanis*; C. MS. *for the namis*. Jamieson, s. v. "*Nanes*," explains it as follows:—"Nanes, Nanyes. For the nanyes—on purpose, for the purpose; Chaucer, nones; E. nonce. This word has been viewed as of ecclesiastical origin. It may, indeed, be allied to L. B. *nona*, the prayers said at noon. *Isl. non* sometimes signifies the mass." "*Geck tha kongur til kyrkio, oc for til nono*; the king entered into the church, that he might attend the service performed at noon. *Heimskring. ap. Ihre*. In the convents, during summer, the monks used to have a repast after the *nones*, or service at midday, called *Biberes nonales*, or *Refectio nonae*. Du Cange quotes a variety of statutes on this subject, vo. *Nona, Biberis*. If we may suppose that the good fathers occasionally looked forward with some de-

gree of anxiety to this hour, the phrase, *for the nones*, or *nanis*, might become proverbial for denoting anything on which the mind was ardently set. This is probably the origin of Dan. *none*, a beverage, a collation. Tyrwhitt supposes it to have been "originally a corruption of Latin; that from *pro-nunc* came *for the nunc*, and so, *for the nonce*; just as from *ad-nunc* came *anon*." Note v., 381. But this idea is very whimsical, and receives no support from *anon*, which has an origin totally different. It has occurred to me, however, that it may with fully as much plausibility be deduced from Su. G. *naenn-as*, anc. *naenna*, to prevail with one's self to do a thing, to have a mind to do it; Isl. *nenn-a*, id. *Nonne*, a me impetrare possum, Gunnlaug, S. Gl. Since writing this, I have observed that Seren. has adopted the same idea. "*Nonce*, Isl. *nenna*, *nenning*, arbitrium. Su G. *nenna*, *nennas*, a se impetrare, posse." *For the nanis* is a phrase, however, now generally explained as from the A.S. *for than anes*, i.e., for the occasion. Mr Gifford observes:—"The aptitude of many of our monosyllables beginning with a vowel to assume the *n* is well known; but the progress of this expression is distinctly marked in our early writers; a *ones*, an *anes*; *for the ones*, *for the nanes*, *for the nones*, *for the nonce*.—Richardson's Eng. Dict., s. v. "Nonce."

Ll. 17-19. *Durst neuer tuich*, &c.;

Bl. Ed. *Durst neuer twiche this vark for laike of knalage*,
Becaus he onderstude not Virgils langage;
His buk is na mare like Virgil, dar I lay.

L. 20, *na the owle*; C. MS. *than the nicht owle*. L. 27.
Sum Franch strang wicht; Bl. Ed. *sum strange wycht*. L. 28,
frenschlie; C. MS. *franchly*; Bl. Ed. *frënschly*; R. MS.
francilie. L. 29. *I nald*; R. MS. *I wald ye traist nocht*.
L. 30, *with na Inglis buikis*; Bl. Ed. *wyth no man nor buikis*.

P. 12, l. 15, *firt sentence*; R. MS. *quyk sentence*. L. 20,
culd haue fenit; Bl. Ed. *thocht haue fenit*.

P. 14, l. 7, *venerable Chaucer*. Douglas always speaks

with great respect of Chaucer, whom he calls his master (see p. 16, l. 14). The Legend of Dido, in the "Legend of Good Women," written, as the author tells us, in commendation of sundry maidens and wives who shewed themselves faithful to faithless men, is here referred to. It begins—

"Glory and honour, Virgil Mantuan,
Be to thy name, and I shall as I can
Follow thy lantern, as thow goest beforne"—

P. 14, l. 9, *balmy condit*; Bl. Ed. *balme conduct*. L. 25, *neir I may*; R. MS. *nere as I may*.

P. 15, l. 15. *Quharof*; Bl. Ed. *Quhairfor*. L. 24, *seuthable*; C. MS. *semabill*. L. 21. *Sanct Gregour*.—Gregory I., the Great, a father and saint of the Roman Catholic Church.

P. 16, l. 4. *Horatius in his art of poetrie*—*Ars poetica*. L. 133—

"Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus interpres."

— L. 14. *Chaucer greitlie Virgile offendit*. See Chaucer's *House of Fame*, l. 477.

P. 17, l. 6, *ane just caus*; Bl. Ed. *na just caus*. L. 26, *leidar and leidsterne*; C. MS. *gydar and laid sterne*; R. MS. *ledar and gyde stern*.

L. 28. *Throw praier of thi modir, quene of blis*.

Bl. Ed. *Throw Christ thi sone brings us to hewynly blys*.

L. 31. *On thee I call and Mary virgine myld*.

Bl. Ed. *On the I cal with humyl hart and milde*.

P. 18, ll. 2, 3. (See vol. I. Introd., p. clxxix.)

In Christ is all my traist and hewynnis quene.

Thow virgyne modir and madyne, be my muse.

Bl. Ed. *In Christ I trest, borne of the virgine quene.*

Thou Saluour of mankind, be mye muse.

L. 8. *For the sweit liquare of thi palpis quhite*
Fosterit that prync, that hevinlie Orpheus,
Ground of all guid, our Saluour Jesus.

Bl. Ed. *For thy excelland mercy and loue perfite,
Thou holy ghost, comfort and sanctifye
My spreit to ende this wark to thy glory.*

I. 24. Ane bruitell body; C. MS. brimell body; Bl. Ed. rural body.

P. 19, l. 16, to the besy husband; R. MS. and Bl. Ed. I to be busy husband.

P. 20, l. 13, to end of "Contentis" is wanting in E. MS., but is supplied from R. MS.

P. 21, l. 6. Sterne and stout; Bl. Ed. Sterde and stout.

P. 23, l. 5. Nobillis. Rudd. thinks that mobillis would be a better reading, but there is no authority for it either in the Bl. Ed. or MSS.

P. 27, l. 10, and brest; R. MS. and byreft; l. 20, full happy; C. MS. quhow happy.

P. 28, l. 12, braid syide; R. MS. braid sail.

P. 29, l. 3, quhen salaris; C. MS. quhoyn Salaris; Bl. Ed. few saland. L. 9, raif ruvis; R. MS. raif ribbis. L. 29, I sall yow chastice; R. MS. I sall yow beseik.

P. 30, l. 27, moide; C. MS. mynd; R. MS. mude.

P. 31, l. 4, propir; C. MS. prosper. L. 24, goddes; C. MS. godessis.

P. 34, l. 19, anone; C. MS. alone.

P. 35, l. 19, the samyn mischance; R. MS. the samyn fa perchance.

P. 37, l. 14. The Bl. Ed. reads, To the folkis, ful lang the rul remanis.

P. 38, l. 25, faird of wyngis; Bl. Ed. fardis of windis; l. 30, knaucht; sic in E. MS.; C. MS. kaucht.

P. 40, l. 5, taucht; C. MS. tachit.

P. 41, l. 4, vndowtable; C. MS. ondantabill. L. 21. Bl. Ed. not mouit of piete vnto his sister sure. L. 24, lele luwair; C. MS. wofull luffar.

P. 43, ll. 9-10. Rudd. has altered these lines to—

*With schippis twis ten I toke the Phrigiane sey,
My mother, ane goddes, teichand the way (tuke me).*

P. 45, l. 13, to the werk on hie; R. MS. to the uolt on hie.

P. 47, l. 12. *Of kyng*; R. MS. *The king*. Ll. 13-16. *Atrides*, &c. Four lines are here introduced from the E. MS., which are wanting in the other MSS. and printed copies. They occur in the Lambeth MS. as a side-note, and in the C. MS. in Douglas' "Comment." See p. 295.

P. 48, l. 18. *Hyngyng wyde oppin*. Rudd. remarks on *oppin*, "I incline to think with Fr. Junius that this is not to be referred to the chariot, but to Troylus, and answers to *haeret resupinus* in Virg. So that *wyde oppin* signifies that his mouth or face looked upwards, and lay open or exposed to view, though dragged on the ground. Junius, to confirm his opinion, adduces several passages out of Chaucer and Lydgate, in which those that are slain are said to *lye gaping upright*, *resupini et ore aperto jacere*: add to this that Chaucer has *openheed* for *bareheaded* as the Lat. *aperto capite*, i.e., *nudato*."

P. 50, l. 15, *domes of law*; C. MS. *domys and law*.

P. 51, l. 2. *Or on*; Bl. Ed. *Or than*.

P. 52, l. 12, *strentht*; Bl. Ed. *scanth*.

P. 53, l. 27, *frawart Cartage cietie away*; Bl. Ed. *thrawart Cartage ciete alway*.

P. 58, l. 13, *seir giftis*; Bl. Ed. *syke giftis*.

P. 60, l. 19. *Him sall I sownd slepand staille away*; R. MS. *Himself I send slepand to stele away*. L. 32, *quhite neck*; R. MS. *swete neck*.

P. 61, l. 20, *mich rich apparale*; R. MS. *mychty riall apparale*.

P. 62, l. 18, *brusit or payntit tapetis*; R. MS. *brusit and payntit carpettis*.

P. 63, l. 22, *ane wechty*; R. MS. *ane mychty*.

P. 64, l. 4, *gevar*; R. MS. *groware*.

P. 65, l. 8, *kynd hors*; Bl. Ed. *kynd of hors*.

P. 67, l. 29. *On the world clerkis call*: C. MS. *on the wald clerkis call*; R. MS. *in the world clerkis call*. *World clerkis* here seem to denote lay, as distinguished from clerical scholars.

P. 69, l. 11, *pauillon*; C. MS. *pailyeon*.

P. 70, l. 25. *Hid Grekis coverit with yrne* ; R. MS. *The Grekis covert with joy.*

P. 71, l. 18. *And with ane blent about* ; C. MS. *And with eyn blent about.*

P. 73, l. 2, *wayand* ; R. MS. *wittand.* L. 12, *scalit and seir* ; R. MS. *satit and seure.*

P. 74, l. 1. *oist* ; C. MS. *oft.* L. 9, *hattyr geistis* ; Bl. Ed. *haltir giftes.*

P. 75, l. 20, *rispand redis* ; Bl. Ed. *risis and redis.* L. 23, *allace for me* ; Bl. Ed. *alace fell me.*

P. 77, l. 25, *bludy handis* ; R. MS. *grisly handis.*

P. 78, l. 5, *tearfull* ; Bl. ed. *farfull.* L. 6, *schyning* ; R. MS. *schowing.*

P. 80, l. 28, *spurtlit* ; C. MS. *sprutilit.*

P. 81, l. 30, *bassyn* ; R. MS. *brasyu.*

P. 83, l. 7, *vapour* ; R. MS. *sapour.*

P. 84, l. 9, *fovdoverit* ; R. MS. *forwalkit.* L. 15, *puldir* ; C. MS. *powder.*

P. 87, l. 9, *trumplis blist* ; C. MS. *trumpys blist.*

P. 90, l. 8, *stickit* ; Bl. Ed. *strekkit.* L. 12, *mercy* ; Bl. Ed. *sanctuarie.* L. 14, *martyrit* ; Bl. Ed. *murtherit.*

P. 91, l. 7, *ruth serpent* ; C. MS. *rouch serpent* ; Bl. Ed. *rouch serpent.*

P. 95, l. 7, *gilt sparris* ; R. MS. *grete sparris.*

P. 96, l. 28, *furth of har* ; R. MS. *furth of hir.*

P. 97, l. 20, *yet chekis* ; R. MS. *yettis snekkis.* L. 28, *bettis* ; R. MS. *brekkis.* L. 27, *bruscheand* ; C. MS. *brusch and.*

P. 98, l. 1. *I saw, &c.* ; R. MS.

I saw myself Neoptolemus thare,

Mak felloun wod and furious slauchtir.

L. 8, *Quhar warin* ; R. MS. *Quharin was.* L. 17, *chance* ; R. MS. *case.* L. 21. *The ald gray* ; C. MS. *The auld grayth.*

P. 99, l. 28, *woyd hall* ; R. MS. *wyde hall.*

P. 100, l. 10, *that thou hes doun* ; R. MS. *that now is done.*

P. 104, l. 6, *for I* ; R. MS. *for thy.* L. 7, *sall cleir* ; C. MS. *so cleir.* L. 26. *Gorgones* ; R. MS. *Gregiouns.*

P. 106, l. 5, *eftir the cietie tane*; R. MS. *eftir the ciete fell plane*. L. 23. *Besocht*; C. MS. *Besowth*; *wery*; R. MS. *barnys*.

P. 108, l. 11. *Quhen suddanlie*; R. MS. *Wounderlie ane suddane*. L. 21. *The blaisand*; R. MS. *the plesand*.

P. 109, l. 8, *rumbill*; R. MS. *rattil*. L. 18, *brintstane*; R. MS. *birnstane*. L. 24. *kinrent*; R. MS. *kynrik*.

P. 110, l. 1, *clyme wp anone*; R. MS. *wy vp anone*.

P. 113, l. 11, *woundir sair*; Bl. Ed. *wordis sare*.

P. 115, l. 7, *land or cuntre*; C. MS. *cost or cuntre*.

P. 116, l. 1, *Hornyt*; Bl. Ed. *Honorit*. L. 18, *othir*; C. MS. *otheris*.

P. 117, l. 1, *Wene*; R. MS. *Mene*. L. 6, *ourgrowin*; R. MS. *ourgane*. L. 20, *virgine moder*; Bl. Ed. *Christ Goddis sone*.

P. 118, *Heading*, Cap. I., Bl. Ed.

Efter the distruction of Ithum,

He salis in Trace and biggis Eneadum.

L. 17, *weir*; C. MS. *veir*.

P. 119, l. 8, *fens*; R. MS. *fence*. L. 28, *levis*; Bl. Ed. *bewis*.

P. 122, l. 1, *of the erd*; Bl. Ed. *to the erd*. L. 14, *the mon we follow*; Bl. Ed. *ther mon we follow*.

P. 123, l. 4, *fleit*; Bl. Ed. *fletit*. L. 8, *hie wynd*; Bl. Ed. *the wynd*. L. 17, *kend*; C. MS. *knew*.

P. 124, l. 10, *plat law*; Bl. Ed. *plat lay*.

P. 126, l. 17, *strek*; Bl. Ed. *sterk*.

P. 132, l. 11, *of fen*; Bl. Ed. *of sen*, which is probably a mere misprint. Ruddiman, however, gives a learned gloss upon the word *sen*, q.v. L. 28, *mony yell* C. MS. *mony a yell*. L. 31, *wglie*; C. MS. *vgsum*.

P. 133, l. 12, *our meit*; Bl. Ed. *the mete*.

P. 134, l. 5. *Theyfage*; R. MS. *They fuge*; Bl. Ed. *Theiffage*; Rudd. *ye fuge*. L. 12, *and turment*; C. MS. *of turment*.

P. 136, l. 1, *Actiane*; Bl. Ed. *actiue*. L. 7, *so salfte*; C. MS. *to salfte*.

P. 137, l. 25, *wnbodeit*; *R.* MS. *vnberyit*!

P. 138, l. 3, *half mangit*; *R.* MS. *all mangit*.

P. 140, l. 1, *in heil*; *C.* MS. *in helth*. *L.* 14, *brycht*; *R.* MS. *grete*.

P. 142, l. 1, *Harpy*; *R.* MS. *happy*. *L.* 31, *far landis*; *Bl.* Ed. *sere landis*.

P. 143, l. 12, *endlang*; *Bl.* Ed. *besyde*. *L.* 20, *gnawing*; *C.* MS. *rungyng*, but *gnawing* is written on the margin in fresher ink.

P. 146, l. 27, *perturbit*; *C.* MS. *pertrubbil*.

P. 147, l. 6, *hillir haill*! *C.* MS. *illyr haill*!

P. 149, l. 21, *O levis me*; *C.* MS. *O leif is me*; *R.* MS. *O levest me*.

P. 150, l. 6, *ourcumyn*; *Bl.* Ed. *ouerrunnyng*; *C.* VIII., Heading, l. 2, *he satis*; *C.* MS. *hes salyt*.

P. 151, l. 5, *his ouris rollit*; *R.* MS. *his ouris reulit*. *L.* 13. *Arthuris huyfe*, an ancient Roman building which once stood on the banks of the Carron, but long ago demolished. It bore the name of Arthur's Hof, or Arthur's Oon, or Oven. Virgil here mentions the constellation *Arcturus*, and Douglas, by a poetical liberty, makes a transition to the celebrated British Prince Arthur, whom he places in the heavens with Julius and other ancient heroes. "He gives him also," says Jamieson, a *hoif* or *sacellum* there; in allusion, as would seem, to that fine remnant of antiquity which about this time began to be ascribed to Arthur." *L.* 14. *Watling strete*, a name given to one of the great Roman ways in Britain; the allusion to which here is best explained by the following passage in Chaucer:—

"Lo, quod he, cast up thyne eye,
Se yonder lo! the galaxie,
The whiche men clepe the milky way,
For it is whyte; and some parfay
Callen it Watlynge strete."

Ho. of Fame, ii. 427.

L. 20, *slakis*; *R.* MS. *schakis*.

P. 152, *l.* 1, *hie eft castell*; Bl. Ed. *hiest castell*. *L.* 3. *haldis*; Bl. Ed. *quhilkis haldis*.

P. 153, *l.* 26, *host*; C. MS. *vost*; R. MS. *voist*.

P. 154, *l.* 1, for *delare* read *declare*. *L.* 6, *left syde*; Bl. Ed. *west syde*. *L.* 9, *swelland swirl*; Bl. Ed. *swelly swirl*. *L.* 10, *the wall*; C. MS. *the waw*. *L.* 24, *schudder*; R. MS. *thunder*.

P. 155, *l.* 10, *irkit*; E. MS. *hukit*.

P. 156, *l.* 7, *ordour*; R. MS. *odour*. *L.* 30, *seis wrak*; C. MS. *seys brak*.

P. 157, *l.* 26, *hutit*; R. MS. *hatit*.

P. 158, *l.* 21, *thrawn front*; E. MS. *his awn figur*.

P. 160, *l.* 16, *far*; Rudd. *war*; Bl. Ed. *fer*.

P. 161, *l.* 13, *se on fer*; C. MS. *se on far*; Bl. Ed. *may from fer*.

P. 162, *l.* 10, *flow and waid*; R. MS. *flow glaid*. *L.* 32, *Libie*; C. MS. *Lylibe*.

P. 164, *l.* 5, *wo*; E. MS. *wer*. *L.* 8, *fekill*; Bl. Ed. *febill*. *L.* 17, *lestis nocht*; R. MS. *lestis bot*. *L.* 21. *goddis apis*—Rudd. explains this expression as follows—"Dull blockish animals that have no more of men, the chief of God's creatures, but the shape, as apes have. Thus we say in Scotland, 'a good God's body,' or *God's goss*, for a silly but good-natured man."

P. 165, *l.* 8, *rubbist*; C. MS., *reuist*. *L.* 20, *Reik*; Bl. Ed. *And eik*.

P. 166, *l.* 17. *So rummesing*; R. S. *Sum rummesing*. *L.* 21. *Baris twyt thar tuskis*; Bl. Ed. *Baris thuite tuskis and fretis*. *L.* 23. *Leander ying*, the famous youth of Abydos, who, from love of Hero, priestess of Aphrodite, swam every night across the Hellespont. He at last was drowned in crossing, when Hero, seeing his corpse washed ashore, threw herself into the sea.

P. 167, *l.* 5, *drint and slane*; R. MS. *tynte and slane*. *L.* 11, the C. MS. reads, *So, from all grace quhou to myscheif thai flyt*. *L.* 21. *Haue na surphat*; the C. MS. *Hant na urfat*.

P. 168, l. 11. *Sum hert hait brenyng*; C. MS. *sum hait byrnyng*.

P. 169, l. 20, *thar heit*; Rudd. *thare feit*. L. 21, *borit bane*; C. MS. *boryt beyn*. L. 29, *thewles*; C. MS. *towchtilles*.

P. 170, l. 4. *na thing*; Bl. Ed. *na time*. *roust of syn*; E. MS. *roast of sone*. L. 10, *villance deid*; R. MS. *in will and dede*. L. 30, *poyd*; R. MS. *pode*.

P. 171, l. 27, *repeit*; R. MS. *report*.

P. 172, l. 21. *No quhile*; C. MS. *No thing*. L. 24, *worthis insaciabie*; R. MS. *with wourdis*. L. 26, *trigittis*; R. MS. *tragetis*.

P. 173, l. 5, *schort quhile*; R. MS. *sa schort a quhile*. L. 14, *strang*; C. MS. *strange*. L. 18, R. MS. *Be command of lusty ladyis quhile*. L. 21, *atteyne*; C. MS. *attayin*; *atteyne* here seems to mean to quench or extinguish; Fr. *êteindre*. *Il éteint cet amour source de tant de haine*. Racine Brit., v. 1.

P. 174, l. 11, *bemis brycht*; C. MS. *lamp bricht*. L. 13, *heth*—omitted in Bl. Ed. L. 17, *suevynis*; R. MS. *schevynys*.

P. 176, l. 12, R. MS. *Euer murnand waist thi womanheid*. L. 20, *thame*; C. MS. *than*; L. 30, *vndantit*; E. MS. *indoutit*.

P. 177, l. 4, *burnand*; C. MS., and Bl. Ed. *barrand*. L. 26, *fyr*, omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 178, l. 4, *hesis*; C. MS. *esys*. L. 9, *thai beseik*; Bl. Ed. *thai seking*. L. 11. *brittinit*; R. MS. *bykkynnit*.

P. 180, l. 17, *suir of weir*; R. MS. *sere of were*.

P. 182, l. 2, *affeir me les*; E. MS. *offer les*. L. 22, and *setis sett the glen*; Bl. Ed. and *sutis the glen*.

P. 183, l. 17. *Rungeand*; Bl. Ed. and R. MS. *gnyppand*. L. 24, *envolupit war and wound*; R. MS. *involuppit war and sound*. L. 25, *kuafe*: C. MS. *quayf*.

P. 185, l. 14—From this line to line 23, in page 187, is wanting in the Bl. Ed., probably omitted from a sense of propriety.

P. 187, l. 11, *schrewit*; R. MS. *schort*.

P. 189, l. 10, *thi wingis*; C. MS. *the wyndis*.

P. 190, l. 11, *that thai tell*; Bl. Ed. *that I tell*. L. 30, *evynly*; E. MS. *hewynlie*.

P. 194, l. 20, *tringling*; C. MS. *trigland*.

P. 196, l. 15, *reparal*; Bl. Ed. *repare al*. L. 16, *that doun fallis*; C. MS. *at now fallis*.

P. 199, l. 24, *carpettis*; R. MS. *tapettis*.

P. 200, l. 17, *Saysing*; R. MS. *Baissing*.

P. 201, l. 4, *Dyn and*; R. MS. *Dynand*.

P. 202, l. 4, *vncretable*; Bl. Ed. *vncredyble*. L. 5, *fast*; E. MS. *salf*. L. 20, *without*; R. MS. *forowtin*.

P. 203, l. 8, *maister stok*; C. MS. *maister stok schank*. L. 10, *to the rockis*; R. MS. *to the rutis*. L. 31, *Changit and altir*; R. MS. *Changit in the altare*.

P. 204, l. 29, *rowpit*; R. MS. *rolpit*.

P. 205, Heading C. IX. *couert*; R. MS. *conuert*. L. 7, *dissimbland*; C. MS. *dissimuland*.

P. 206, l. 2, *sleipryfe*; R. MS. *slepery*. L. 17, *innar*; R. MS. *inwart*.

P. 207, l. 27, *sop*; C. MS. *sap*.

P. 208, l. 16, *lochis*; R. MS. *lowis*.

P. 209, l. 16, *suppowelling*; R. MS. *suppowaling*.

P. 210, l. 14, *assis*; R. MS. *oft syis*.

P. 212, l. 24, *quhair am I?* C. MS. *quhair am I now?*

P. 213, l. 2, omitted in Bl. Ed., *weirdis*; R. MS. *wourdis*. L. 7, *say*; E. MS. *see*. L. 24, *brittin*; C. MS. *bryttnyt*.

P. 214, l. 1, *wreikis*; Rudd, *wirkis* L. 5, *fra him*; C. MS. *fra hyne*; L. 13, *at the last thair may he be assail*; C. MS. *At the lest thar mot he be assail*. L. 23, *amyddis*; C. MS. *in myddis*.

P. 215, l. 22, *scho cum*; E. MS. *scho can foryet*. L. 28, R. MS. *To bring yon Troianis state in flambe funerall*. L. 30, *Hichit*; Rudd. *Hyt*.

P. 216. Heading, C. XII., *of deth and mortal wo*; Bl. Ed. *of deithis mortall wo*. L. 5, *tichwris*; C. MS. *tythirris*; R. MS. *with teris*. L. 17, *on flocht*—Jamieson thinks this means "on the wing, ready to depart." "This signification,

however," he says, "is doubtful, not merely from the common use of the phrase, but especially from the sense of the following line. Rudd. renders this word "fear, terror," as well as anxiety. I have observed no proof of the former sense. Sibbald, adopting this signification, derives it from 'fleg,' terrify." It seems, however, to be an expression equivalent to "in a flutter."

P. 217, l. 5, to sterf and depart; C. MS. starve and to depart. L. 16, wyde; C. MS. wild; L. 32, spreich; C. MS. sprauch.

P. 218, l. 12, us away; C. MS. hyne away; R. MS. him. L. 22, woundis; E. MS. handis.

P. 219, l. 8, tarisum; R. MS. tarsone. L. 15, had hir self spilt; Bl. Ed. had onuyslie hir self spilt. L. 17, dubbitt; Bl. Ed. doublit.

P. 220, l. 1; C. MS. Gladys the grond the tendir florist greyn. L. 4, our to flene; C. MS. onto fleyn. L. 9, or nycht; C. MS. and nycht. L. 20, So that the wys therof; Bl. Ed. As the wyse man tharof.

P. 221, l. 2. The reference here to Virgil's Bucolics will be found in Ecl. IV:—

"Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem;
Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.
Incipe, parve puer; cui non risere parentes,
Nec Deus hunc mensa, Dea nec dignata cubili est."

L. 5, in his barnage; C. MS. in thar barnage. L. 22, of morale doctrine; C. MS. or morale. L. 23, lat us see; C. MS. now lat se.

P. 222, l. 3, jauryn fra tun to tun—dashed or poured from tun to tun. Douglas here, says Jamieson, plays on the rebus of Caxton's name. L. 9, I bid nothir; R. MS. I set by nouthir.

P. 223, l. 14, stranglie; Bl. Ed. straitly.

P. 224, l. 3. The streme; R. MS. The storme. L. 6, wnrude; Bl. Ed. ouerrude. L. 14, gret Jove our helpar; C. MS. our helpar gret Jove. L. 22, thairon; R. MS. tharefore. L. 24, thens; C. MS. hens.

P. 225, l. 8, *full evin*; C. MS. *furth evin*.

P. 226, l. 22, *solempt*; C. MS. *solemnyt*.

P. 227, l. 18, *his pith*; C. MS. *his picht*. L. 20, for *companion*, read *campioun*. L. 26 omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 228, l. 24, *spraiklis*; C. MS. *sprutlis*.

P. 229, l. 4, *queith*; Bl. Ed. and Rudd. read *queinth*, and Jamieson on this word has, "Queinth, v. a., to compose, to pacify." According to Ruddiman—"Our author uses it for the solemn *valediction* given to the dead, when they were a burying, which was essentially necessary (according to their superstition) in order to compose them, and give them rest in their graves, and to procure them passage over the *Stygian Lake* into the *Elysian Fields*. The word is originally the same as *Quench*, and is used for it by Chaucer." Thus he explains *queinthing words*, composing, pacifying. Chaucer, indeed, uses *quiente* as the pret. and part. of *quench*; but in a sense strictly literal. It would be more natural to understand this term as signifying *to bewail*, from *Isl. kvein-a* to complain, Moes. G. *quain-on* to mourn, Matt. xi. 17; *Ni quaino-deduth*, ye have not lamented; Alem. *Uuein-on*, id. This signification corresponds to the language used by Virgil, "*Caelum questibus implet*," and, "*Adfari extremum miserae matri*."

"Junius thinks that it ought to be *quething*, notwithstanding the authority of the MS. to the contrary; in opposition to which Rudd. acknowledges that he rashly wrote *quething* according to the printed copy A. 1558, in the following passage:—

"Say the last *quething* word, adew, to me."—*Virg.* 60, 21.

Junius renders it *valedictory*; Lye derives it from *Isl. kveda* salutatio, *valedictio*, v. Junius, Etym. The Su. G. *Isl. v. qwaedia*, to salute, was used by ancient writers to denote a solemn address to God."

At p. 106 l. 7, the Bl. Ed. reads *quething*, but both the E. MS. and R. MS. read *quenthing*. At p. 246, l. 4 of Vol. iii. however, the E. MS. reads *quething*, the R. MS. reads *quenthing*, and the Bl. Ed. *quenching*.

P. 230, l. 12, *mych*; R. MS. *mychty*.

P. 231, l. 27, *thortis*; C. MS. *thoftis*; R. MS. and Bl. Ed. *coistis*.

P. 232, l. 7, *feil gardeis*; Bl. Ed. *sere gardis*. L. 17, *the gild and rerd*; R. MS. *the rerd*. L. 22, *hit*; R. MS. *it*.

P. 235, l. 30, *all infyrit*; C. MS. *half infyryt*.

P. 236, l. 5, *scorit*; Bl. Ed. *schorit*. L. 23, *planand*; Bl. Ed. *playand*.

P. 237, l. 6, *For*; C. MS. *Far*.

P. 238, l. 8, *south*; R. MS. *swift*. Heading C. V. l. 2, *his reward*; C. MS. *thar reward*.

P. 239, l. 8, *clukis*; C. MS. *clewis*. L. 15, *a habirgeoun*; R. MS. *ane habir Johnne*.

P. 240, l. 9, R. MS. *Lyke as the oist hapnys the eddir amynd the way*. L. 18, *hissis*; R. MS. *hissillis*. L. 30, *Mynerve*; R. MS. *weiffing*.

P. 242, l. 14, *schoit speris*; Bl. Ed. *scharp speris*. L. 23 to l. 28 inclusive omitted in Bl. Ed. L. 28, R. MS. *Quhen thay had the takynyns sene by ane*.

P. 244, l. 2, *wunnyn*; C. MS. *nummyn*. L. 25, *lyoun*; C. MS. *lyonys*.

P. 246, l. 6, *avancit*; R. MS. *avantit*.

P. 247, l. 5, *becumyn*; C. MS. *begunnyng*; L. 25, *bellane*; R. MS. *ballen*. L. 28, *Weill thaim semyt for to be*; R. MS. *weill it semyt thame for to be*.

P. 249, ll. 10-16. See Vol. I. Introduction, p. cxlviii. L. 22, *goustly*; C. MS. *gowsty*.

P. 250, l. 29, *kosche*; R. MS. *cosche*; Rudd. and Bl. Ed. *tosche*.

P. 252, l. 23, *harn pan*; C. MS. *hard pan*.

P. 253. Heading, C. IX. *Nyse*; E. MS. *Wyse*. L. 3, *tharof*; Bl. Ed. *therfor*. L. 18, *Thi brodir*; R. MS. *the brodher of*.

P. 254, l. 26, *als*; C. MS. *has*.

P. 255, l. 21, *singis*; E. MS. *thingis*.

P. 257, l. 22, *ringit*. Jamieson explains this as follows:—"Having a great proportion of white in the eye."—S.

"*Scot.* We yet call such horses as have a great deal of white in their eye ringle-ey'd."—*Kudd.* The term seems properly to denote a ring of white, as it were, encroaching on the ball of the eye. This idea is conveyed by the language of Douglas. "A horse, that has this form of the eye, is generally reckoned apt to startle, as seeing objects from behind." *L.* 30, in *luif drowry*; *C. MS.* and *luf drowry*.

P. 258, *l.* 2, *blythnes*; *R. MS.* *lychtnes.* *L.* 19, *returnis*; *C. MS.* *returningis.*

P. 260, *l.* 7, *satisfyit*; *C. MS.* *satisfyit*; *R. MS.* *satisfyit.*

P. 261, *l.* 1, *full expert*; *Bl. Ed.* *maist expert.* *L.* 4, *bycome*; *C. MS.* *bycame.* *L.* 5, *schap of similitude*; *Bl. Ed.* *of schape of similitude.* *L.* 19, *alkin*; *C. MS.* *onkouth.* *L.* 20, *schald*; *C. MS.* *schaud.*

P. 262, *l.* 11, *four*; *E. MS.* *your.* *L.* 15, *furth hint*; *C. MS.* *first hynt.* *L.* 18, *worth agast*; *R. MS.* *war agast.* *L.* 23, *O matrouns*; *R. MS.* *off matronis.*

P. 263, *l.* 5. *E. MS.* *And with evil wil one the schippis behaldis*; *R. MS.* *And with euil will evin the schippis behaldis.* *Ll.* 9-10 wanting in *E. MS.* supplied from *R. MS.* *L.* 24, *quhow*; *R. MS.* *quhare.*

P. 264, *l.* 5. *R. MS.* *And spurris als swift and fersly his steid fute hote.* *L.* 10, *ourtane is*; *R. MS.* *ourtane has.* *L.* 11, *meyn ye for to do*; *Bl. Ed.* *menis ye to do.* *L.* 16, *all void*; *E. MS.* *all wod.*

P. 265, *l.* 12, *outscaip*; *R. MS.* *vnskape.* *L.* 29, *smyt with this smart cais*; *R. MS.* *smert with his scharpe cais.*

P. 267, *l.* 3. *Quhat wes to do*; *Bl. Ed.* *Quhat was ado.* *L.* 22, *the behuvis se*; *C. MS.* *behufis the se.*

P. 268, *l.* 11. *Quhy fleis thou me?* *C. MS.* *Quhom fleys thou me!*

P. 271, *l.* 5, *appleis*; *R. MS.* *appeis.* *L.* 19, *haif the causis*; *R. MS.* and *Bl. Ed.* *half the causis.* *L.* 28, *gart birn*; *R. MS.* *maid birn.*

P. 275, *l.* 17, *houris*; *R. MS.* *nychtis.*

P. 277, l. 1. Beuvaland gretly ; C. MS. Beliefand weill. L. 6.
After this line the C. MS. gives the first 16 lines of Book vi.

P. 279. The Comment. The curious notes which are contained in pp. 279-295 are written on the margin of the C. MS. They are in a different hand from that of the copyist of the manuscript, and it is conjectured, with much probability, that they were written by Gavin Douglas himself. The form in which they occur will be seen in the fac-simile of the Camb. MS. given in Vol. i. p. cxxii., and in the fuller fac-simile of the first page of the same MS., given in Part iii. of the National MSS. of Scotland, No. XIV.

END OF VOL. II.

ERRATA.

- Page 5, l. 6, for *flowith*, read *fowith*.
,, 32, l. 28, for *hed*, read *had*.
,, 87, l. 12, for *Quhan*, read *Quhat*.
,, 100, l. 16, for *hart*, read *hard*.
,, 154, l. 1, for *delare*, read *declare*.
,, 207, l. 20, for *companion*, read *campioun*.





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'his book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

[illegible]



